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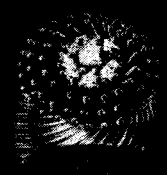

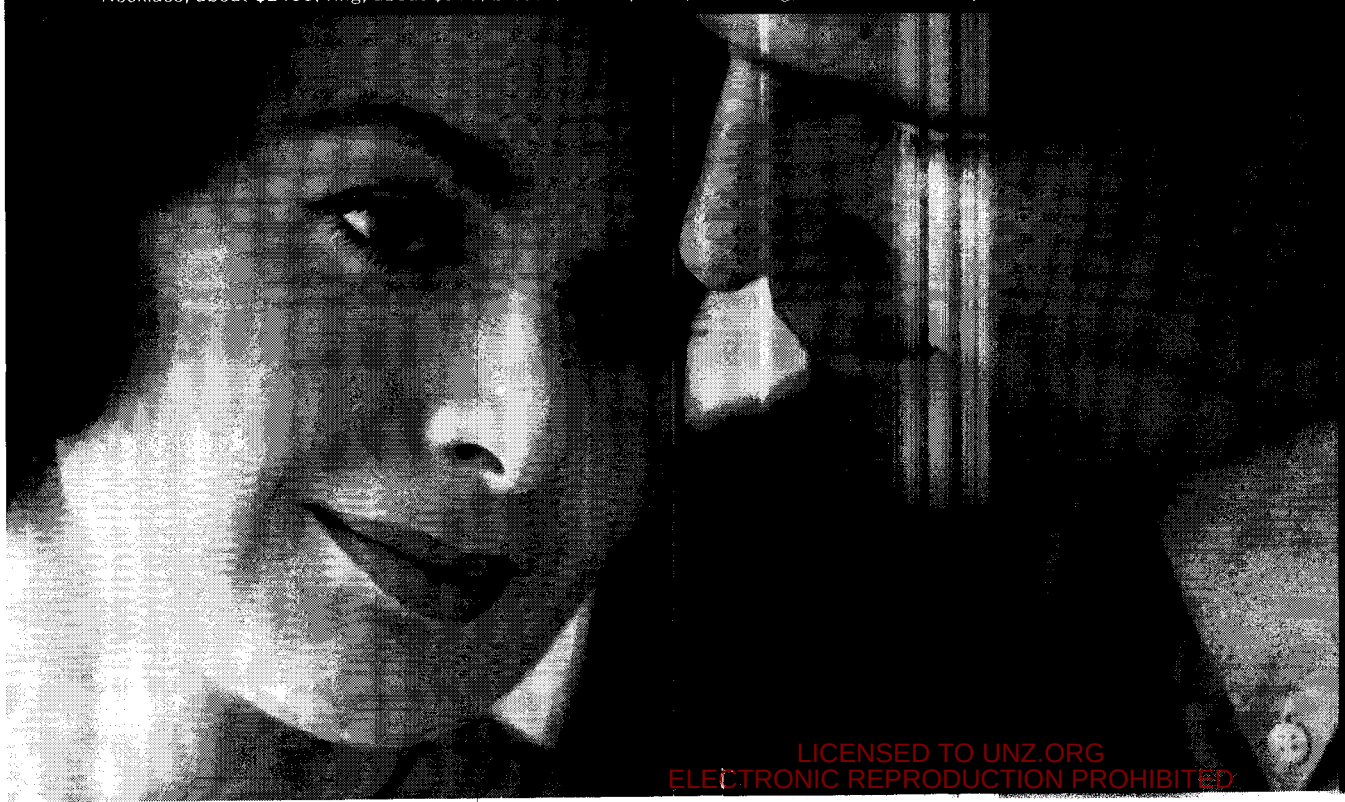

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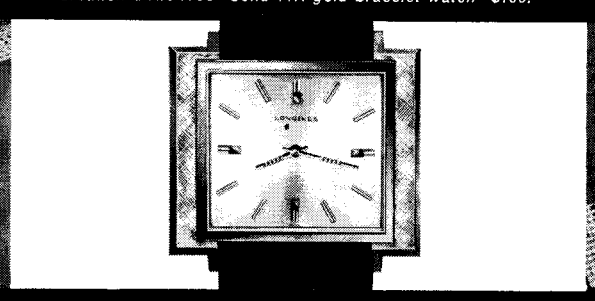

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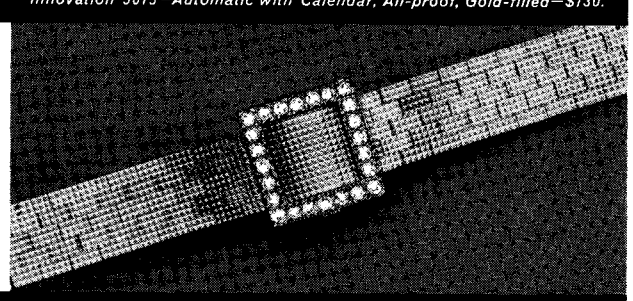

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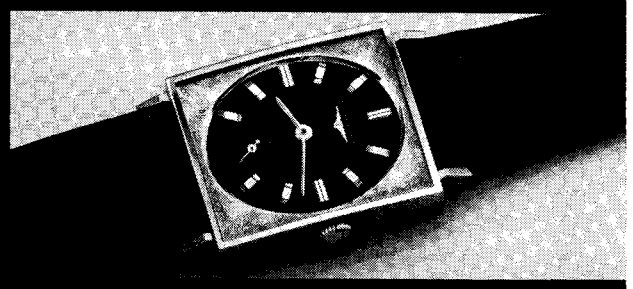

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RIGHT *Creation 1911—Solid 14K gold bracelet watch—$325.*

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About this issue

Bill Davidson

Since joining the staff of *The Post* a little more than four years ago, editor-at-large BILL DAVIDSON has had 32 articles published in the magazine—the one in this issue, about the dangers of amphetamines and barbiturates, is his 33rd. Many of his recent assignments have dealt with crime, but Davidson is a versatile writer and has done major pieces on politics, medicine and entertainment. He is a winner of the Albert Lasker Award for medical writing . . . Editor-at-large JOHN BIRD, in reporting the big changes that have taken place in American farming, relies on many years of experience in agriculture as a writer and editor. A native of Hays, Kan., and a former associate editor of *Country Gentleman*, he has been writing for *The Post* since 1943 and has been a member of our editorial staff since 1955.

John Bird

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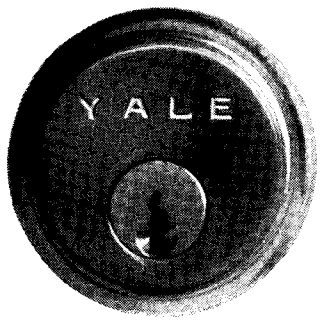

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AMERICAN HOME for America's Young Homemakers

Letters

What's spoiled

Robert Wernick makes it seem that a few wilderness lovers are selfishly bent on locking up vast areas of public land for their own enjoyment [LET'S SPOIL THE WILDERNESS, November 6]. What we are fighting for are a few scattered remnants of this land which have not already been ripped up, cut over, flooded, paved or otherwise improved.

There are valid scientific reasons for preserving a bit of wilderness, but let's just say we think we have as much right to a little unspoiled beauty as do the other 99% of taxpayers to the other 99.9% of "America the Beautiful."

ED VAN DYNE
Troy, Pa.

• Will it be to our credit to look back on human progress to realize that it was accomplished with the destruction of the natural environment and the extinction of living things such as the bald eagle, the California condor and the grizzly bear? Progress is not something just bigger and more expensive. It is not more and more of people and of things man makes.

We have too little ecological conscience as it is without inviting further exploitation.

CLAIR L. KUCERA
Columbia, Mo.

• I disagree with Mr. Wernick when he asserts that the conservationist wants all the wilderness and more, "all for himself." There's enough wilderness *now* for *us*, but I daresay that most dedicated active conservationists spend at least three times as much time in activities aimed at preservation of present wilderness areas and setting aside additional areas of redwoods, canoe waters, and "white water" (river and seashore) than they spend in enjoying the wilderness themselves. This we do for our great-great-great-grandchildren.

MRS. BLANCHE WALTERS
Member: The Wilderness Society, Sierra Club, Colorado Mountain Club, and National Wildlife Association
Denver, Colo.

• Just love Robert Wernick's wilderness. I'm such a sybarite, I'd rather ride through our national parks in a new car, perhaps trek around on foot for an hour or so in a rain forest, then spend the night in a good motel. M-m-m! That hot shower, a good steak with green salad and a super-duper American innerspring mattress. After all, wouldn't it be rank ingratitude to my pioneer ancestors for me to weep for rugged wilderness living?

ELIZABETH S. DAVIES
Arlington, Va.

• Mr. Wernick's views could have been excused in the 19th century when mankind was in the first adolescent flush of excitement over its triumph of technology and the lessened threat of nature's domination, but they are hardly relevant now. The works of art Mr. Wernick commends as "rich human experience" had as an inspirational basis the wilderness he treats so cavalierly: Isaiah's thoughts were rooted in the wilderness as were the very columns of the Parthenon.

KIRK HUGHEY
Potter, Nebr.

• Next time you see Mr. Wernick leafing through the Bible looking for names to drop, tell him to *read* the fifth chapter of that book of Isaiah, where he will find: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there is no place where one may be alone in the midst of the earth."

DON SCHMALTZ
Hobart, Ind.

• I read with a growing sense of horror Robert Wernick's twisted article. Here is a man who looks with pride on what we did to an unspoiled continent. His is such a compelling argument, so true, so logical, carrying such appeal to the lowest and worst tendencies in us, that I spent some uncomfortable moments searching for its flaw. My first instinct was to blame its lack of compassion, but these are not compassionate times. That the author exhibits no love for his fellow creatures and feels no awe for the wonders of nature are tragic losses for him, but hardly flaws in his logic. The flaw, of course, is his shortsightedness. The needs of the moment may well be satisfied by destroying the wilderness, but conservation and the preservation of nature are the only lasting means of self-preservation.

MALCOLM B. WELLS
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Grackles, Zaffs and Sneetches

Thank you for giving your readers a glimpse of the real Dr. Seuss: DR. SEUSS: WHAT AM I DOING HERE?" [by C. Robert Jennings, October 23]. His "flop" as a serious writer is a boon to the millions of children who cherish the *Cat in the Hat* and to the countless adults who are surreptitiously following the adventures of Grackles, Zaffs and Star-Belly Sneetches.

PATRICIA L. DOMBRINK
Oakland, Calif.

R-A-H

A resounding T-H-A-N-K Y-O-U!!! on behalf of football coaches (and their wives) everywhere for your cartoon on page 90, in your October 23 issue.

"You, with all the advice—go in for Oblonsky!"

Coaches are subjected weekly to verbal (and sometimes physical) abuse from the "Boo Birds," whose football experience is limited to the living-room sofa on Sunday afternoons. Fans fail to realize that football is constantly changing, and only the coaches on the field know players' individual capabilities and disabilities.

MRS. ALFRED BRODHAG
Lansdale, Pa.

All quiet

Congratulations on the fine piece by Gene Smith, STILL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT [November 6]. The photograph of the monument in Flanders Fields was especially moving—the countryside is so serene, it is difficult to imagine that men had ever died violently there.

LLOYD E. GRAFFIOUS JR.
Saxton, Pa.

• Le Claon may not be remembered by the members of the 309th and 310th Infantry who bivouacked there the night Austria sued for an armistice. The official word had been passed to us by courier, and almost everybody felt the end had arrived and proceeded to get careless. Each pair of men either built a small fire or had a candle lighted.

A colored M.P. gave orders to put out the lights, and what a reception he got. "Jerry'll be over tonight," he insisted. "He was over last night, and I'm telling you . . ." Sure enough, just after dusk, the

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searchlights centered overhead and the bombs began to arrive, 18 of them. Fortunately, they landed on a picket line of mules and killed three. Had they fallen across the road they would have dropped on four lines of men receiving supper, about 250 of them.

The following morning we continued to a crossroad near Binarville where we awaited orders. Then on the night of 14 October we proceeded through Varennes to engage in battle the morning of the 15th at St. Juvin. We occupied the line until the first of November. Then we advanced with the general movement until the night of November 6, when we were relieved by the 42nd Division under the command of Douglas MacArthur.

We were back in Le Claon the night of the 9th, minus the dead and wounded. There were no commissioned officers left in "E" Company of the 309th. We were re-equipped and cleaned up and the morning of the 11th were on the march to the railroad at sunrise. And what a sunrise, fire-red.

We halted at the entrance to St. Menehould at 10 A.M. A town crier drummed for attention, and the women of the town ran from their houses whipping their long aprons over their shoulders and circled around him. Our major asked me to go over and find out what it was all about, since I was the only one in our company who spoke French. The proclamation said that firing would stop at 11. It was difficult to believe, because we could hear the cannon at Verdun and the front, and the ground shook from their rapid fire. But at 11 in the morning, surcease!

If spared by my Creator, I plan to be present at Le Claon the morning of November 11, 1968, to celebrate the 50th anniversary. I shall pass over the same route—this time by auto—to Dompierre-le-Château, to have dinner in the same house where I dined that night of the armistice.

Has Le Claon changed?—oh, yes. I looked over the place in the summers of 1959 and 1960, to be sure that my plan to return is not just a pipe dream.

JOHN L. SCHMIDT
Camp Hill, Pa.

After the fire

Stewart Alsop's jab at Watts filled the page [WATTS: THE FIRE NEXT TIME, November 6]. That's all. He speaks of twin worlds, white and black. But does the black judge feel he had a part in the Watts riots? The shopkeeper? The M.D. or the black middle class? I doubt it.

The "withouts" held a riot. The "withs" looked on in horror. Almost all of us Americans live out our lives with assurance, encouragement, trust, security and expectation. All synonyms for hope. The "withouts" got off their knees and shouted, "Damn you, baby, look at me."

Mr. Alsop looked, but he didn't see a thing.

MRS. JACQUELINE MLYNARSKI
Torrance, Calif.

• In 1920 my husband and I came to Los Angeles to live, first on the west side, around 35th Street between Normandie and Denper, and later on W. 37th Street. The people of the vicinity were desirable citizens. They bought the little California bungalows and made attractive homes of them.

Both of us were graduated from Tuskegee Institute, so we joined the Tuskegee Club. We found friends there, some of whom we had formerly known at school. Three or four families who either belonged to the Tuskegee Club or to the December Birthday Club lived in a suburban town known as Watts. They entertained us there occasionally.

Needless to say, these families were substantial citizens. They improved their surroundings and chose their friends well. Later, others came, built beautiful homes, and on Christmas made a display which was second to none in Los Angeles; the place was ablaze, every spot covered with beautiful lights.

The good citizens had some plans for their town, so somewhere along the line the name was changed from Watts to South Los Angeles. Their becoming a part of Los Angeles was a good idea. Los Angeles had accomplished some outstanding things. One of the most significant was the decision that opened the swimming pool at Exposition Park to all races. The law was immediately enforced by the mayor and the police department, and when Negro children came to swim, the police protected them. There was no trouble.

Now all we hear is Watts, hoodlums, murders, burglars, arsonists. Truly nothing worse could happen to a town, but—does no one care about what happened to the good people of South Los Angeles their investments, their years of work and sacrifice to bring about the good life to their surroundings?

Everyone remembers the weak, but who thinks about the strong?

CLAUDIA ALICE LUCAS
Elsinore, Calif.

Consensus

Big deal! Announcing the flavor of national opinion on the President and the war in Vietnam based on a survey of about 15 Americans per million [WHAT THE PEOPLE REALLY THINK by Stewart Alsop, October 23]. Did you ask any of the trigger-happy people if they still wanted the war if it subjected U.S. cities to nuclear destruction?

Did you find out that a lot of us are afraid to open our mouths although we have pangs of conscience, that we hate Communists more than a lot of the "Bomb Hanoi" people do?

I make bold to write this letter in memory of a former pupil of mine, a boy named Jimmie Lattie, who was lost on a planeload of servicemen bound for Vietnam early in the war, when the news had scarcely leaked out that we were sending a few advisers over there.

LOUIS L. DECKER
McGrew, Nebr.

• I enjoyed Alsop's article WHAT THE PEOPLE REALLY THINK. The article itself was very good, but the picture showing C. S. Sullivan spoke a great deal more loudly than the words. Looking at Sullivan and reading his statement, "I don't like Johnson—there's this nigger business, and he's getting our boys killed for nothing," made me smile.

Being part of this "nigger business" and having my young son in Vietnam fighting a war he knows little about (except he's an American and we are at war) and showing Sullivan as you did makes me all the more proud of my heritage and more determined never to stoop to the level displayed by the Sullivans of our land.

JACKIE ROBINSON
Stamford, Conn.

• Don't you really think it is time your magazine started giving the true picture of the South? Mr. Alsop's article WHAT THE PEOPLE REALLY THINK once again has given the picture that all Southerners are poor and uneducated and filled with hatred. It is always the poorly educated white person who is quoted and, of course, the articulate Negro.

MRS. PATRICIA W. FREEMAN
Mobile, Ala.

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Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

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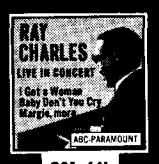
22-69S



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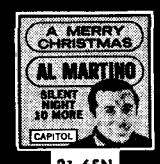

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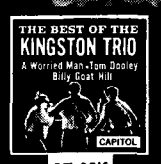

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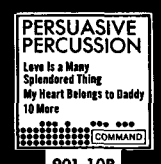

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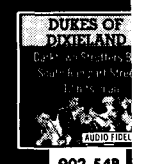

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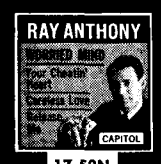

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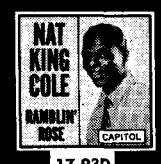

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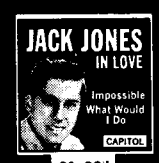

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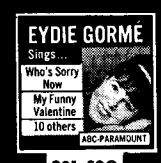

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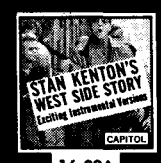

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21-03D

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18-24T

14-61V

21-95E

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22-87A

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22-81R

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21-07E

18-05L

21-16V

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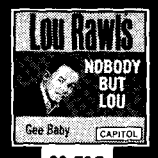

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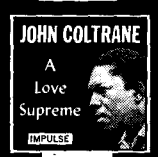

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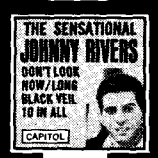

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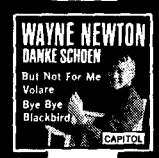

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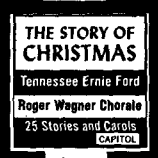

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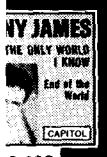

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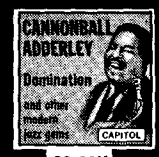

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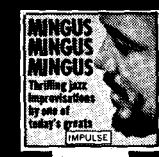

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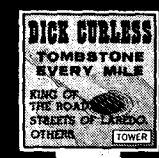

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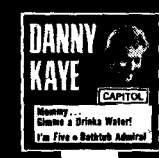

9-37N

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Speaking Out

All-America teams are phony

By Myron Cope

Mr. Cope, who has won national prizes for articles about football and basketball, believes he is the only living sportswriter who has been hanged in effigy by a student body (at Duquesne University, in vengeance for a story he wrote about the school's basketball coach).

From the sports pages these days you can learn that a large quantity of muscular young men have been elevated to an almost deific status known as All-Americans. The college All-American football teams—usually about 10 in number, not counting the All-Lithuanian squad—are being announced. The Football Writers' Association has peddled its decisions to a magazine. United Press International has polled three dozen coaches, who can be counted upon to ignore candidates from arch-rival schools. The Associated Press has doodled around with recommendations submitted by boards of writers and commentators. ("They send in the selections to me," says A.P. sports editor Ted Smits, "and I try to patch them together.")

The candidates themselves, calculating their chances, know that the prospects for apotheosis are peachy this year. Inasmuch as colleges have returned to two-platoon football, we will have offensive and defensive All-America platoons. Yet no man has much hope unless his publicity has been in good hands.

For instance, the single sheet of bond paper bearing two hand-printed words—"Rich Arrington"—I received in my mail last February 14. The postmark was Erie, Pa. Subsequent communications from Erie established Rich Arrington as a 225-pound Erie lad possessed of "honesty, loyalty and aggressiveness on the football field," and now making his address at Notre Dame. The Notre Dame alumni's Erie chapter was campaigning to impress sportswriters, sportscasters, and coaches with the importance of electing honest Rich an All-American. The fact that the season was many months off was immaterial. The trick is to implant your man's name in the heads of the voters by September and then hope he doesn't break a leg, although, as we shall see, it is perfectly possible to make All-American while watching the season from the 20th row.

When a Yale man named Walter Camp jotted down his first All-America in 1889, no one got on his team at first unless he played for Yale, Harvard, or Princeton. Then in 1918, Camp set a precedent for our modern selectors: One weekend he watched a Pitt tackle named Lou Mervis play brilliantly, but Mervis was wearing a teammate's program number. The teammate went down in history as a Camp All-American.

Far from being crushed, the All-America business grew, reaching the point where the most sophisticated lobbying is now brought to bear. Consider the Rich Arrington campaign. Its immediate effect is to make my mailman surly, and yet when the time comes to fill out the All-America ballots, a typical sportswriter finds himself with 10 minutes to kill between editions, and he turns to the All-America ballot.

"Who's an interior lineman?" he asks himself. "Oh, yeh, Arrington."

Hopefully this critical process is repeated in many more newspaper offices. For then the professional-football teams, bidding for prestige names, will discover themselves offering All-American Arrington a $20,000 bonus to sign. Moreover, the pros very likely will pay $30,000, though knowing full well that the list of yesterday's All-Americans who failed to set pro football afire—Bob Chappuis, Bill Krisher, Billy Vessels, Glynn Griffing—is as long as a tackle's dinner-time reach, whereas the Baltimore Colts have won championships with such non-All-Americans as Johnny Unitas, Lenny Moore, the late "Big Daddy" Lipscomb and Raymond Berry.

Granted that a few bona fide All-Americans are simply too small or too skittish about having their heads busted to succeed in pro ball, and some quite legitimately choose to go into the line of work which inspired their college education in the first place. But on the whole the pro game is the best measure of football talent, and the predictable fact is that a fair number of the All-Americans selected this year will—after having been laden with trophies—be beaten out in pro ball by players they never heard of. Halfback Charley Taylor of the Washington Redskins, the N.F.L.'s Rookie of the Year last season, was no All-American. Nor was Baltimore fullback Tony Lorick, who finished second to Taylor. Nor was Cleveland end Paul Warfield, who finished third.

Taylor and Lorick, as it happened, had played in the same backfield at Arizona State University. "Out here in the boondocks," sighed Arizona State's press agent, Dick Mullins, "you really got to push. We haven't had an All-America mention in about fifteen years." Brightening a little, Mullins adds, "This year we've got a terrific flanker named Bennie Hawkins who can make it on Taylor's and Lorick's coattails. But we've really got to get out the mail and make the phone calls."

It is a matter of the grimmest priority to every self-respecting collegiate football factory that it land a player on an All-America team at regular intervals, because this demonstrates to the prospective high-school recruit that he has a future with the company. In a well-oiled operation, procedure consists first of deciding which player to push. If, for example, a crop of backfield stars is in prospect, push a lineman.

Looking at this problem in specific terms, Donny Anderson of Texas Tech, Floyd Little of Syracuse, and Mike Garrett of Southern California already had made at least second-string in the backfield of one or another of last year's All-America squads. Moreover, each had a valuable gimmick this year. Anderson is taking five years to get through college, and so was eligible to be drafted by the pros last winter as a "future." Both Green Bay of the N.F.L. and Houston of the A.F.L. snatched him, and their endorsement automatically made Anderson 1965's cover boy. The advantage held by Little of Syracuse is that he is a Negro wearing No. 44, the number of Jim Brown, now the Cleveland Browns' fullback, when he made All-America at Syracuse in 1956, and of the late Ernie Davis, who also made the grade. As to Garrett, he accounted for more than half of Southern Cal's rushing yardage last year and acquired a reputation for all-around ability when *Playboy* put him on its preseason All-America defensive team. Never mind that last year he didn't play at all on defense.

The next step, after the prudent college has decided which player to push, is to fire off a publicity release that

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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Mrs. Trivieri's Maytag is just like her marriage

It's ten years old. It's seen a lot of hard work. It's running good as new.

Back in 1955, a Maytag Automatic Washer didn't seem like a very romantic wedding present to newly wed Mrs. Lawrence Trivieri of Plattsburgh, New York.

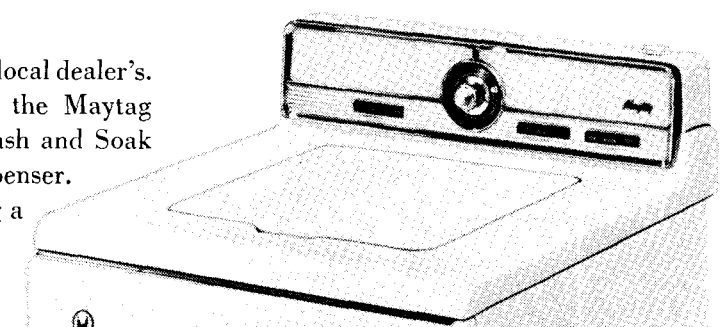
But 10 years and 8 children later it's one of the few things that has stood the test of time and use.

Mrs. Trivieri does at least 21 loads of laundry every week. And in spite of the thousands of loads her Maytag has handled, Mrs. Trivieri has only called the serviceman 4 times in 10 years.

Although Mrs. Trivieri and her Maytag recently celebrated their 10th anniversary, she has been eyeing the new Maytags at her local dealer's. She particularly is fascinated by the Maytag Washer with the Automatic Pre-wash and Soak cycle and Automatic Bleach Dispenser.

If she does trade, she'll be losing a good friend, and gaining a better one. That's how it is with a Maytag.

For a complete guide to all Maytag Washers and Dryers, send 10¢ in coin to: The Maytag Company, Dept. 365P12, Newton, Iowa 50208.



MAYTAG

the dependable automatics

WALTZ THROUGH WASHDAY *with a dependable Maytag Washer and Dryer*

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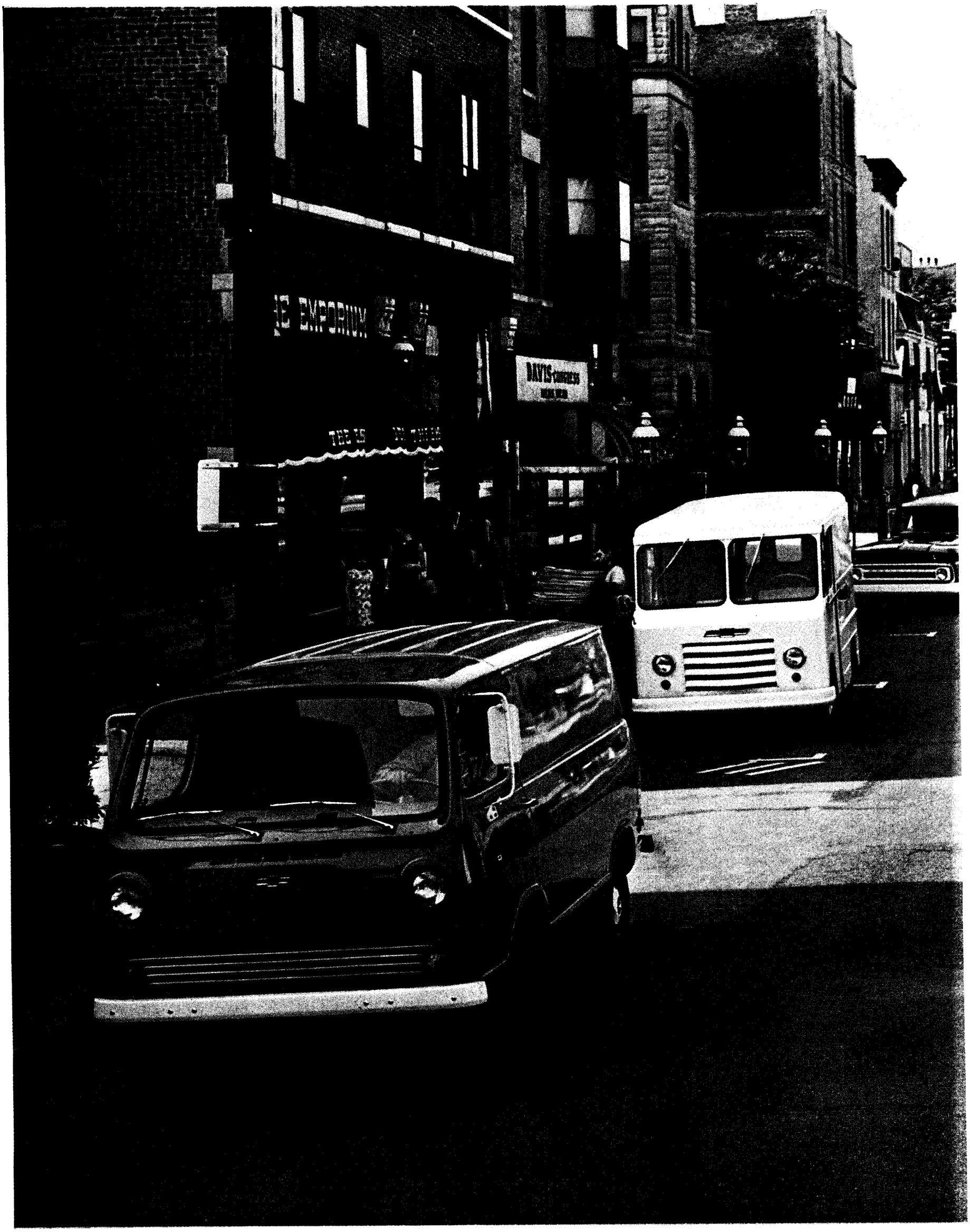

Chevy-Van, Chevrolet Step-Van, Panel and Series 60 diesel with van body in historic Old Town, Chicago.

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HARD WORK IS EASIER WITH CHEVY WORKPOWER!

We try to make things easier for you from the minute you start out to select the right truck for your job. For instance—almost every size and type of truck can now be found in the long strong Chevrolet line. Pictured at left are some of the models that make up the widest selection of covered delivery trucks on the market. And there are 18 pickups to choose from, and big trucks ranging from city delivery vans to brand-new over-the-road haulers rated at 65,000 lbs. GCW. This broad range of equipment makes model selecting much simpler.

And once you become a Chevy truck owner, lots of things become extra easy. The ride is one of them. A Chevrolet light-duty truck rides almost as smooth as a car. You should try it for yourself, and get to know some of the other Chevrolet features that help make hard work easier. Like the easy-to-get-into-cab with the comfortable seat and the low ground-to-floor heights that make loading less of a strain.

Also, truck maintenance is usually less troublesome with a Chevy because there are plenty of places to go when you need parts or service—almost 7,000 dealers coast to coast.

Despite all this, Chevies are always competitive in first cost and exceptionally valuable at trade-in time. If you work hard and want to take it a little easier, just see your Chevrolet dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Mich.

CHEVROLET

BUILT FOR BIGGER THINGS IN '66!

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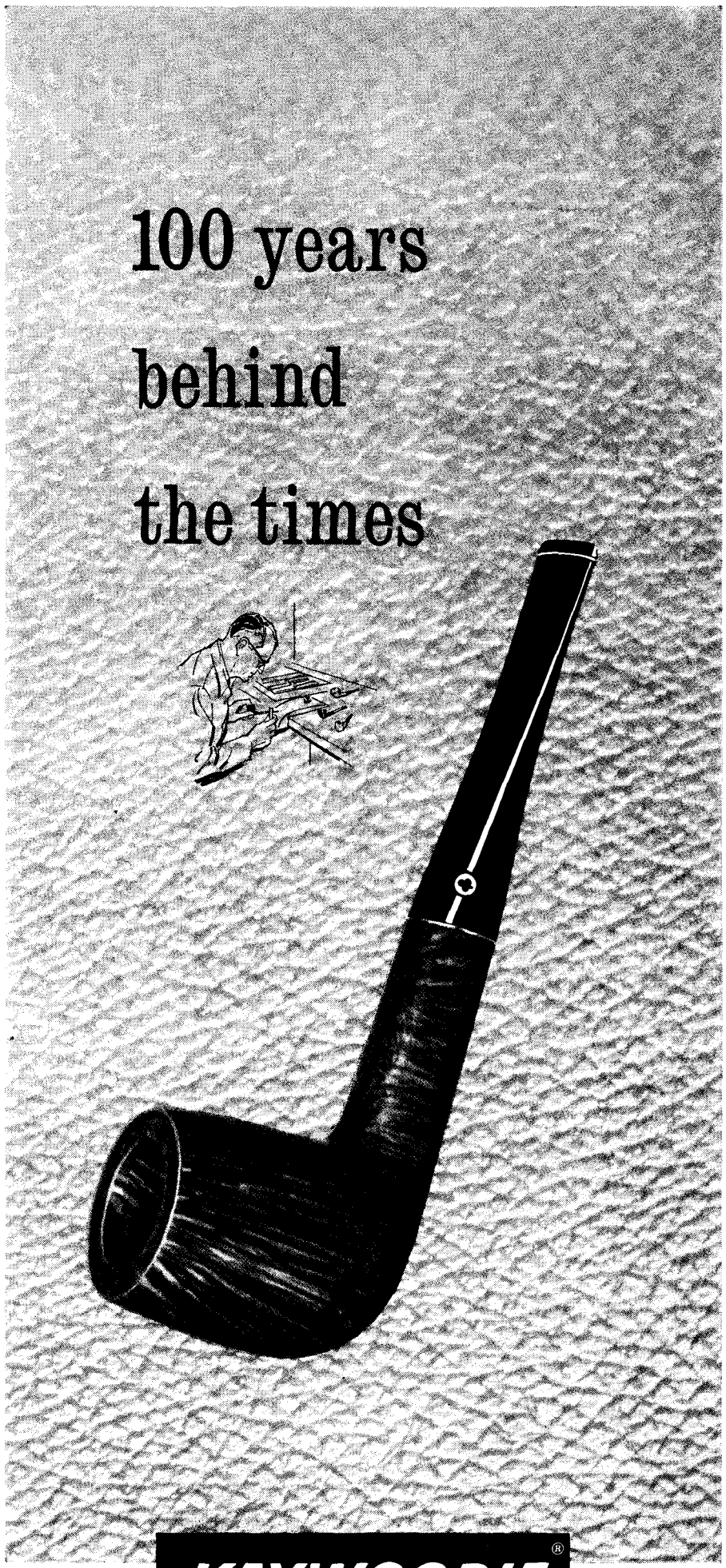


In the face of greatly increased demand for pipes, Kaywoodie simply refuses to compromise its quality. We will continue to use only rare, aged briar as we have since 1851. We will continue to insist on the 128, separate, hand operations needed to bring out the best smoking qualities of our briar. Which is why your Kaywoodie always smokes mild and cool. Perhaps we are a hundred years behind the times. But any other way and it just wouldn't be Kaywoodie.

Send 25¢ for 48-page catalog. Tells how to smoke a pipe; shows Briars, Block Meerschaums from $5.95 to $2,500, imported Kaywoodie Tobacco, smoking items. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22, Dept. E7.

begins something like this: "Siwash coaches are convinced that All-America candidate Andy Stumpfelter is the best linebacker to wear the Red and Yellow since Homer Tinplate terrorized enemy ball carriers in the '40's." The release should include, if possible, a sentence suggesting that Stumpfelter is a proficient student.

Now that the first salvo has been fired, the press agent must stay on top of the game. A Florida agent has found it propitious to dress his candidate in a double number—say, 66 or 22—or in one that ends either in 5 or 0. People notice and remember such numbers.

"This year," said this operative last August, "we have a fine flanker. I made him change from 83 to 44. And we're gonna shorten his name from Richard to Rich so it fits in headlines."

It is crucial, moreover, that the press agent finagle his man a generous mention in the annual football-fan magazines. These magazines accumulate in the desks of the small-town sportswriters who never see a football game but who are most zealous in exercising their right to vote, and use the magazines to find out who the devil is playing. Jigger Jordan, a sportswriter of my acquaintance, recalls that he cast his first All-America ballot in 1931 while working on a newspaper in Yankton, S. Dak. "I actually did cover games," Jigger says, "but the only teams I saw were Spearfish Normal, East Normal at Madison, Huron College, Dakota Wesleyan and South Dakota Mines."

Sportswriters consider the best sports press agent in the business to be the University of Pittsburgh's Carroll (Beano) Cook, a meaty young man with an inexhaustible supply of gall. Cook has been driven to such lengths as pleading with Dr. Jonas Salk, the developer of polio vaccine, to pose with an All-American basketball candidate. "Think of the caption!" cried Cook. "*Pitt's Two All-America Shotmakers!*"

Cook knows that, on balance, linemen are his best bets, because the nation thinks of Pittsburgh players as coalminers (and therefore sturdy linemen), even though a coal miner has not played for Pitt in 15 years. Similarly, Notre Dame capitalizes on a self-perpetuating tradition of All-America quarterbacks—Stuhldreher, Bertelli, Lujack, Williams, Hornung and Huarte. Also, the Fighting Irish have useful architecture. On at least one dull day in October, Notre Dame publicist Charlie Callahan can be counted upon to interest A.P. or U.P.I. in a photo of his All-America candidate standing beneath the famous Golden Dome. This makes Pitt's Cook grumble. "Down at Navy," he says, "they have a statue of Tecumseh that never fails. All I got to work with is a Stephen Foster Memorial Hall."

Still, even the frustrated press agent is sometimes favored with miracles. Walter Camp, having set the pattern, has been followed by a host of savants, down to the *Police Gazette*, which gave up the game not long after selecting as a second-string All-American one Bill Gable, a University of Wisconsin guard who had enjoyed a preseason buildup in 1950. "I was a little startled," admits Gable today. He had torn his knee and sat out the entire season.

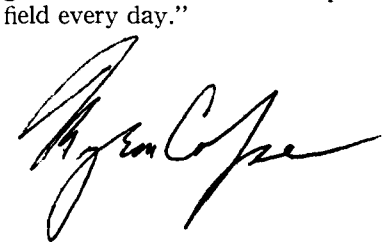
An occasional Bill Gable is, of course, all in the breaks of the game, but even the most jaded observers were shocked by the case of a much-heralded lineman from Ohio who enrolled at Southern California. In 1950, in his first game as a sophomore, he was injured. Discouraged, he joined the Army. Early in 1953, anticipating his discharge, he sent word to the university that he intended to return. His decision was celebrated with publicity so powerful that he received All-America honorable mention that season. As it happened, however, he had not returned to Southern Cal, having been killed in Korea.

Of the various All-America squads flourishing these days, easily the strangest has been the one chosen by the American Football Coaches Association. On occasion, the coaches have been known to whip up their selections by mid-season. Florida's Halfback Larry Dupree averaged 5.3 yards per carry as a sophomore, but then, after ripping a ligament in his right knee, averaged 3.9 as a junior and 3.7 as a senior last season, at which time the coaches in their hurried wisdom blessed him. Even more perplexing was the case of Alex Kroll, the center for undefeated Rutgers four years ago. The coaches of the Middle Atlantic Conference in which Kroll played listed him on their all-conference team as only the third-best center, but the coaches' association designated him the best center in the nation. "It was almost mystical to me," reflects Kroll, now a copy supervisor at a New York advertising agency.

Generally speaking, All-America teams break down into fairly predictable segments. They must have geographical balance. Service-academy candidates always must be reckoned with because their press agents get impressive mileage out of patriotism. Each major conference is good for at least one All-America per year, partly because the newspapermen of each region consolidate like oil-country congressmen. Peculiarly, the Ivy League places All-Americans out of all proportion to its brand of football. A Princeton man, such as last year's Cosmo Iacavazzi, may well have been a brilliant fullback, but the point is, he lends a scholarly tone to the selections.

It is just as predictable that Negro colleges' candidates will be rated under a quota system. Not until last year was one of their players—end Alphonse Dotson of Grambling—elected first-string All-America. Consequently, the Negro press, in consultation with Negro coaches, not long ago instituted a Negro All-America team, which brings us full cycle back to Walter Camp's Harvard-Yale-Princeton focus, allowing that color cannot remain fast for 76 years.

So, sports fans, it's All-America time again. Which lads will be the lucky ones this time? Will honest Rich Arrington, whose name blazed across the land from Erie, Pa., be among them? At last word Rich's campaign was going well. Where the Erie folks had left off, Notre Dame coach Ara Parseghian picked up. Parseghian recently declared that Rich was *quick* and *persistent*. Rich had *shored up* the line. He had made the line *jell*. "He had a cold," Parseghian added gravely, going all out, "but he was on the practice field every day."



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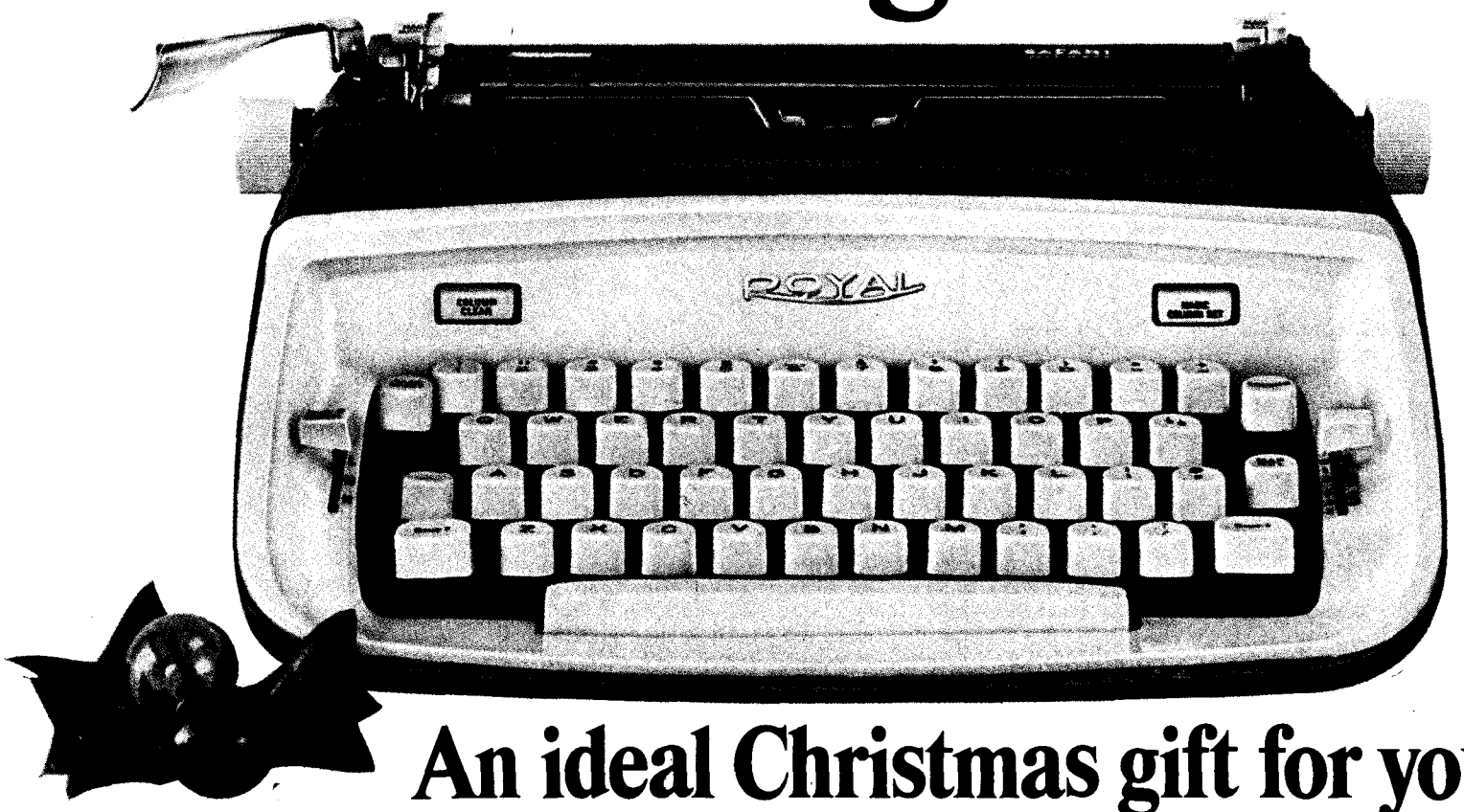
The Thinking Machine



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The Brookses and the Gowsters

CHICAGO:

Will the Chicago of the future—and all big American cities of the future—be run by the Brookses or the Gowsters?

This question is suggested by a story told by a professor of sociology at the University of Chicago. The professor's daughter, who is white, goes to a school which is more than 90 percent Negro. She is, the professor says, "socially adept," and she has been elected vice president of her class. The son of a white psychiatrist in the same school is presumably less adept—about once a week, his Negro classmates beat him up.

The psychiatrist is a passionate racial liberal, and he refuses to take the boy out of the school. When he told his friend the professor about his problem, the professor asked his popular daughter whether she could do something to help.

"But Daddy," she said, "how can I do anything? That kid's being beaten up by the Gowsters, not the Brookses."

When her father expressed bewilderment, she patiently explained the facts of life. The Gowsters, she said, wear baggy pants called "pleats" and the Brookses wear sports jackets and gray flannels in the Brooks Brothers style. The Gowsters (derivation unknown) hate the Brookses, and vice versa.

The Gowsters terrorize the teachers, refuse to study, speak a dialect of their own, and consider "whitey" the enemy. The Brookses are trying hard to get an education, and get along well with the whites, which is one reason the Gowsters hate them. The school, the professor's daughter explained, is about evenly divided between Brookses and Gowsters.

In a way, the professor's story sums up what the row about "*de facto* segregation" in the schools is all about—and not only in Chicago. For Chicago, like other big American cities, is likely one day to become what Washington already is—a city with a Negro majority. The way the Negroes in Chicago are being educated—or not educated—makes it almost predictable that a majority of that majority will be, not Brookses, but Gowsters. And no one really knows what to do about it.

Dr. Benjamin Willis, Superintendent of Education in Chicago, does not know what to do about it. Neither does his enemy, civil-rights leader Albert Raby, of the Coordinating Council of Community Organizations. Raby recently accused Willis of fostering *de facto* segregation in Chicago, and as a result of this charge, U. S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel froze $30 million in federal-aid money for the Chicago schools. Doctor Willis denounced Commissioner Keppel for being, among other things, "despotic, alarming, threatening, capricious, and autocratic." After a chat between Chicago's powerful Mayor Daley and President Johnson, the money was hastily unfrozen.

Since then, Doctor Willis has become a leading villain among left-wing liberal and civil-rights groups, and a hero to Chicago's whites—white audiences give him a standing ovation before he opens his mouth. He is oddly cast in both villain and hero roles.

He is a pleasant-mannered, rather garrulous, chain-smoking man in his 60's, with the face of a tired but amiable frog. The string of adjectives which he hurled at Commissioner Keppel is not typical of his speaking style—in order to express his outrage, he confides, he had recourse to the dictionary. His talk normally consists of a rather plaintive recital of statistics.

About 54 percent of the public-school students in Chicago, he says, are Negroes, and the predominantly Negro schools get more than 70 percent of the school budget. Under his administration, the double shift has been eliminated, the quality of the textbooks in Negro schools greatly improved, special schooling for the "culturally deprived" instituted, and a system of "permissive transfers" approved for students who want to shift to other schools. What is more, he says, he has repeatedly located new schools in the "fringe areas" to encourage integration. The trouble is that by the time the schools are built, the fringe areas are all-Negro. But is that his fault?

At this point Doctor Willis, who loves maps, produces numerous maps of Chicago, in which the Negro areas are colored orange. The maps show the orange seeping relentlessly over the lower two thirds of the city. Chicago is close to one-third Negro now. It may pass the 50 percent mark in a few years.

Doctor Willis struck this reporter as an honest, rather old-fashioned school administrator, trying to do his best in a next-to-impossible situation. That is not at all the way he strikes Mr. Raby, a handsome, light-skinned, highly articulate Negro. "To a Negro," Mr. Raby says, "the name Willis means bad education."

Doctor Willis, he says, has "gerrymandered" school districts to produce "*de facto* segregation," which in turn produces "lousy schools." Of 1,000 graduates in the all-Negro school in which he taught until recently, Mr. Raby says, half could barely read at the fifth-grade level when they graduated. There is a conspiracy between the principals and the teachers, he says, to graduate children who are miserably undereducated. And the discipline is as bad as the education. For example, a boy who ran through the corridors threatening other students with a hatchet was simply reprimanded and sent back to class.

"How do you deal with this situation?" Mr. Raby was asked. "What is the solution?"

"The problem isn't the solution," Mr. Raby replied angrily. "That isn't the problem."

These odd phrases are oddly revealing. Mr. Raby has no more politically practical idea of how to produce genuinely integrated schools in Chicago than Doctor Willis has. To Mr. Raby and other civil-rights leaders, finding a "solution" is not "the problem"—it is enough to protest so loudly and angrily that the world at least knows that the problem exists.

The problem exists all right. "*De facto* segregation" is indeed a fact in Chicago, as in Washington, or Detroit, or any other big city.

There is really only one way to end it—by forcing whites to send their children to largely Negro schools. This would invite a bloody revolution, as anyone who has questioned large numbers of white citizens on this subject will attest.

It is wrong, morally and in other ways, that almost all the schools to which big-city Negro children can go should be virtually all-Negro schools. This generates a feeling of being ruthlessly excluded from white society, and explains in part why so many Negro schools, and indeed whole communities like Watts, are increasingly dominated by the Gowsters. If the white citizens of our big cities do not want to see those cities dominated by the Gowsters in the rather near future, they should at least encourage the Brookses by making sure that education in the Negro schools is the best that money can buy. But that will not right the wrong of *de facto* segregation. Short of a social revolution, there is no politically practical way to right that wrong.

Stewart Alsop

Dr. Benjamin Willis

Albert A. Raby

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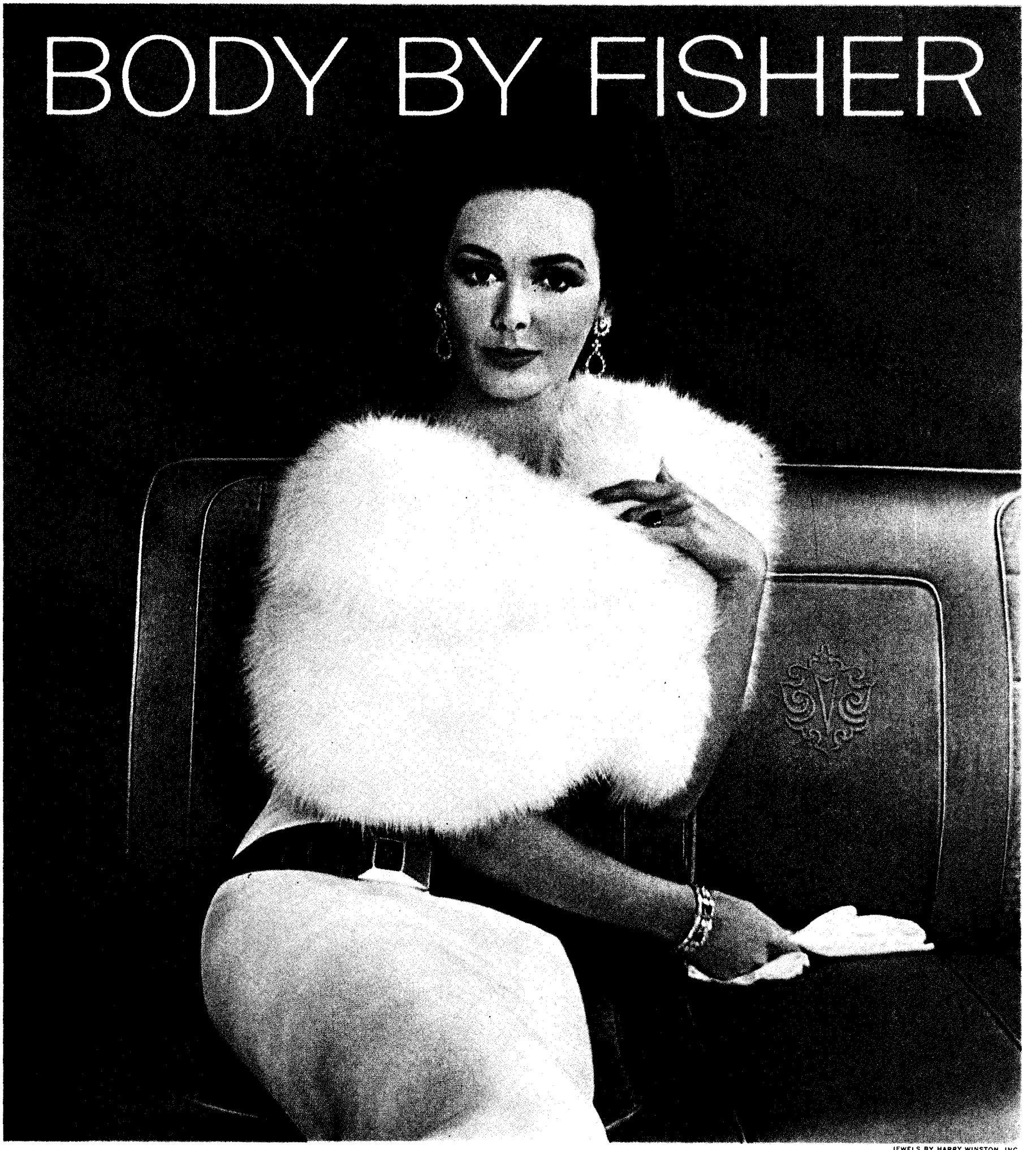
BODY BY FISHER



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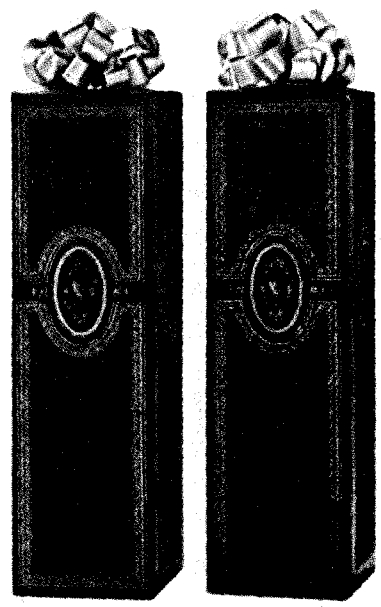

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86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond.
Distilled and bottled at the Forks of the Elkhorn
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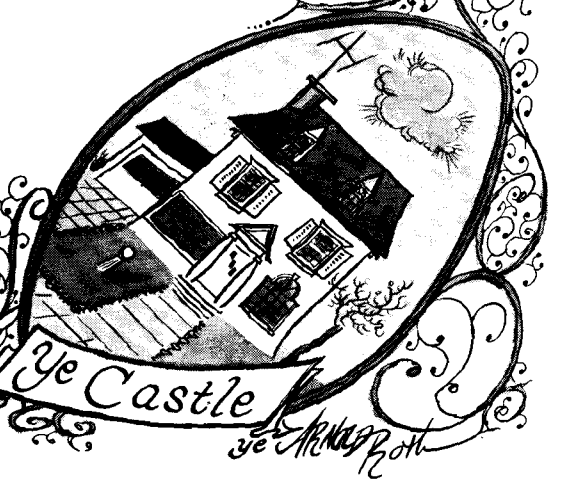
The Human Comedy

The strange case of Mrs. Moodus's second honeymoon, or, how to unobstreperize a husband

Once there was a man named Mr. Rory Moodus, and
I did not envy his wife her plight,
Because as a chivalrous husband he proved to be
a verray unparfit ungentil knight.
He was always quoting Noel Coward to the effect
that a woman should be struck regularly, like
a gong,
And at social gatherings he would loudly announce
that he was a fair-minded man who would
never argue with his wife, except that she
was always wrong.
He also proclaimed that insurance rates would
be intolerably swollen
If patient husbands didn't eventually turn up
ninety-five percent of the objects their wives
claimed were lost or stolen.
His wit was elementry;
He referred to eligible bachelors as unlanded
gentry.
His concept of natural laws could not have
been eerier;
When he and his wife shared the same cantaloupe
or grapefruit he would complain that his
half was inferior.
Once when she said someone had told her she looked
like So-and-so, did he say, "Oh you're
prettier than her," as any normal husband
would do?
Not Mr. Moodus; he said, "Nonsense, she's much
homelier than you."
At this point Mrs. Moodus struck him a
glancing blow with a bust of the ancient
British chief Caractacus;
The only reason she failed to bean him, she
was a long-suffering woman and was
consequently rather out of practacus.
Mr. Moodus was impressed by her spunkiness if not
by her marksmanship and realized that this
was the woman he loved;
She was demon enough to be iron-clawed and
angel enough to be velvet-gloved.
He began to court her anew, and on her throat
and wrists he would clasp gems and at her
feet he would scatter gems,
And Mrs. Moodus kept him toeing the mark
forever after through judicious use of
feminine tactics, reinforced by occasional
timely Lysistratagems.

By Ogden Nash



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SIDE #2: Sleigh Ride • Twelve Days of Christmas • Oh Little Town of Bethlehem • Lo How a Rose E'er Blooming • Some Children See Him • Oh Come All Ye Faithful • The First Noël • Silver Bells • Jingle Bells • It's Christmas Time All Over The World.

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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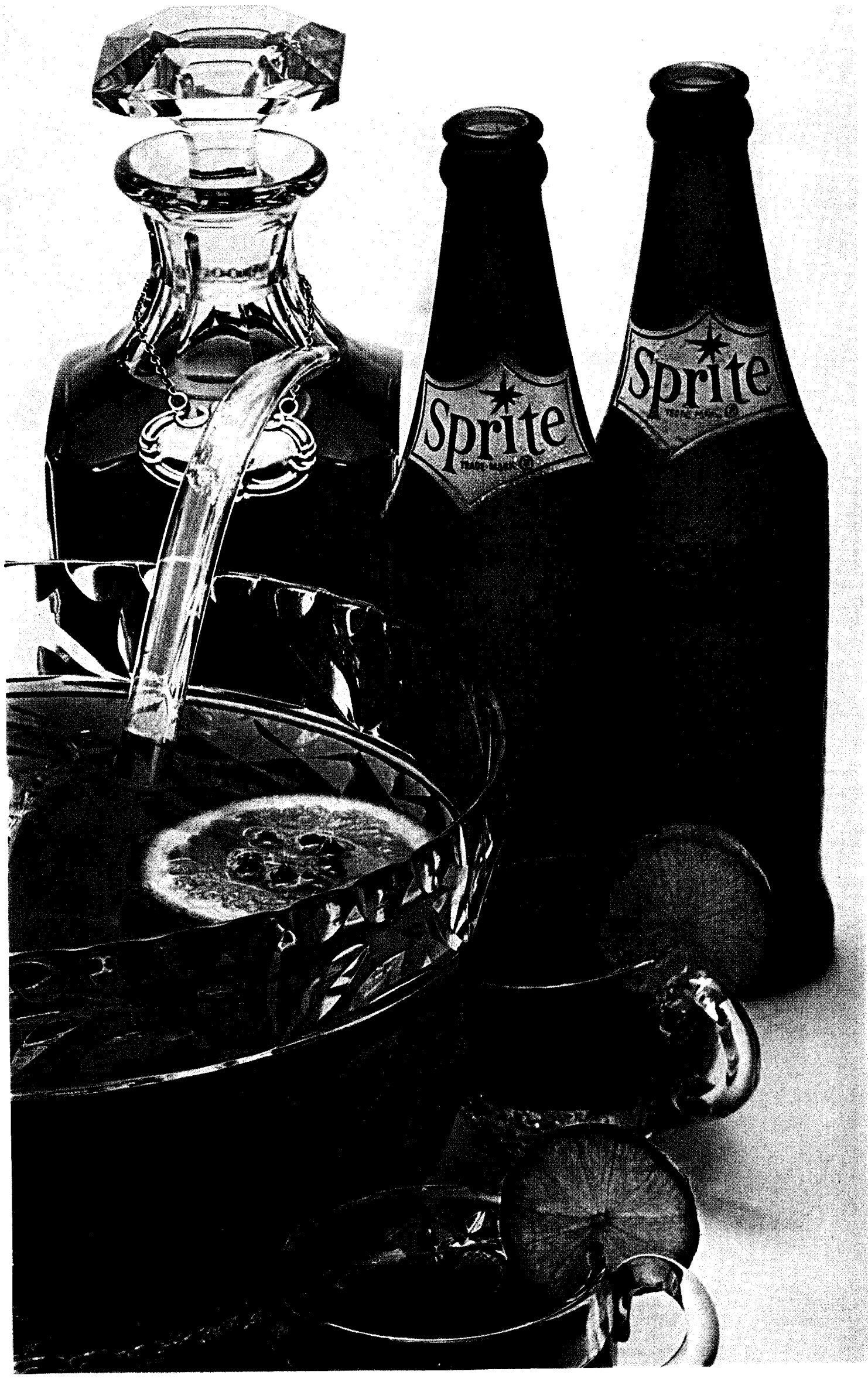

Sprite can be very adult holiday entertainment. Especially if you approach it with the right spirit.

Holiday nogs and grogs take on a whole new dimension when you spark them with the natural tartness of Sprite. To give a party something special, invite Sprite.

Try this Spicy Punch recipe just for openers.

¼ teaspoon ground allspice
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
1 cup fresh lemon juice
12 bottles of Sprite
(food coloring, if desired)

Combine all ingredients except Sprite. Add food coloring, if desired. Chill. Add cold Sprite just before serving. Makes 38 4-ounce servings.

If desired, add 1 part blended whiskey to 5 parts punch. Also good with brandy or rum.

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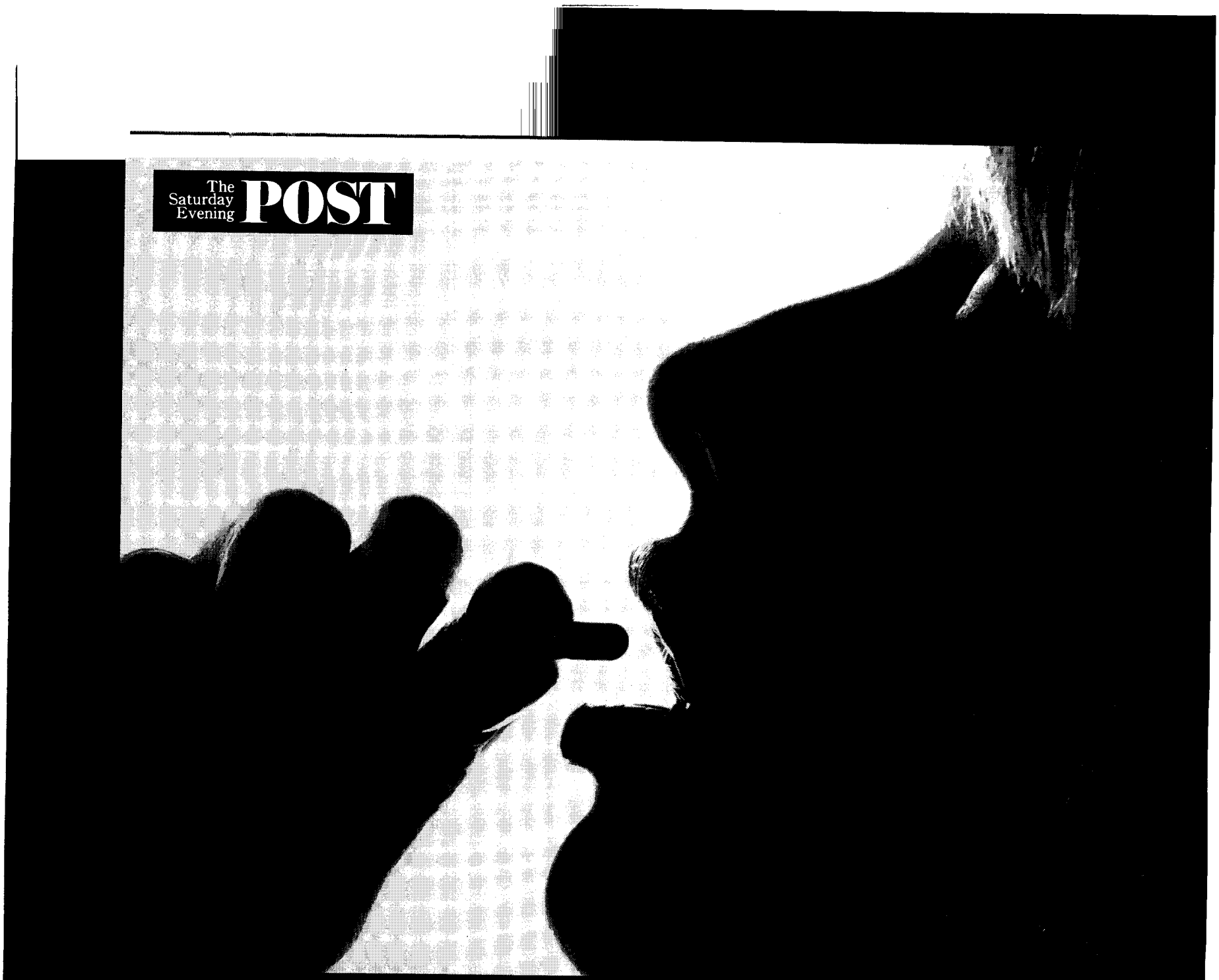

THE THRILL-PILL MENACE

ILLICIT DRUGS ARE HOOKING THE NATION'S YOUTH AND CREATING A VAST NEW INDUSTRY IN THE UNDERWORLD

By Bill [illegible]

It was a typically shoddy Southern California beach motel, pseudo-Brasilia in architecture, and the paint was peeling from the door of Room No. 8. Inside, the police hoped, was a heroin addict they wanted. Al, a plainclothes cop, had a search warrant, and he nodded to the sullen motel owner, who opened the door with his passkey. A blonde girl in Capri pants was lying on the filth-strewn floor. She could not have been more than 14 years old. Her eyes were blank and her fingers clawed at the figures in the design of the linoleum. "I guess the hype got away," Al said. The "hype," police slang for a heroin addict, was a middle-aged man with whom the 14-year-old girl had been living. Just eight months before, I learned, the girl had been a normal, healthy high-school freshman from a good family—until a schoolmate introduced her to drugs. Now she began to tremble violently where she lay in a pool of her own sweat and vomit. Then her eyes closed. "Wiped out," Al said.

Two of the cops gently lifted the unconscious girl and carried her to a police car waiting outside. We could hear the siren as they drove off to the nearest hospital emergency ward. Al walked to the dresser and picked up a paper bag filled with hundreds of white pills. "That kid's been taking about thirty of these a day," he said. "We call them whites, bennies. If

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under amphetamines—those nice, respectable diet and wake-up pills."

This was my first glimpse into the world of the "pill-head"—a term which has come into the law-enforcement vocabulary only within the last five years. Like the little blonde girl in the Capri pants (who regained consciousness after three days and then was turned over to the juvenile authorities), the average pill-head gets hooked on one or both of two families of drugs which ordinarily are very useful medical tools. These are the amphetamine stimulants, which also are valuable in treating a variety of mental diseases, and the barbiturate depressants, the most commonly used ingredients in sedatives. Among pill-heads, amphetamines are "pep pills" and barbiturates are "goof balls." The addict frequently takes them in combination—for an "up-down" state of exhilaration.

Misuse of the amphetamines leads to what medical experts describe as "psychic or emotional dependence," with manifestations of irrational and even violent behavior. Dr. James B. Landis, Associate Director of Clinical Services at the Smith Kline & French Laboratories, writes that while there is no physical addiction, "a drug psychosis resembling schizophrenia can develop." With the barbiturates, there *is* a physical addiction which is described in some medical journals as being even more difficult to break than the narcotics habit. The Committee on Alcoholism and Addiction of the American Medical Association warns that "excessive use is likely to result in the user becoming wholly dependent on barbiturates to the exclusion of other values in life."

Sen. Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut was one of the first members of Congress to realize that pill addiction is a major problem. Today, according to Dodd, there are more than 100,000 seriously addicted pill-heads in the United States. Moreover, there may be as many as three million other Americans who take the drugs indiscriminately and without medical control. "The abuse of the amphetamine and barbiturate drugs," says Senator Dodd, whose Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency began looking into pill addiction back in 1962, "has spread like wildfire in less than a decade, and in many respects it has outdistanced the older problem of narcotics-addiction."

Sgt. Eugene Zappey of the Juvenile Narcotics Squad of the Los Angeles Police Department adds, "Pills have replaced marijuana as the stepping-stone to hard narcotics addiction. Five years ago, eighty percent of our problem with kids was marijuana. Now it's close to eighty percent pills."

This vast new market has created a new underworld industry, and there are increasing signs that organized crime is participating in the profits. Commissioner George P. Larrick of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration says, "Nearly ten billion barbiturate and amphetamine pills and capsules are produced each year by the pharmaceutical manufacturers. Half of these—or five billion pills and capsules—are being diverted into unauthorized channels."

In the last few months the Federal Government, recognizing the alarming growth of the problem, has taken strong legislative action to place the amphetamines and the barbiturates under the same kind of regulations that govern the sale and possession of narcotics. After years of investigation and debate, Congress finally passed the Drug Abuse Control Act of 1965. In signing the bill into law on July 15, President Johnson said, "We know all too well that racketeers in this field are making easy victims of many of our finest young people."

Notwithstanding this presidential support, there still is abundant evidence that few people take the problem seriously. It seems inconceivable to many Americans that the colorful little pills in the family medicine chest that help them go to sleep or stay awake can be a national menace. Doctors have routinely prescribed sleeping pills to patients for years, and millions of Americans take them without apparent addiction. Combat troops and pilots, going back as far as World War II, have been given amphetamines to keep them alert during military operations, and for more than 20 years truck drivers have been swallowing "bennies" to enable them to stay awake during long trips. Athletes have taken amphetamines before competition, and there probably is not a college campus where the pep pill isn't used by students cramming for exams.

Only recently has the medical profession cautiously advanced the notion that some of the more imprudent users of these respectable drugs may be "semi-hooked" or doing damage to their central nervous systems. The A.M.A. says it "is well aware of the addicting and habituating properties of barbiturates, amphetamines, and certain other psychotoxic drugs." It goes on to add, however, "In the United States, at this time, compulsive abuse of amphetamines and barbiturates constitutes such a small problem that additional legislation to control such abuse does not seem to be necessary."

Investigating the possibility of illegal traffic in drugs, a New York City narcotics agent sets up a stakeout near a building in East Harlem to check on the flow of visitors.

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The proponents of the new laws strongly disagree. Senator Dodd says, "Contrary to our experience with heroin and other narcotics, these dangerous drugs, used in various combinations, tend to induce a hostile state of mind. They have figured prominently in some of the most violent crimes on record."

Police blotters support this view. In the last few years there have been hundreds of appalling cases, which the average doctor never sees—except, perhaps, in an emergency ward.

For example, according to their confessions, 21-year-old Roy Dale Chatterton and his 18-year-old companion, Woodrow Whitman, bought a large supply of barbiturates (goof balls) and amphetamines (pep pills) from a pusher in their hometown of Huntington, W. Va., in September, 1964. Like most pill-heads, the youths began to take the drugs in combination, three pep pills to one goof ball, in increasingly greater numbers, every day for three months. Later, Chatterton admitted that he had been on pills since he was 13, when a schoolmate had peddled them to him, and he added, "Man, when you're on them you feel like you're about the baddest person walking and you'd do anything. There's nothing impossible. There's no crime that you can't do. If you want to do it, you just go and do it. You are floating. Nothing can bother you. You don't care what happens. It don't make no difference. You feel like you can fly."

Chatterton and Whitman began to fly on the evening of November 27. They beat one man savagely before robbing him of eight dollars. Later that night they bashed a bartender over the head with a pool cue, stole his cash register containing $160 and then bought a pistol. They shot and wounded a young U.S. Marine when he resisted their attempts to steal his car, and then embarked on a crime spree which lasted three weeks and left a trail of destruction through six southern states. They stole cars, held up stores, attacked innocent bystanders with pop bottles, blackjacks and other weapons, and burglarized houses.

In the little town of Rossville, Ga., a man named Billy Copeland gave Chatterton and Whitman a lift in his station wagon. They pulled a gun on Copeland and held a knife to his throat. Chatterton then drove the car to an abandoned house in the woods. He and Whitman made Copeland enter the house, forced him to strip and tied him up. Then, just for the sport of it, they took turns hitting Copeland over the head with a plank. Finally, as Chatterton confessed later, "I took my handkerchief and I gagged him with it because he wasn't dead. He was still trying to talk, is what he was trying to do . . . by then I was popping those pills like they were going out of style."

Copeland eventually died in the abandoned house, and Chatterton and Whitman were arrested in Guyton, Ga., after they had robbed a woman and shot her husband. By then, said Chatterton, "I was blanking out and coming to, and blanking out and coming to." The two youths were tried in Georgia for the murder of Coleman, and sentenced to execution in the electric chair.

In the last few years there have been many similar cases. In Houston one ex-convict, after swallowing several amphetamine tablets, shot and killed a schoolteacher, assaulted a 14-year-old farm girl, and committed two robberies. In Illinois a normally mild-mannered truck driver suddenly went berserk near the end of a New Orleans-to-Chicago run, during which he had taken several amphetamine pills to keep himself awake. He deliberately smashed into parked cars, chased pedestrians down the street with his huge truck, and finally was subdued at gunpoint by police.

In Chicago last February, three boys—two of

On patrol of an East Harlem neighborhood, law-enforcement officers seize an unlawful user of amphetamine. User was caught while injecting liquid form of drug into his arm.

them only 16 years old, the other 17—sat around taking barbiturates and amphetamines. Then, with a .22-caliber hunting rifle, they went out into the street and calmly picked off the first person they saw, an elderly man named Fred Christiansen. He was shot 19 times. When the effects of the drugs wore off, one of the boys admitted the murder, saying, "It was the pills that caused me to do the shooting."

In a parallel case in Los Angeles, three high-school boys swallowed two barbiturate capsules apiece and decided to go downtown. They took a cab, robbed the driver, then plunged a knife into his abdomen. When the driver flung himself from the cab, two of the boys stabbed him 12 times more. The driver died of his wounds two hours later. All three boys proved to have a history of pill addiction. Two of the boys pleaded guilty to murder and are serving long prison terms. The third, turned over to the California Youth Authority, was a docile, intelligent youth who worked after school for a pharmacist. For months, it turned out, the boy had been filching barbiturates from his employer's stock. The pharmacist wasn't even aware that hundreds of capsules were missing.

With such laxity common on a nationwide scale, it is not surprising that the bootlegging of pills has become one of the safest rackets in the United States, as well as one of the most lucrative. About 99 percent of the bootleg stock is produced by legitimate pharmaceutical manufacturers, and these legitimate firms have been victims of a phenomenal amount of pilferage. A few larcenous truck drivers have become millionaires by making deals with drug-warehouse employees who supply them with unauthorized kegs of 100,000 pills. The profits of such dealings are staggering. U.S. Food and Drug inspectors recently arrested a truck driver-entrepreneur whom they described as The Pill King of the Atlantic Seaboard. The driver said he had been in the pill business for eight years and that warehouse henchmen had provided him with 100 million amphetamine tablets stolen from a single pharmaceutical company. Over the years he developed a large staff of distributors, mostly other truck drivers who serviced truck-stop cafés as they made their long-distance runs. His volume had become so enormous by the time he was arrested that he had set up his own clandestine warehouses in farmhouses, chicken coops and woodsheds. The Government estimated that his profits over the eight-year span were $9,800,000.

To combat theft, some big pharmaceutical manufacturers have taken unusual security measures. Smith Kline & French, one of the most dedicated of the drug companies fighting the illicit pill traffic, now stores its amphetamines in locked cages guarded by a special force of ex-policemen, and it ships the drugs only in tamper-proof containers. Not all manufacturers have been so security-minded. The Federal Government suspects some firms may even be supplying bootleggers. The pills of one eastern firm show up more frequently than those of any other in government raids.

The reason for direct sale to the bootleggers is obvious. In legal channels, an amphetamine tablet is sold by the manufacturer to the wholesaler for $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cent. (The wholesaler charges the pharmacist 3 cents, and the public pays about 5 cents per tablet.) On the other hand, an illegal distributor will pay up to six times as much as a legitimate wholesaler to get his supplies. (By the time the pill then goes through the greedy hands of an illicit dealer and a pusher, the unfortunate addict or thrill-seeker pays as much as 15 cents for one tablet.)

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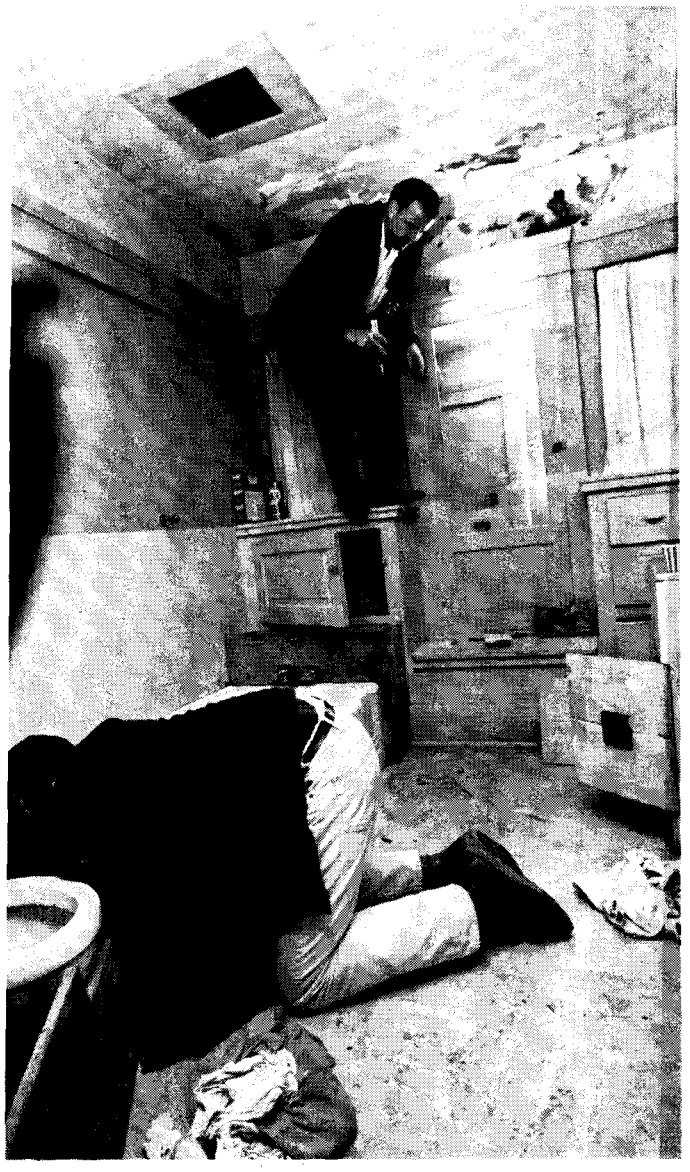

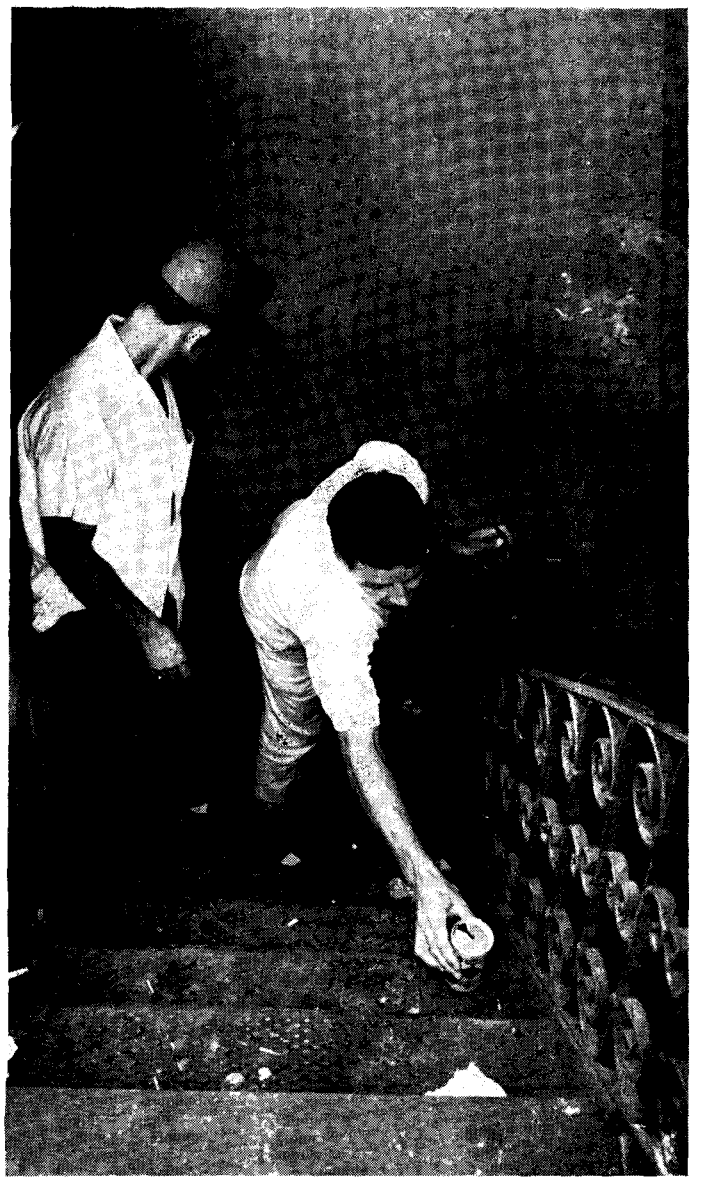

Top: Los Angeles agents, after turning up pill cache in stuffed chair of an after-hours joint, continue search in bathroom. Bottom: New York cops discover "bombitas"—vials with amphetamine liquid—inside a tenement hall.

A recent case points up the possibilities of such a profitable relationship between businessmen and racketeers. According to an official report of the attorney general of California, in 1964 agents of the State Bureau of Narcotics arrested a girl in a raid in Hollywood. She possessed three pounds of marijuana. The case against her was dropped on a legal technicality, but she agreed to become an informant for the state narcotics agents, who operate under California's attorney general.

The report goes on to state that in January, 1965, the girl notified state narcotics agents that pills were being sold in a bar in downtown Los Angeles. On January 20 she went to the bar with an agent, who was disguised behind a beard, and she introduced him as a pill-peddler on the "jar" level (a "jar" is any container, usually a paper bag, holding 1,000 pills). On that day, the agent made a "buy" from a hulking man named Paul Van de Bogart, a well-known pill trafficker in Los Angeles, Baltimore, Chicago and New Orleans.

On January 25, the state narcotics agent bought 5,000 amphetamine pills from Van de Bogart and later, 4,000 more. Then, on the grounds that his operations were flourishing, the agent stepped up his orders to a mammoth purchase of 300,000 pills on February 25. Each time the agent made a buy, other agents would tail Van de Bogart. They discovered that he would drive to a Los Angeles parking lot and wait for another car. This second car was traced to the Hart Trucking Company.

On March 23 the agent met Van de Bogart in a downtown Los Angeles bar and ordered 150,000 amphetamine tablets. Ten minutes later, other agents saw the president of the Hart Trucking Company, Eugene Fitzwater, leave his office. He backed up his car to a truck van-body in a vacant lot alongside the office, took two large cardboard boxes out of the van, put them in the trunk of his car and drove to a bar where he met Van de Bogart. Both men drove to the parking lot, where Van de Bogart's car was parked.

When Fitzwater and Van de Bogart subsequently transferred the two cardboard boxes from Fitzwater's car to Van de Bogart's, law agents stepped in. In the two cardboard boxes they found paper bags and jars containing 155,500 amphetamine tablets, and 6,000 barbiturate pills.

Other agents, the report continues, descended on the van-body at the Hart Trucking Company. The van contained over a million capsules and tablets, 62 varieties in all, including some extremely dangerous, highly sophisticated "up-and-down" amphetamine-barbiturate combinations used only by mental hospitals under carefully controlled conditions. All of the pills were traced back to a drug manufacturer in Philadelphia. The Philadelphia firm had recently acquired a small pharmaceutical manufacturing company in Los Angeles, converting it into a distributing warehouse. State investigators found that the books of the Los Angeles subsidiary were incomplete, and that two million pills could not be accounted for in one three-month period. Fitzwater and Van de Bogart were indicted in October for conspiracy to violate the state narcotics and dangerous-drug laws. The Philadelphia drug company and its Los Angeles subsidiary have thus far not officially been connected with the crime—but under the laws then in effect, little could be done to them even if they were.

Another illicit channel is the smuggling of pills from Mexico, where there are no laws governing the sale of amphetamines and barbiturates. Many of the pills have been legally exported from the United States. The Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency received reports of shipments of three million amphetamine tablets in one month from legitimate American drug houses to a pharmacy owner and drug jobber in Tijuana, Mexico. Gordon Wood, District Director of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration in Los Angeles, estimates that about 36 million pills are smuggled each year across the Mexican border into his territory. Tourists frequently pick up a roll or two of pills while in Mexico, but the big shipments, of course, are those of the bootleggers.

A favorite technique is "muling," a term which stems from the days when Mexican peons smuggled marijuana, hidden under heads of lettuce and other produce, on the backs of mules. Today old trucks and cars are used. The vehicle is loaded with pills, concealed, as in the old days, beneath vegetables, and it is left in a parking lot in Tijuana. In the evening, when thousands of tourists are pouring back to the United States, a peon drives the vehicle through customs, leaves it in a parking lot on the U.S. side and returns to Mexico on foot. The American bootlegger then drives off with the vehicle—pills, vegetables and all.

Other, more sophisticated, techniques have also developed. A notorious American pill racketeer named Ygnacio (Duke) Medrano was recently arrested and sentenced to jail for smuggling hundreds of thousands of pills across the border in a car with a false gas tank. A man named Henry McKay, who made regular "fishing trips" to Baja California in his boat, was intercepted by government agents who found secret compartments in the bulkheads of the boat, all crammed with amphetamine tablets.

With such easy channels of supply, it is not surprising that five billion amphetamines and barbiturates get into the hands of the pushers every year. Since the five billion illicit pills represent a market value of at least $500 million, it also is not surprising that this racket has attracted the attention of organized crime. The government has evidence that the Mafia already is moving in on the pill-peddling business in Chicago and New Orleans.

To counter the spread of unsupervised pill-taking and the general disbelief in the danger of heavy usage, medical authorities now are issuing stern warnings fairly frequently. The Council on Alcoholism and Addiction of the American Medical Association recently reported: "The barbiturate-dependent person is directly comparable to the opiate-dependent person. . . . Between the 30th and 48th hour of withdrawal, convulsions of *grand mal* [epileptic] type are likely to occur. . . . Patients have died during uncontrolled, untreated barbiturate-withdrawal symptoms."

Dr. William F. Quinn, chairman of the Committee on Dangerous Drugs of the California Medical Association, points out that two barbiturate capsules are enough to put the average person soundly to sleep, but with the addict, after he develops a tolerance to the drug, there is the opposite effect. "He gets high," says Doctor Quinn. "He gets wild." Dr. James B. Landis, Associate Director of Clinical Service at the Smith Kline & French Laboratories, graphically describes the schizophrenia-like symptoms frequently associated with amphetamine abuse. "This drug-induced psychosis," he says, "is characterized by delusions and hallucinations. The individual may think, for example, that he is being followed by enemies or that he hears voices talking about him."

Despite such admonitions, the sale of goof balls and pep pills goes on at an accelerated rate. A fellow reporter and I were able to buy them from peddlers in bars, pool halls and coffee shops in a dozen cities and small towns from Hollywood to Westchester County, N.Y. All we had to do was to mention—usually to the bartender—that we wanted to "score," and a peddler would show up in a matter of minutes. The fixed price of a roll of from six to ten pills seems to be the same anywhere in the country—one dollar.

As we traveled around the country, we inter-

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viewed many young pill-users who had been picked up by the police. One, a sweating, trembling 16-year-old boy, said, "There was this kid in school, he offered me a bag of popcorn one day. 'That'll be a dollar,' he said, 'it's a special kind of popcorn.' His friends were looking at me and laughing, and I didn't want to be called chicken, so I gave him the dollar, and in the bag, hidden under the popcorn, were six pills. I didn't think of the pills as being something bad like pot [marijuana] so I dropped them [swallowed them] and I felt like I could do anything." The boy became the customer of a pusher and confessed to stealing money from his parents to feed his habit.

It is not unusual for the police to find 30 or 40 such cases in a single large high school. Other cases we came across were even more appalling. One 17-year-old boy had just been arrested for committing 98 burglaries. After school, in the daytime, he sold Bibles. At night he would swallow three pep pills and one goof ball. This filled him with such a sense of bravado that he'd then go out and hold up a grocery or liquor store.

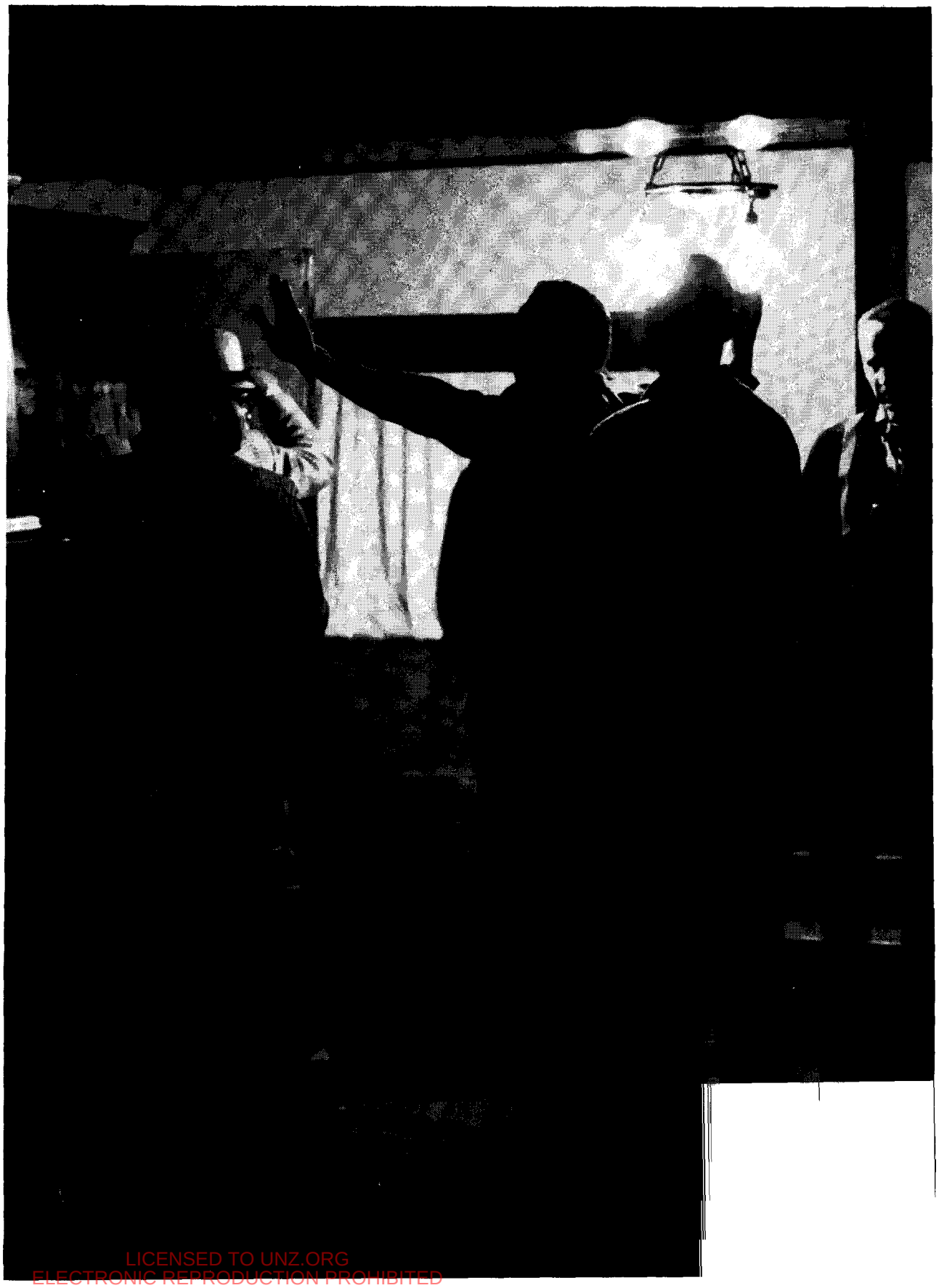
The shocking succession of such cases has led to the first governmental curbs on pill-peddlers. Beginning in 1960, a few states—notably New York, New Jersey and California—began to look into the problem. In California, the then attorney general, Stanley Mosk, launched a series of investigations to determine how the state's weak barbiturate and amphetamine laws could be strengthened. As was the case in all states (and still is in most), illicit pill-peddling was only a misdemeanor. After a five-year struggle, Mosk and his successor, the present attorney general, Thomas Lynch, finally pushed through new legislation. Since September 17 the illicit possession of barbiturates and amphetamines—that is, buying without a prescription or selling without a license—has called for a one-year jail sentence and/or a $1,000 fine on the first conviction, with a one-to-five-year felony sentence for a second conviction. "Possession to sell" dangerous drugs carries a one-to-three-year penalty, and "illegally transporting, importing, selling, giving, offering to give or manufacturing barbiturates or amphetamines" is a one-to-five-year felony offense. New York and New Jersey now have passed equally tough laws.

On the federal level, Sen. Thomas Dodd has been the principal crusader. His Senate subcommittee has listened to testimony about highway disasters caused by truck drivers who had been taking amphetamines to stay awake, only to black out under the influence of the drug. Expert witnesses testified about the damage to the nervous system caused by the barbiturates. There was also testimony about college students who got so high on amphetamines that they scribbled gibberish on their exam papers. The committee brought to light the economics of the vast bootlegging operations and the tragic effects on the principal victims, the teen-agers. The inability of the Food and Drug inspectors to deal effectively with the problem was exposed. The FDA inspectors, nice young men with degrees in such subjects as biology and agriculture, were prohibited by law from carrying arms or making arrests. They were ill-equipped to tangle with the tough pill racketeers. Last year one undercover FDA inspector was held at gunpoint by three bootleggers in a motel room for five hours and escaped death only because his captors, on pills themselves, became confused.

Despite the overwhelming weight of testimony, it was not until this year that Congress passed a dangerous-drug bill. The new federal law, the Drug Abuse Control Act of 1965, officially goes into effect on February 1, 1966. It requires an accurate inventory of all amphetamine and barbiturate stocks held by manufacturers, wholesalers and pharmacies as of that date, plus careful records of the distribution of the drugs thereafter. Failure to keep such records becomes a crime. So does the unlicensed manufacture, sale and possession by dealers of barbiturates and amphetamines. The penalty for these violations is as high as a $1,000 fine and/or a year in jail for first offenders, and $10,000 and/or three years for second offenders. The new law is especially tough on pushers over the age of 18 who sell the drugs to purchasers under 21—up to two years in prison and/or $5,000 for first offenders, six years and/or $15,000 for subsequent convictions. The FDA inspectors do not have to prove the interstate origin of any of the dangerous drugs before stepping into a case.

In effect, the FDA men now will work in almost the same way as the agents of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. They will carry guns, make arrests and seize stocks of illegal barbiturates and amphetamines. What this means is that an entirely new federal law-enforcement agency has been created. It will be called the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control. Its men will be trained in intelligence methods in an academy similar to the FBI's. The BDAC men will have to be cop-chemists, since the recently passed law also allows for the subsequent addition of other dangerous drugs to the Federal-control list (LSD and certain tranquilizers seem to be good bets for early inclusion).

"But the biggest part of the problem lies ahead," says Dodd. "Until the public becomes convinced that these drugs really *are* dangerous, there could be an unsuspected incendiary bomb ready to go off in every community in America." □



Police check patrons for pep pills and goof balls in after-hours Los Angeles saloon. Federal Government officials estimate that about 36 million pills are smuggled each year across the Mexican border into California

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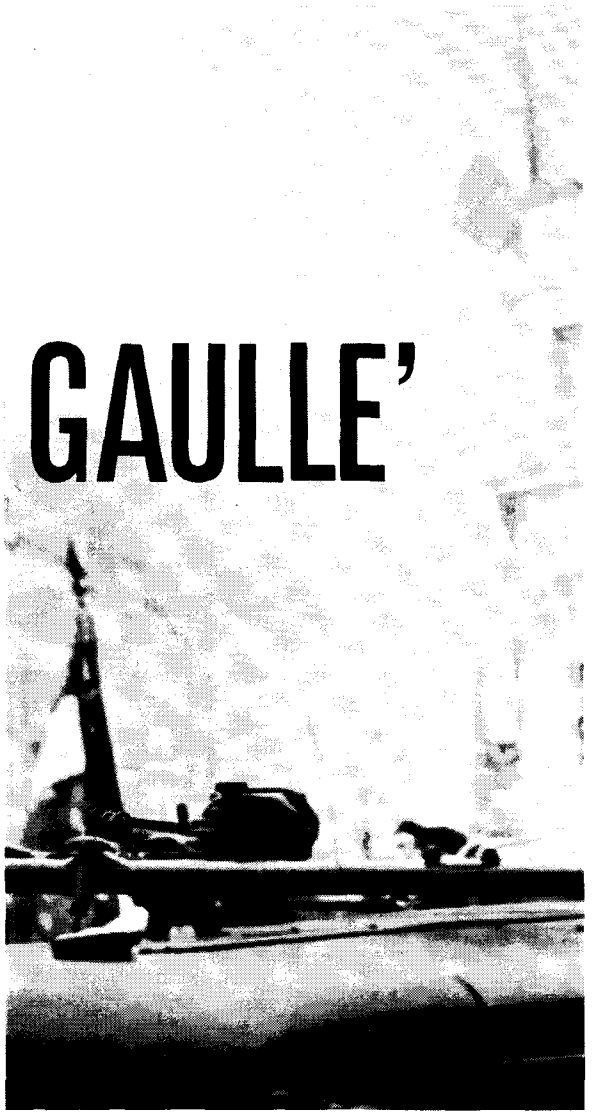
'FIND ANOTHER DE GAULLE'



This has been the French President's only advice to his supporters who worry about a successor to his throne. But lately a dauphin, Premier Georges Pompidou, has appeared at the General's elbow.

By Edward Behr

At the court of General de Gaulle, the Sun King in modern dress, there are no favorites, only potential victims. Loyal Gaullists, their usefulness over, topple to oblivion like disgraced oriental viziers. There is one exception: His name is Georges Pompidou, he has been de Gaulle's prime minister since 1962, and he is—now that de Gaulle has ended the long mystery about whether he would run for the seven-year presidency once more—the official heir apparent.

As de Gaulle's successor, Pompidou would head the strongest and most stable government in Europe, leading a nation that de Gaulle has almost single-handedly resurrected from the wobbly postwar era. During the '50's the revolving-door governments of the Fourth Republic gave France a faintly ludicrous air, so that Washington and London treated their Paris ally as one might treat a wastrel nephew—indulging him out of respect for his heritage, but not paying serious attention to any of his grandiose schemes. But since de Gaulle returned to power in 1958, he has progressively given substance to his dreams of French glory, and "French grandeur" can no longer be laughed away. Like it or not, France must once again be reckoned with as a great power. De Gaulle has his nuclear striking force, and he has weight to throw around. And he expects Georges Pompidou to do the same.

Pompidou's emergence as de Gaulle's almost certain successor is stranger than any log-cabin-to-White-House saga. It's as though a Kennedy had emigrated from Ireland and become a presidential candidate all in one generation, and in the process given the impression that he wasn't really trying and didn't really care. For unlike most of the men around de Gaulle, Pompidou is not a behind-the-scenes Gaullist politician of long standing. In fact he is not even a member of the Gaullist party, the *Union pour la Nouvelle République*. Neither is he a member of the small, fanatically loyal Gaullist elite which rallied to de Gaulle's tiny Free French headquarters in 1940–41. During the war Pompidou taught school. "My resistance," he said with disarming candor, "was exclusively verbal." Nor did he help plot de Gaulle's return to power on the crest of revolt in Algeria. "On May 13, 1958" (the day the revolt occurred), "I went to the movies," Pompidou said. "And I remember telling a friend afterward, 'Don't worry. Nothing is going to happen.' That's how close I was to the so-called Gaullist conspiracy." Until de Gaulle selected him to be premier, Pompidou had had no political experience whatever, and though he had been a minor government servant for several postwar years, his only glimpse of the French National Assembly had been from the visitors' gallery.

But whatever Pompidou's credentials, de Gaulle has made his preference for Pompidou plain. He is the only person (outside de Gaulle's own family circle) whom de Gaulle addresses by his first name. He is the only outsider to be invited for weekends at de Gaulle's country house at Colombey. And just before his prostate operation last year de Gaulle drafted a note, to be made public only in the event of his death, urging Frenchmen to select Pompidou as his successor "if anything went wrong."

Some Gaullists say Pompidou will succeed de Gaulle "simply because the General dislikes him less than the rest of the human race." Others say de Gaulle is fascinated by Pompidou's detached attitude toward power and by his apparent lack of ambition. Pompidou puts it this way: "When I first met General de Gaulle, I realized that here was a man who thought like me—or rather I realized that I thought like him."

That Pompidou ever got within speaking distance of de Gaulle is in itself remarkable. Pompidou comes from a poor family with absolutely no powerful connections. He was born in Montboudif, a village in Auvergne that is so small it doesn't even show on a road map. The 504 inhabitants are mostly small-scale farmers who pasture 10 to 15 cows on narrow strips of land. Today, as in Pompidou's youth, it is in the poorest part of France.

Pompidou's grandfather was a farm laborer. But Léon Pompidou, father of Georges, took the first step out of extreme poverty by studying nights and becoming a village schoolmaster. He married a local girl, herself a teacher, whose parents were relatively prosperous. Léon Pompidou taught himself Spanish, Latin and Greek, took the university-level exam and passed. When Georges Pompidou was 10, the Pompidou family moved to Albi, a beautiful town in southern France where Léon Pompidou had been appointed Spanish teacher at a primary school.

Léon Pompidou had no hopes of ever obtaining for himself the *agrégation*—the advanced degree required of teachers above the elementary level—but he was determined that his son should go farther up the social and academic ladder. "It was always assumed," says Pompidou, "that I would become a teacher." Léon Pompidou was a gruff, authoritarian schoolmaster. "He terrified his students," an ex-pupil recalls. He also terrified young Georges Pompidou. "When Georges wasn't at the top of his class," recalls Louis Fieu, a classmate, "his father beat him unmercifully."

Georges Pompidou passed the entrance examination to the Ecole Normale Supérieure, France's most prestigious undergraduate school, on his first attempt. Immediately, says a fellow student who knew him well in those days, he changed. "He had been so intent on getting into Normale that he hadn't really had time for anything else." He became something of a dandy, acquiring a great reputation in the Latin Quarter as a ladies' man.

It was at Normale that Pompidou met a rich young Frenchman named René Brouillet, who

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Solidly alongside de Gaulle and sharing the limelight with him, French Premier Georges Pompidou reviews troops.

was to become de Gaulle's chief aide in 1944. It was Brouillet, now ambassador to the Vatican, who got Pompidou a job on de Gaulle's staff. "If it hadn't been for Brouillet," recalls Robert Verdier, a socialist politician and contemporary of both Pompidou and Brouillet, "it's quite certain that Pompidou's career would have taken a quite different turn."

While in his last year at Normale, Pompidou met a tall, attractive law student named Claude Cahour, the elder daughter of a country doctor, and married her. He sat for the *agrégation* and was given the year's highest mark. As an *agrégé*, he automatically entered the teaching profession, and was sent to teach French in a Marseilles lycée.

On the outbreak of war Pompidou was called up as an infantry lieutenant. He saw action along the Maginot line and in the disastrous 1940 campaign. Demobilized after France's separate peace with Germany, he immediately went back to teaching. "Pompidou spent the war as a detached observer," says Verdier. When de Gaulle entered Paris and marched down the Champs-Élysées, Pompidou was watching in the crowd.

Despite Pompidou's blank *Résistance* record, Brouillet remembered him as "someone who could write well," someone to put together daily intelligence digests for de Gaulle. "You're just the man we need," Brouillet told Pompidou.

So Pompidou joined de Gaulle's staff. "I was very much a backroom boy," Pompidou recalled recently. But de Gaulle liked the concise style of Pompidou's reports. And Pompidou, as he puts it, "immediately fell under his spell." When de Gaulle resigned the presidency in 1946, he told Pompidou: "I'll be needing you." During de Gaulle's long "exile," Pompidou became increasingly de Gaulle's confidant—part private secretary, part aide-de-camp, part lobbyist. It was Pompidou who negotiated for the publication of de Gaulle's memoirs and saw to it that the fee was the highest that could be paid.

In this "interregnum" period Pompidou saw de Gaulle at least once a week. As Pompidou says, "de Gaulle wanted to have a small core of people around him whom he could trust, who could, if the occasion warranted it, become a brain trust."

One of the members of the de Gaulle brain trust was René Fillon, a director, now retired, of the Rothschild Bank. Fillon offered Pompidou a job. As a Rothschild executive, Pompidou earned enough money to be able to move from the Left Bank to a splendid apartment on the Quai de Béthune, which is on the Île Saint-Louis, a tiny island in the heart of Paris.

Pompidou admits that at first he was utterly baffled by the complexities of the banking business. "I had never owned a piece of stock in my life," he says. But within two years of entering the Rothschild Bank he was made a director and put in charge of the African-investments division. According to Guy de Rothschild, "Pompidou has the knack of reducing complicated problems to their basic essentials."

"As a banker," says Pompidou, "I learned that in working with other people's money, you just can't afford to make mistakes. One of my aims as prime minister has been to make people in government as careful as bankers in their handling of France's financial assets."

Working for the Rothschilds brought Pompidou into the social limelight. "In 1956 Pompidou discovered Saint Tropez," says film director Roger Vadim, who knows him well. "He was fascinated by our new 'discothèque' society." He met Françoise Sagan and her ex-husband, publisher Guy Schoeller, who were then a swinging couple, and through them Juliette Greco, Vadim and other members of the Paris *dolce vita*.

As a Rothschild executive Pompidou saw de Gaulle less, but still acted on occasion as adviser. "Quite frankly," says Pompidou, "I didn't believe the General would ever return to power." But when de Gaulle became prime minister in 1958, he summoned Pompidou and named him his *directeur de cabinet* or chief administrative aide. "I made it quite clear to the General," says Pompidou, "that this was a temporary assignment."

When six months were up, de Gaulle offered Pompidou a cabinet appointment. Pompidou refused and went back to banking. In a rare burst of confidence Pompidou told a friend, "I felt that de Gaulle might conceivably want me to form a government in the distant future, and I knew that if this ever happened, I would have to be a political virgin, with no direct involvement in the earlier administration."

Three and a half years later, de Gaulle did just that. Premier Michel Debré, held accountable by de Gaulle's right-wing opposition for granting independence to Algeria, stepped down in April, 1962, and Pompidou brought a new style to the office of prime minister. He took down the 18th-century paintings in his ornate office, and hung up his favorite Soulages—a huge, vibrant abstract. He refused to live in the prime minister's official residence, a high-ceilinged Louis XV apartment in the Hôtel Matignon, and drove to his office from his apartment on the Île Saint-Louis. And he far prefers the company of artists and writers to any other—to such an extent that one disgruntled Gaullist said, "He's not a politician—he's an aesthete."

"Pompidou," says a former minister, "turned out to be the ideal premier from de Gaulle's point of view. He is not an innovator. He regards his office as that of a chief of staff, translating de Gaulle's broad directives into concrete reality."

On all major issues—Red China, the Common Market, Vietnam—Pompidou endorses de Gaulle's views with almost parrotlike fervor. But where de Gaulle makes no attempt to hide his anti-American bias, Pompidou, says a veteran Western diplomat, "tries to repair the damage done to Franco-American relations by denying the obvious."

Despite Pompidou's frequent exposure to the public, "people still regard him as de Gaulle's glorified office boy," says a prominent Gaullist politician. "They don't need another father figure, of course, as long as de Gaulle is alive. And Pompidou is very careful not to put himself forward as another de Gaulle."

Some French politicians believe that France's present political calm would be so shattered by de Gaulle's death that a return to the party politics of the Fourth Republic is inevitable. While such a turn of events would satisfy those who see de Gaulle's France as a kind of dictatorship, it also conjures up the distinct memory of a faltering and weak nation. "But people forget," said one Gaullist politician, "that when Pompidou first became de Gaulle's *directeur de cabinet* it seemed inconceivable that he would ever become prime minister. When he became premier, it seemed inconceivable that he would ever be singled out as a possible successor to de Gaulle. But he is much tougher, and more resilient, than people think, and he will fight if he feels there's a danger of France's reverting to the state she was in before de Gaulle returned to power."

Pompidou himself refuses to speculate about the eventual succession. Asked whether he would return to banking if he were no longer prime minister, Pompidou said, "Certainly not. It was a fascinating experience, but I wouldn't want to go back to it." There was a thoughtful pause. "I think I would devote my time to literature," he said. "But one has to have talent for that, of course, and I really don't know where my talents lie. Perhaps, one day, I'll find out." □

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At 18, Alice Roosevelt was the daughter of an extremely popular President. "I knew perfectly well what it was worth," she says. "Great fun—enjoy it while it lasts."

In a rare interview, Alice Roosevelt Longworth discusses sor

THE SHARPEST WIT IN WASHINGTON

President Kennedy considered Alice Roosevelt Longworth just about the best company in the capital. For half a century this opinion has been shared by most knowledgeable Washingtonians. Daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt and widow of House Speaker Nicholas Longworth, she has observed the world of politics from the inside ever since her father moved up to the Presidency after McKinley's assassination in 1901, when she was a girl of 17. To the generation of the Gay Nineties, she was "Princess Alice," but she has always had a horror of pomposity. Scores of pretentious politicians have been skewered by her wit, and she also delights in poking fun at her own family. "The Roosevelts," she says, "were Dutch peasants who came over in early steerage and later achieved burgherhood." An afternoon with Mrs. Longworth can be extremely refreshing.

"In this painting," said Mrs. Longworth, indicating a portrait completed in April, "I am eight and one. Over there is a portrait of me when I was one and eight." Her father, Theodore Roosevelt had become President the previous year.

"There hadn't been a girl in the White House since Nellie Grant, and that was a long time before. There I was, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a very popular President, having a good time. I knew perfectly well what it was worth. Great fun—enjoy it while it lasts." Her voice is at once extremely cultivated, affectionate and harsh. The drawing room where we had tea was filled with flowers and plants. Behind a miniature orange tree was a caricature of Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt. "That's my icon," said Mrs. L. "It was done by Batchelor in the 1944 campaign. Do you see the small portrait below of Harry Truman? It says, ALL THIS AND TRUMAN TOO. Not many people had the slightest idea what Truman looked like. I thought it was so marvelous that I asked Batchelor for it."

Everything that surrounds her has a historical dimension—even her pearls. "This is a very humble string of real pearls. I wouldn't have had it if Cuba hadn't given it to me as a wedding present. Cuba meant to give me some bedroom furniture inlaid with Cuban wood and semiprecious stones. But Lodge—good old Cabot—suggested to the Cubans that there were much better things to give. I was delighted . . . so much nicer than having a set of florid bedroom furniture."

Photographs of royalty hang on the wall, but, Mrs. Longworth says, "I have only Asian potentates. I like them. I was just twenty-one when I first saw the East. China was still Cathay. I saw it with the eyes of Kipling and Conrad." Pointing to a photograph, she said, "That is a photograph of the Dowager Empress of China. There was an extraordinary woman! My audience with her was memorable. It was like seeing Catherine the Great or Elizabeth the First. 'The old Buddha' talked to me through an interpreter, Wu T'ing-fang, who had been minister in Washington. I remembered how he had enjoyed making blandly insolent remarks at dinner parties in Washington and invidious comments on America in press interviews. Wu T'ing-fang stood between us, a little to the side, but suddenly, as the conversation was going on, the Empress said something in a small, savage voice. He turned quite gray, and got down on all fours, his forehead touching the ground. The Empress would speak; he would lift his head and say it in English to me; back would go his forehead to the ground while I spoke; up would come his head again while he said it in Chinese to the Empress; then back to the ground would go his forehead. There was no clue to her reason for humiliating him before us. When I told my father about it, he thought it might have been to show us that this man whom we accepted as an equal was to her no more than something to put her foot on—that it was a way of indicating that none of us either amounted to much more than that in her opinion. One literally had the feeling that she might at any moment say, 'Off with his head,' and that off the head would go.

"She sent my stepmother two huge Siberian tiger skins. You saw one hanging on the wall when you came up the stairs. Its long tail is draped on the staircase. It's really falling apart now, but one Christmas afternoon at Sagamore many years ago, we were playing our traditional game of Parcheesi, and my stepmother said, 'Whoever wins will get the tiger skin as a prize.' Our faces became pinched with greed. Sibling rivalries really came to the fore, and we played with fierce determination. My sister Ethel won, and in baffled fury I went upstairs, packed and announced that I was leaving, saying that it was a most un-Christian way to celebrate Christmas Day. I must have put on an impressive show, because the next day my mother said she would give me the other skin, which was even larger."

For Mrs. Longworth, afternoon tea is quite a procedure: tea from a small Dutch silver caddy; a shallow kettle bought half a century ago in London at the Army and Navy stores; lighting the burner with matches found in a purse she describes as "half filing cabinet, half psychosis," and then pouring the tea for herself into a tall glass filled with heaping teaspoonfuls of brown sugar.

"Anyone who has been around as long as I have has many recollections," she said over tea, "but I'm still able to shrug the shoulders and lift the eyebrows. I might possibly be a footnote a hundred years from now. Have you ever heard of Harriet Lane Johnson? She was the niece of Buchanan and presided in the White House for her bachelor uncle—just before Lincoln. In my father's time Mrs. Johnson was often there at official entertainments. She was an extremely good-looking elderly lady—I considered her terribly old. As a matter of fact, she was easily ten or fifteen years younger than I am now."

One does not interview Mrs. Longworth in the usual sense of the word. Her conversation is too spontaneous, too brilliant for that. But there were a few specific questions.

What were your reactions when McKinley was assassinated and your father became President?

"My brother, Ted, and I danced a little war dance. Shameful! Then we put on long faces. At that time my mother and the children were in the Adirondacks. My father was to join us later. For about a week it looked as though McKinley would recover. But then he died. By that time I had moved on to stop with some friends in a different

BY JEAN VANDEN HEUVEL

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vorld leaders she has known.

part of the Adirondacks, and it pleased me to pretend that I had ceased to take an interest. I was rather defiant about it. I said, 'I'm delighted about my darling parent whom I adore, and who wants to be President. Here he is. Got it. But Washington is a dull place. I prefer my accustomed friends.' I was a very disagreeable young person—very disagreeable.

"The nation regarded McKinley as a martyr. But why are the assassinated Presidents called martyrs? When a President is assassinated, he is not a martyr. Martyr McKinley and Martyr Garfield and now Martyr Kennedy, and who was the other one? Martyr Lincoln. They were Presidents who were shot. It was an evil thing, but they are not martyrs. It could happen to any President. My father was shot. He didn't die, but he had the bullet in him until he died.

"No, I have no use for the martyr epithet. I'm awfully sorry especially about Jack Kennedy, who was much too good for the kind of things that are being done about him, and who would not have liked a great deal of what he would have considered, I think, sentimentality. No one could have had a drier, more delightful, humorous, ironic view of life. It's so tiresome to turn him into an immaculate little icon. Such a pity, because he was an engaging character of great ability who needed no window dressing. As it was, he was first rate."

Do you think the liberal Republicans should have staged another Bull Moose movement in 1964 rather than support Goldwater?

"No. It wouldn't have made any difference. They had no one to rally them. I remember what some newspaperman wrote in an article about my father's campaign. He had supporters; he had an issue. There was money; there was a candidate who was enormously popular, yet the third party couldn't win as a third party even with those advantages! Wilson stood for a great many of the same things that my father was for. With Wilson's nomination, we lost the chance to gain a great many Democrats. Poor Taft got a fairly small vote. I think he only got two states. It was a tiny vote. Goodness, the way they hated one another in those days . . . perfectly fascinating."

More than today?

"Oh, yes. Much more. The things that were said about my father and Taft and Wilson were incredible.

"On the night that Wilson died, Jim Reed [Senator Reed] and I drove past his house to see what might be going on. There was quite a crowd, many of them kneeling in the street, wailing; and Jim Reed said in that saturnine voice, 'Like a lot of fleas that have lost their dog.' Horrible, grim, rather dreadful."

How do you feel about the family dynasties in

Photographs by Inge Morath

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"I don't really believe Eleanor came into her own until after Franklin's death."

American politics—the Roosevelts, the Kennedys, the Adamses?

"There's been nothing like the Kennedys since the Bonapartes—never such family solidarity. And, again like the Bonapartes, the Kennedys have these extraordinary women. I like the Kennedys. I have an affection for them. They are an incredible family, and it will be interesting to see what happens to them. They're one for all and all for one among themselves, which is quite different from our family, who were completely individualistic. What an extraordinary upbringing they had. Everything was put behind the boys so that they could concentrate on power and success.

"They talk about the Adams and the Roosevelt families; poor, feeble creatures, we all were compared to the Bonapartes and the Kennedys. We never had a family that hung together. The Adams family perhaps, but they were always being superior persons—*most superior* persons.

"Henry Adams considered my father rather a roughneck. That was the cowboy in the White House 'image,' as it's called now—hack word. Curiously enough, an intellectual like Henry Adams and a politician like Mark Hanna were both rather uncomfortable with this man of tremendous energy—of course, for different reasons. My mother used to lunch with Uncle Henry, as they all called him, at his house across from the White House on Lafayette Square. I usually didn't go; I was too frivolous; I balked. Young women sat at his feet, and they were called nieces. I only saw him every now and then. He was a wisp of an angry, sour little man of great intellect, charm, distinction and quality."

Did he go often to the White House?

"I don't remember. I think he did, because there were always people and friends coming. That's what was so funny about all this rediscovery of intellect that went on with the Kennedys, which is greatly to Jack Kennedy's credit; but it didn't seem entirely natural because they were so concerned about people we took more or less as a matter of course. You know what I mean. My father had always known them. And that's what is so greatly to Jack Kennedy's credit. He didn't have that in his background.

"I suppose he had a natural bent for knowledge. You can see it in his love of Lord David Cecil's *Melbourne*. That book must have appealed to him in every way; the power and the ability, also the exciting life . . . to read of the Duke of Devonshire with three children by his Duchess, two children by their close friend, all that enormous entourage moving like that, beauty and cultivation—splendidly dissolute."

Was there a conflict in loyalty between your father and your husband when President Roosevelt was running on the Progressive ticket and Mr. Longworth was running for Congress on the Republican ticket?

"Really no problem. I was for father and against Nick. Thoroughly enjoyable. Mother-in-law business and all that coming in. They were all working violently for Taft, and my father had told me I must stick by Nick. He wouldn't let me go to the Bull Moose convention. Taft was the Longworths' great friend and special pet—their great man."

Did you feel you were to blame for losing the election for your husband? For example, going to that Bull Moose meeting in Cincinnati toward the end of the campaign?

"Oh, yes, that could easily account for it. Nick was beaten by ninety-six votes. It was too horrible, really. Poor Nick. There had to be a recount. I said it was because I had gone to a Progressive meeting, a Bull Moose meeting for Hiram Johnson; and that was quite enough to lose him *just* that number of votes, and so lose him the election. It didn't hurt him in the least. He felt terribly about it, but it was all right. He stayed out, came back in two years, and then became Speaker; so all was well. It was good for both of us. Not a thing I would think was good for older people, but it's good for the young—the relatively young—to have a bump. I have no use for self-pity or for people who take defeat seriously. All those people who sob and moan . . . people that whine and snarl. That's a nice thing about Barry Goldwater. He never indulged in wincing or whining.

"I knew Goldwater only slightly, but every time we would run into each other, we were apt to murmur, 'Bucky O'Neill! Bucky O'Neill!' He was the first Rough Rider killed in the Spanish-American War in Cuba, and he is a hero of Arizona. That was about the extent of our conversations. Then in 1963, I was invited to a birthday party in honor of Eisenhower here in Washington. I didn't know my plans until the day before, when I called to see if there was still room for me. The committee lady seemed pleased and said she would find a very good place for me at the dinner. I arrived and found myself seated on one side next to Barry Goldwater, and on the other side was some negligible politician. Bill Miller, then Chairman of the Republican National Committee, made the main speech. He assured us that when the Eisenhowers were in the White House no one did the twist in the historic East Room and no one had been thrown into a pool fully clad. I thought to myself: this is where I came in. I told Goldwater of the criticism of my father's use of the East Room for far more violent and vigorous activities, such as judo and singlestick. And regarding the comment on people going into pools with their clothes on, I mentioned that in 1905 I was on a steamer going across the Pacific; a canvas tank was rigged up on the deck. One day I appeared in a linen coat and skirt, and some friend dared me to go in like that. I said, 'Let me take off my shoes,' and I dived in. I told Goldwater all this. Perhaps he didn't hear what I said. His only response was a murmur."

Winston Churchill first reached the world stage when your father was President. Did your father admire him?

"No, he never liked Churchill. Churchill was here in about 'Ninety-nine, after the war in Cuba, where, during the revolution—sometime before the U.S. came in—he had been a correspondent. My father was then governor of New York; when he came down from Albany, he would stop with my Aunt Corinne, and that is, I think, where they met. He didn't get up when older men came in, or when women came in, and he puffed on a cigar, and was generally obnoxious. Then, too, I suppose my father's lack of admiration was traceable to his special dislike for the marriages of that period that combined British and other foreign titles with American money.

"Later I asked him why he didn't like Churchill. He said he had heard when he was in Africa (he went there after he left the White House in 1909) that Churchill had been there a couple of years before and had sat in a tent behind mosquito netting which protected him from tsetse flies, while those outside were at the mercy of the tsetses. Therefore he thought that Churchill was a coward. How wrong he was! That's the last thing Churchill was. Churchill was a grandee, and he would have sat in a tent even if there hadn't been any flies.

"F. E. Smith, later Lord Birkenhead, was a great friend of Churchill's. I remember the last time I saw him before the First World War. We played bridge until five o'clock in the morning with Jimmy Rothschild and Neil Primrose. Then I staggered back to the Granards', where I was stopping, and got into my traveling clothes. Friends saw me off in the beautiful dawn. It was in July, just after the Archduke was assassinated. I was at the Grand Prix when the news came. Afterwards, Neil Primrose and I went to the house of his Rothschild cousins—the ones who had a house near the racetrack—and we drank Napoleon brandy with soda to show our universal scorn. It was fun to have a look at it—that civilized, pre-war world."

We walked to Mrs. Longworth's upstairs sitting room, where she often reads until six o'clock in the morning. Books were piled everywhere on the tables and on the floor, and contemporary newspaper clippings were strewn on the side tables. Coyote skins were lying on the backs of two large, comfortable chairs, and on one of the chairs was a pillow with the words, IF YOU CAN'T SAY SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT SOMEONE, SIT RIGHT HERE BY ME. In front of the fireplace was a large pink dollhouse with a blue mansard roof.

"I light the fire late at night when everyone else has gone to bed, and read what I feel like. I have jags of re-reading things that I adore. We were a reading family. It makes all the difference in the world. My father used to recite ballads to us, and we all shouted poetry at one another. We were always learning something. I still do. I often say poems while I'm motoring. Perhaps it's a fairly cheerful old age." She mentioned in particular the poems of Ezra Pound.

Did you know Ezra Pound when he was at St. Elizabeth's here in Washington?

"Oh, yes, I went to see him often with Huntington Cairns. I didn't know him before. In the winter it was really unpleasant. You had to go through one locked door after another, and there he was in an alcove off the general ward . . . occasionally a fellow inmate slouching in, staring at him. It was really Mrs. Pound who took care of him. She had rooms somewhere near the asylum. He used to wear three hats piled on top of each other. At the time it seemed quite natural, but now as I look back it does seem rather odd. Archie MacLeish finally got him out, thank goodness."

We took the last minutes of the afternoon to talk about the other Roosevelts—the Hyde Park Roosevelts.

"Franklin was great fun. I used to see him when he was a boy, always liked Franklin, was amused

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by him. We had a very gay time together. Franklin was bursting with gaiety. He was rather hampered by being practically an only child, because his half-brother was so much older. Franklin was about to cast his first vote in a presidential election. That was in 1904. Franklin must have been twenty-two; he was a couple of years older than myself. So a great family conclave met to decide whether Franklin would vote Democratic for Alton B. Parker or vote family for his cousin, Theodore. It was discussed and discussed, and eventually he voted for my father. Roosevelts had always been Democrats. Come the Civil War, they turned and voted Republican. After the Civil War Franklin's family, that branch up the river, returned to the Democratic fold. But our lot in New York City remained Republican. So there was poor, dear Franklin, who as a young man voted Republican for his cousin Theodore. The way I tell the story is, 'What did we do? How did we repay this nobility on the part of Franklin?' We repaid it by saying that he was a maverick. My father died in 1919, so there never was any conflict between them, because Franklin hadn't emerged. He very possibly wouldn't have emerged if my father hadn't emerged, and my father might not have emerged if Czolgosz hadn't killed McKinley. Who can tell?

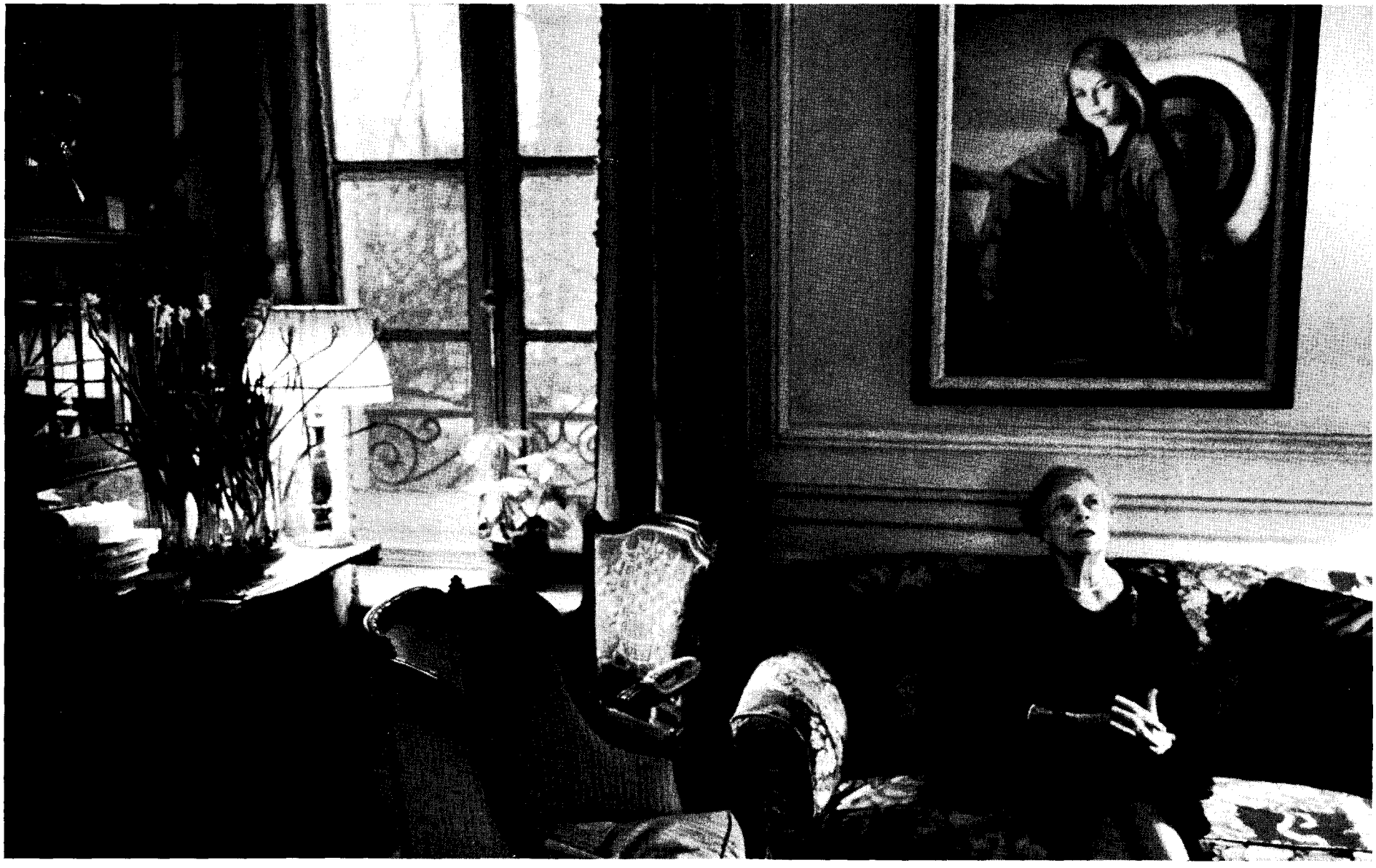
"Were it not for Czolgosz, we'd all be back in our brownstone-front houses. That's where we'd be. And I would have married for money and been divorced for good cause.

"Then poor Franklin ran for Vice-President in 1920. My brother, Ted, campaigned against him. Ted said, 'No one should vote for Franklin Roosevelt; he's a maverick; he doesn't wear the brand of our family.' Whereupon Franklin, instead of saying, 'I wear no man's brand,' took it in the spirit in which it was meant, which was all wrong, because it was meant meanly. And all Franklin had to do was say, 'I wear no man's brand, not even the brand of my cousin to whom I was devoted, for whom I once voted.' Instead of that, he took it seriously and was frightfully cross about it. It hurt, you see. So that was the beginning of very bad feeling. When my brother, Ted, ran for governor and was defeated by a relatively small majority by Al Smith, Eleanor put a teakettle on a chassis and trundled it around the state, implying that Ted was corrupt in connection with the Teapot Dome—which indeed he wasn't, because in fact we had all worked with Senator Tom Walsh, who was the head of the Teapot Dome inquiry. It was a pretty base thing for her to do. She was accusing her cousin of corruption. There had never been any question of that, but she was at least implying it. That not unnaturally continued the bad feeling.

"I don't really believe that Eleanor came into her own until after Franklin's death. Did I tell you about the evening when Eleanor had allowed Franklin to stay behind at a dance, which she didn't as a rule do? She was rather firm about that; but this time she let him stay out at the country club, and he came in with the Warren Robbinses (Warren was Franklin's first cousin). And it was they, of course, who hastened to tell me the next morning all about what had happened. They arrived home in the lovely spring dawn; and Franklin, flushed with wine, women and song, having had a happy evening, started to say good-night and opened the vestibule door. Whereupon Eleanor arose from the doormat, pale like a string bean raised in the cellar, and Franklin said, 'But, darling, what's happened? What are you doing here?' 'Oh, I forgot my key.' And Franklin said, 'But couldn't you have gone over to the Adolph Millers'? You could have spent the night there, or you could have gone to Mitchell Palmer's house, where there's a guard'—a little bomb had blown up his house shortly before. 'Oh, no, I've always been told never to bother people if you can possibly avoid it.' So noble, so noble. 'You must have been hideously uncomfortable.' 'Well, it wasn't *very* uncomfortable.'

"I have been told that on the night of Franklin's election for President in 1932, when it was certain that he had won, Eleanor was found weeping in a room at the end of the corridor in the hotel where they had been getting the election results. When asked what was the matter, she replied, 'Now I'll have no identity.'

"What an able politician Franklin was, and what an engaging character! Of course, there's a glamour attached to anyone who's in the White House, no matter who it is, and if you get someone who's moderately attractive, it's almost irresistible . . . like Franklin, like Jack, like my father . . . people who have other qualities than just being politicians." □



"I have no use for people who take defeat seriously."

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FAREWELL TO FARMER TUTTLE

Hugh Tuttle is one of thousands of American farmers being driven off the land they helped make so bountiful. This is the story of a revolution—its miraculous benefits, its inevitable casualties.

By John Bird • Photographs by Declan Haun

When Hugh Tuttle and his family gather for Thanksgiving dinner in their farm home near Dover, N. H., the table will be heaped with the bounty of their age-mellowed soil, just as it has been for the 323 years that Tuttles have lived on this piece of land. As Hugh, a tall, spare, handsomely graying man of 43, carves the usual fat goose, roasted to a golden brown in a wood-burning oven, he may reflect on the foresight of an ancestor fondly known to the family as "Immigrant John." That John Tuttle sailed from England to these green shores in 1635; seven years later he began clearing this farm, where an unbroken line of his descendants have stayed rooted. Hugh is the 10th generation. Around the table will be three members of the 11th: Lucy, 21, William Penn III, 18; and Rebecca, who is going on 14.

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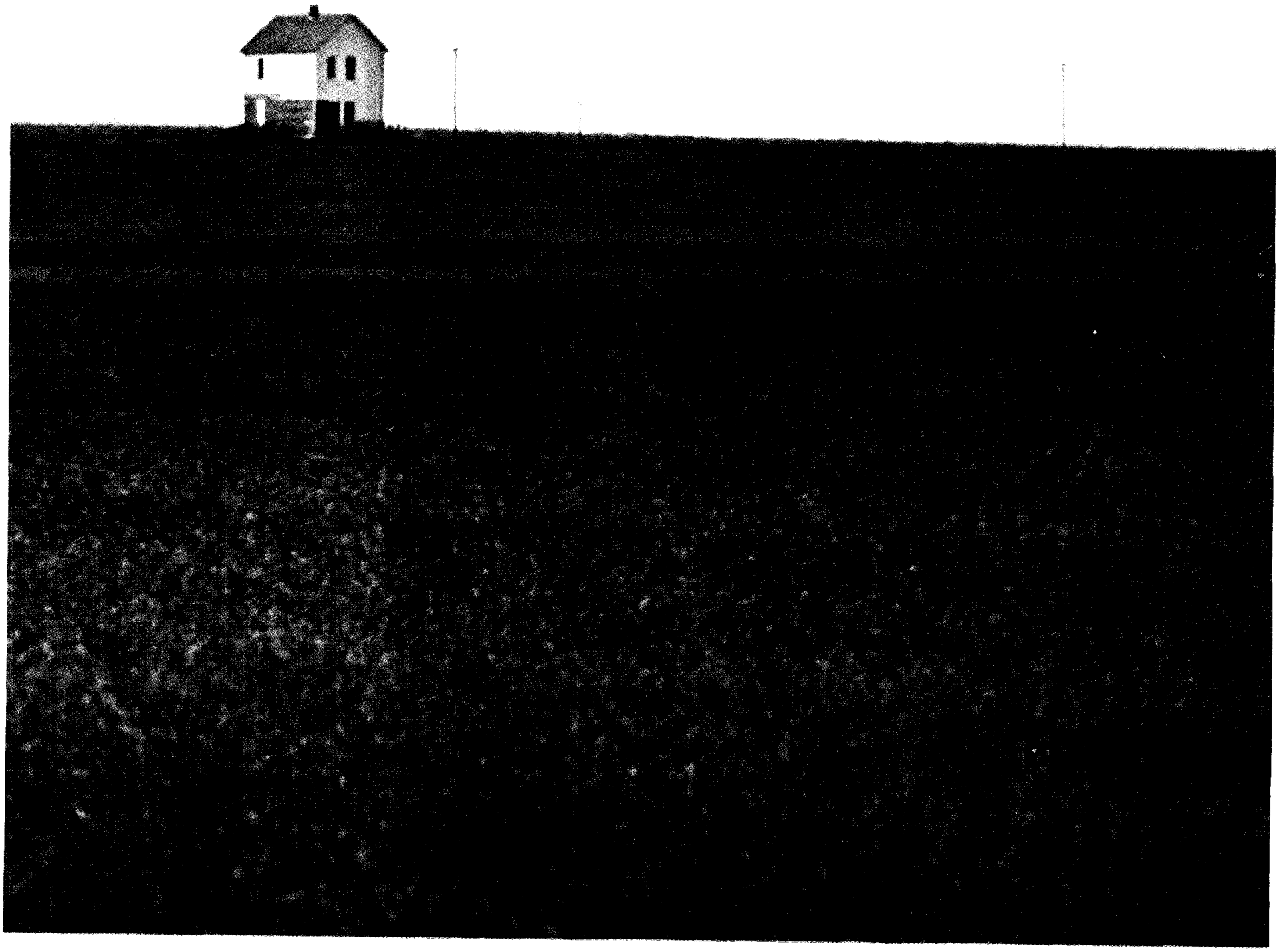

Above, an abandoned farmhouse in South Dakota symbolizes the thousands of small homesteads swallowed up in the mammoth new "farm-factories." Below, cotton picker typifies technology that makes big farms possible.

This has been a year of hard work and full-handed harvests for the Hugh Tuttles. They now make most of their living from a market garden which covers only 50 acres of their land; the rest, around 200 acres, is steeply rolling woodland and pasture. From spring, when their first "salad crops" are ready for market, until Halloween, when the last of the big jack-o'-lantern pumpkins has been sold, the whole family operates as a well-drilled team, growing and selling some 60 different vegetables, everything from tomatoes and sweet corn to okra, leeks and Belgian endive. ("If our customers want it, we'll try to grow it," says Hugh.) The Tuttles sell the cornucopialike outpouring at their Red Barn, which for two centuries was a barn for the family's horses and cows but now is a roadside store

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with a parking lot at the edge of a busy highway.

The year 1965, however, has been plentiful not only for the Tuttles but for most of America's 3.4 million farmers. Despite such perils as spring floods in the Midwest and long summer drought in the East, our farms continue to make us the best-fed nation on the face of the earth. Their harvests have kept the American larder filled with corn-fed beef and pork from the deep, black soils of the Corn Belt; year-round supplies of fruits and vegetables from the gardens and groves of Florida, the Gulf Coast and California; potatoes from Maine; breadgrain from the vast square fields of the Great Plains; broiler chickens from the Delaware-Maryland-Virginia peninsula; golden butter and cheese from the north-central dairylands; apples from the Pacific Northwest; mushrooms from Pennsylvania; and so much more.

Yet, as they give thanks for this year's bumper harvests, many American farmers wonder just how long they will be able to stay on their land. Hugh Tuttle, who clearly sees that time is running out for his old farm, says, "I just hope to stay for the rest of my productive years." He knows that in this country some 356 farms "disappear" every day—a loss of 130,000 a year. Thousands are victims of urbanization; in California, the No. 1 state in farm income, 140,000 acres are gobbled up each year by industries, subdivisions and highways. Even more farms are vanishing through consolidation. Modern farm machinery enables one farmer to handle more land. Chronically weak farm prices and rising costs add to the pressure on the farmer for larger, more efficient production. So the farms of America swiftly are becoming larger and fewer.

In many ways the Tuttle farm is a miniature history of the changes in agriculture. Hugh's father, William Penn Tuttle II, retired and in his 70's, says, "If you go back beyond two generations, we were largely self-sufficient here. We raised about everything we needed to feed and clothe ourselves, except molasses and rum and salt. The cobbler came out to the farm and made shoes for the family. We raised our own grain and took it to the mill to be ground into flour. Farm work was all done by men or horses and oxen." It was this Tuttle, the ninth generation, who around 1920 turned to specialized vegetable crops.

Hugh, trained in horticulture at the University of New Hampshire, has taken the family place into highly scientific agriculture. He mechanized much of the fieldwork with tractors, pumps and power sprayers. He uses the latest chemical weed killers, pesticides and fertilizers. He "makes his own weather" by irrigating his crops with water drawn from four "sky ponds"—rain-filled reservoirs holding five million gallons of water. At the same time Hugh hasn't forgotten the old farm lore. In one of his big freezers he keeps a supply of frozen crows he has shot. These he takes out, as needed, and hangs from poles in his fields. "They still are the only sure-fire way of scaring crows away from ripe tomatoes," he says.

Because there is no room for the farm to expand horizontally to meet rising costs, Hugh increases its income by selling his production retail at the Red Barn. "It's our way of getting more of the consumer's dollar," he says. His wife Joan adds that it's also a way of cashing in on free family labor. She is a vivacious, outgoing woman who likes to visit with people and has a gift for remembering names and prices, so she manages the

On his Dover, N.H., farm, Hugh Tuttle inspects his corn.

salesroom. Daughter Lucy, now a junior at Goucher College on a General Motors scholarship, works as one of the clerks. "We try to maintain a sort of country-store, cracker-barrel atmosphere," Joan says. This isn't always easy when as many as a thousand customers come to the Tuttles' Red Barn in one day.

Aided by his son Bill, now a college freshman, Hugh runs the production end of the farm. They get into the fields not long after sunup to start the picking crews, mostly teen-agers from nearby towns. During heavy sales periods, Hugh works in

Roy Virgin, 21-year-old tobacco grower of eastern Kentucky, is one farmer who refuses to be pushed off the land. Relentlessly he expands acreage and moves into profitable sidelines.

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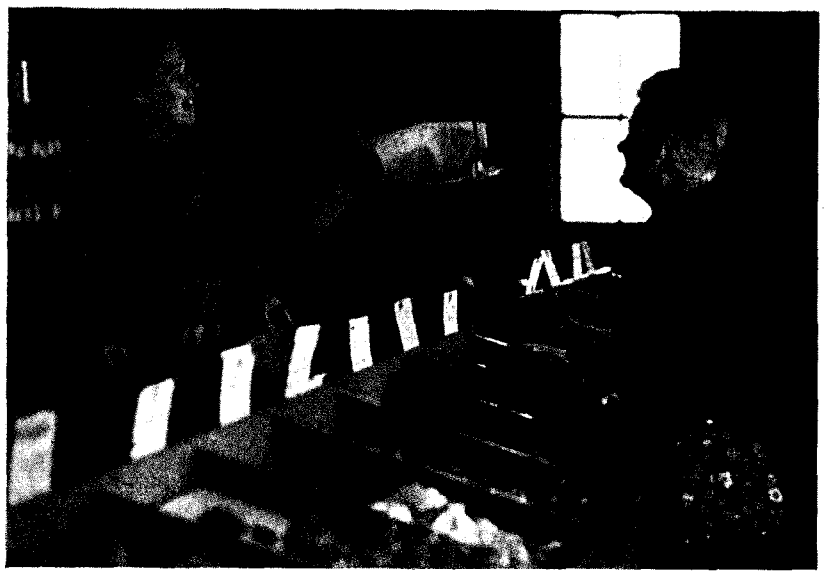

Hugh Tuttle's wife Joan sells the farm's produce from their own roadside store.

These days when a farmer dies, his sons decide that the old home place is too small to farm profitably. So they sell out to a farmer who wants to expand, and they move into town.

shoulder-high rubber waders in the back of the store, washing and grading vegetables. His daughter Becky, a leggy high-schooler, is the family's summer housekeeper.

After Halloween the Tuttles close their store and relax. There are plenty of chores, of course. They still keep a poultry flock to supply eggs with "that fresh farm taste." There's a small herd of 15 black Angus cattle, producing a few fat steers for butchering for family use and a few extra "sides" for sale. There is work in the woodland, improving the stand of trees and cutting fireplace wood to sell in nearby towns. But the pace is easier. Joan, a skilled, enthusiastic cook, tries out elaborate recipes on the old wood-burning kitchen stove she still prefers. Hugh catches up on his reading and public affairs. He is active in local soil-conservation efforts, a member of the Dover town council, and serves in the state legislature.

The Tuttles love their way of life, but they are realistic. Housing developments are crowding their boundaries; valuation and taxes on their land are rising. "My son Bill and I had a serious talk about it," says Hugh. "I told him that if he really wanted to be a farmer, we would have to find another farm somewhere. He thought about it quite a while. Then one day he told me he had made up his mind. If he couldn't farm here, he didn't want to be a farmer."

When young Bill Tuttle quits the farm, he will be just one small statistic, one of about 650,000 people who leave American farms every year. Just 20 years ago farm people made up more than 17 percent of our total population; now they account for only 6.8 percent, and the shrinkage continues. The outward movement isn't a spectacular flight—

From his "family-type" farm in Rushville, Ind., Marion Liggett gets a net income of $7,000. Such farms are hard-pressed, but intelligent management keeps Liggett in the black.

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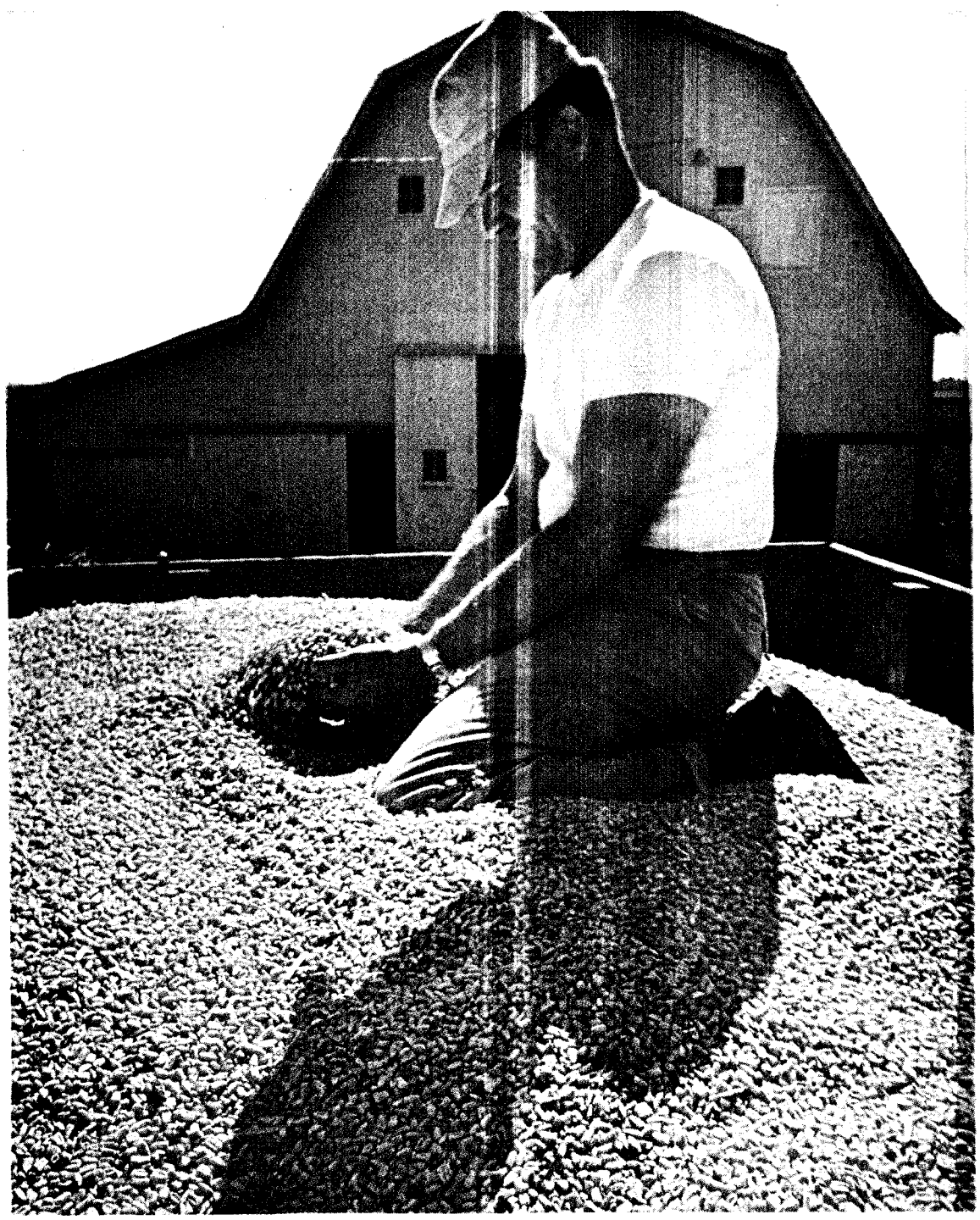


In Soviet Russia, Marion Liggett's corn crop would make him an agricultural hero; by Indiana standards it is average.

The city press bewails 'the farm mess.' Yet Americans get better food—for less money—than any people in history.

FARMER TUTTLE

nothing like the exodus of Okies from the burnt-out Dust Bowl of the mid-'30's. Rather, it is a quiet, persistent erosion of people from all parts of rural America. Only one farm boy in half a dozen or more now can hope to inherit the home place or raise the $50,000 to $100,000 it now takes to buy enough machinery and land to start on his own. Instead of passing their farms to their sons, old farmers who wear out and retire often sell or rent their land to a neighbor who wants to expand. When a farmer dies, his heirs decide that the old place now is too small, sell out and move to town.

This steady tide of people flowing from the land, the rapid consolidation of family farms into larger and larger units, are bound to affect our national personality. The United States began as a largely rural society, and many of our early political leaders insisted that a democracy must keep its roots deep in the soil. They distrusted cities as artificial and easily corrupted and believed that the nation's freedom depended on its freeholders, men whose land was their livelihood, their home and a way of life they would defend. Our national policies encouraged the small family farm by providing land, free for the taking, to homesteaders. This was the magnet that drew pioneers westward in their covered wagons, with their rifles, axes and plows. In one of the world's great migrations they settled America coast-to-coast and laid down its pattern of rural communities, crossroads villages and county-seat towns.

Until fairly recent times this rural society has been a major force in our national way of life and attitudes. The farm bloc has been a power in Congress, and while its politicians extolled farmers as "the backbone of America," poets such as James Whitcomb Riley lyricized the sturdy virtues of farm life and the joys of the country scene ("When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock, And you hear the kyouk and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock").

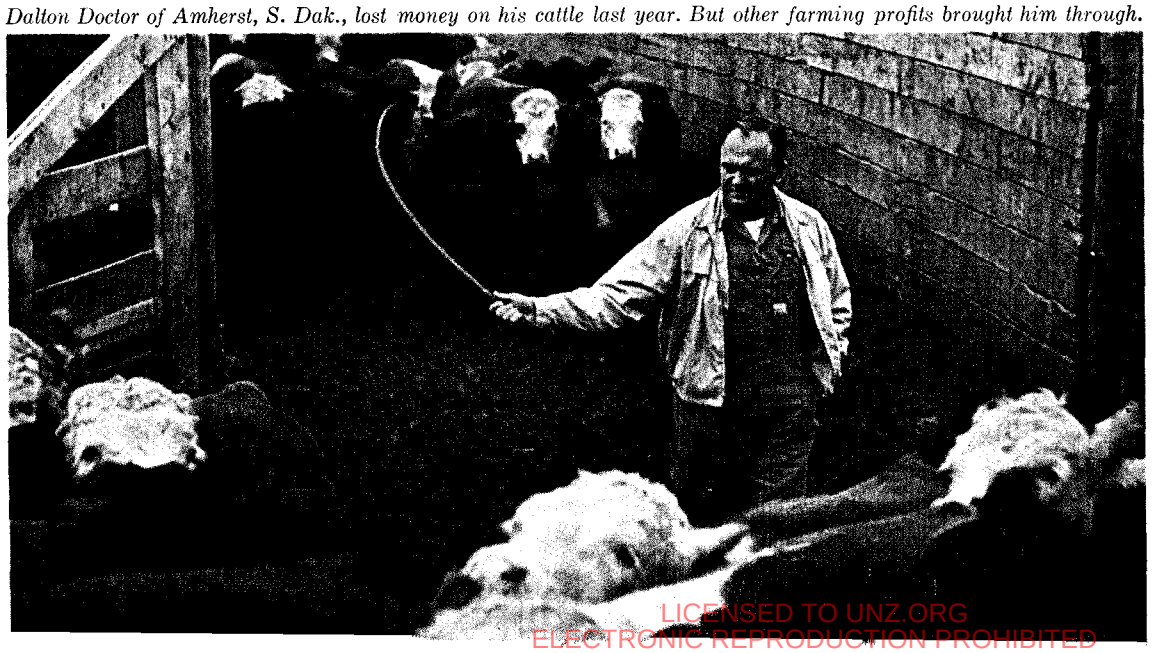
Now all of that has changed or is changing. The old isolated, self-sufficient farm community is long gone. Agriculture has become scientific, commercialized, electrified and mechanized. Farm life has become very much like life in town with all the same gadgets and conveniences—central heating, bathrooms, telephones, television, cars in the garage, and hard-surfaced roads making it easy to get to town. Nostalgic writers and back-to-nature faddists may mourn the good old days, but few farmers and their wives would welcome a return of the sunup to sundown drudgery that was their lot before the machines came. An elderly farm woman who spent the early years of her life cooking for harvest crews and carrying water from a hand pump offers this as *her* favorite verse:

Gone are the drudging women—they
sing and smile instead,
And the cruel song of the whetstone,
like the ghost of the past, is dead.
The wheat is ripe in the upland, and
the hay is snug in the mow,
And the only song as the days go by
is the purr of the combine now.

America's farmers know they can't turn back the clocks, even if they should want to. They are caught up in a technological revolution, and they are adjusting to it. They are busy running their superproductive agriculture, which has become one of the marvels of the world. For though the number of farms and farm people may be fast shrinking, the capacity of the land is not. Our farmers turn out larger and larger amounts of food and fiber. After feeding the people of the United States, and helping to clothe us, too, they annually export more than six billion dollars' worth of their products to other countries and still have a surplus. Some countries, such as India, would face famine if our surplus foods were not available to them. Altogether, American farmers are expected to gross more than $43 billion this year. Farming easily is the largest single industry in the United States.

In addition, farmers are custodians of much of our landscape. Whether (*continued on page 40*)

Dalton Doctor of Amherst, S. Dak., lost money on his cattle last year. But other farming profits brought him through.



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Look at the beef in that bowl. The potatoes and green-garden vegetables. A good big bowl of Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup makes the best part of a meal for a hungry man. Or woman. Or youngster. Beef up your lunch or supper today. Just reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.

They always eat better when you remember the soup!

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FAREWELL TO FARMER TUTTLE

(continued from page 38)

the earth is green and secure, or stripped raw and gullied by erosion, is largely up to them. Anyone who drives across the United States can see that farmers are doing the conservation job on a continental scale. To save precious soil and water, most slopes now wear the graceful patterns of contours, terraces and strip-crops. Farmers have restored millions of acres of once-eroded land to grass or trees and set aside much land for the protection and propagation of wildlife. From coast to coast they have sprinkled the countryside with 1.3 million sparkling ponds and lakes.

The farmers who do all these things are a varied people. Some, like Robert and Edna Haight, are part-timers. Bob Haight is a square-jawed teacher in the Wurtland, Ky., high school, and he farms because he and Edna get deep satisfaction from raising their five children on the land. Of his 41-acre farm back in the hills, he says, "This is mainly a kid-training thing." The boys, David, 14; Roy, 11; and Dustin, 9, already handle most of the chores, but Becky, 7, and Carol Sue, 2, will get their turn. The Haights raise their own hogs for butchering, curing the meat in their own smokehouse. A cow supplies the family with milk. A small flock of hens lays all the eggs they need. A home orchard yields apples and persimmons; several stands of bees produce honey. The boys fatten a steer or two with their own corn as a 4-H project.

At the other end of the scale are the large, factorylike farms, exemplifications of the trend toward bigness. There is Stahmann Farms, Inc., for example, a family-owned corporation, which has 4,000 acres in the Rio Grande Valley at Santo Tomas, N. Mex. This farm started primarily as a pecan grove and now is, in fact, one of the largest pecan producers in the world—around seven million pounds a year. Because young pecan trees are widely spaced, Stahmann Farms grows cotton between them. Because both cotton and pecans need organic fertilizer in this desert soil, the Stahmanns hatch and raise 300,000 geese and graze them on the same land; happily, geese will eat weeds but not cotton plants. And, with a big organization built up to manage pecans, cotton and geese, it seems logical to use some of this talent to produce chickens and eggs—around 200,000 laying hens, turning out more than 10,000 dozen eggs a day.

Deane F. Stahmann Sr., chairman of the company, likes to tell of the little touches that enhance efficiency. Before orchards are sprayed by airplanes, the geese are fed tranquilizers so they won't panic. The laying hens regularly get aspirin—bought in 100-pound sacks—because it improves their performance. "We don't know why, but it does," he says. "Maybe they have headaches." He also tried giving the hens tranquilizers, but this was a flop. "It made them so calm they didn't give a damn about laying eggs," he says.

Stahmann employs a regular staff of around 480 people who get housing, medical insurance, a pension plan, regular vacations, and a share in the profits. He explains his system this way: "If we prosper, then our employees prosper—so you can bet they keep their eyes on things."

Such huge farms may be the wave of the future, but as yet they are relatively uncommon. In fact, only 20,000 farms in the United States gross more than $100,000 a year. The family-type farm, on which the farmer and his family provide most of the labor, still dominates our agriculture. How long it will continue to do so is another matter, for there is the great pressure, already mentioned, to meet the cost-price squeeze by increasing productivity. As farmers themselves often put it, "You simply have to grow—or get out."

Marion Liggett, a husky, middle-sized man of 40 with a bronzed, usually smiling face, the corners of his brown eyes creased with sun wrinkles, operates an average-sized Corn Belt farm, 300 acres. Marion got his foothold in farming by renting, not buying, a farm near Rushville, Ind., and has managed to expand by the same route. He is an enthusiastic early riser who looks on each new day as a surprise package. Perhaps he'll even find a flint arrowhead in a freshly turned furrow—"I get a kick out of that," he says, "a reminder that Indians planted corn here, perhaps a thousand years ago." Each morning he climbs into his rawhide-laced boots and khaki work clothes, looks out the window at a checkerboard of square-cut fields and asks himself, "What *most* needs doing today?"

He never has to look very far. He grows corn, soybeans and hogs, doing most of the work himself, occasionally trading labor with a brother who farms nearby. In a normal year Marion harvests around 20,000 bushels of corn, which he feeds to the 800 or 900 pigs his crossbred sows produce. He markets around 200,000 pounds of pork annually, enough to keep several thousand people supplied with bacon, hams, chops and sausage. As he doesn't need all of his land for corn, he usually has about 20 acres in soybeans, a cash crop.

In Soviet Russia a man growing so much food would be considered a heroic "hunger fighter," but by Corn Belt standards Marion is not exceptional. "Eighty acres was about all one family could handle in the old days," he says. "After Lois and I were married in 1947, we thought we were lucky to lease 160 acres. At first we tried farming in the old way—some chickens, a few beef cattle, a few sheep, a few hogs and even a team of horses." Before long the Liggetts realized that they had to change their system. Marion began keeping farm-management records, which he had analyzed regularly by the specialists at Purdue University's School of Agriculture, and he talked over his situation with Clarence Spuller, the local county farm agent.

"The figures showed that I had to specialize and expand," Marion says. "I invested in more machinery, rented more land. The horses went, then the sheep, then the beef cattle and finally the chickens." The only old-fashioned touch left on the Liggett farm is three family cows which Marion milks by hand morning and night. "No matter where you are, those cows always bring you home," he says. "That's worth something."

The rest of the farm is organized for laborsaving production. Marion plants a strain of hybrid corn designed by plant breeders for this particular climate and soil and the heavy use of fertilizer. He is disappointed if he doesn't harvest 120 bushels an acre—the national average is around 70. He plows, plants and cultivates with fast-moving tractors equipped with hydraulic systems to do any necessary hoisting. He sprays selective chemicals on his crops to control weeds. He harvests his corn and soybeans quickly and easily with a new $11,000 self-propelled combine, owned jointly with his brother. The grain is dried for safe storage in a special dryer that Marion built himself. He feeds his pigs by throwing switches or setting an automatic timer; electrically driven machinery grinds, mixes and distributes the rations to the animals.

Farming almost half a square mile of fertile soil keeps Marion busy; his own detailed management records show that he puts in 332 ten-hour days per year. Somehow there's time left for many other activities too. His hobby is collecting Indian relics, hundreds of which decorate his office near the back door of the modern ranch home that goes with the farm. Lois Liggett, a slender, dark-haired, pretty ex-schoolteacher, says, "I'm a combination cook, seamstress and chauffeur." She's also a gardener, a community 4-H Club leader and an official in the county home-economics club. The three Liggett children all have learn-by-doing projects in 4-H: Ann, 15, and Sarah, 13, are studying clothing and foods; David, 10, has won blue ribbons in forestry. Ann is particularly interested in the family cows, because the cream checks go into a special account for her college education. Marion is township chairman of the American Farm Bureau Federation, president of the Better Crops Association and a member of the county Farm Management Association. Both Lois and Marion teach Sunday school in the local Christian Church.

By intelligent management Marion keeps on the black side of the ledger, although he points out, "There's always risk that I won't—weather risk and price risk. A couple of years ago I made exactly eighty-eight cents out of a whole year's work." More recently his net income from farming has been in the $6,000 to $8,000 range; that is, after paying production expenses, depreciation, rent, he has that much left as "salary" for his management and labor. This is the money on which the Liggetts live, the money that pays for the groceries they buy, as well as the clothes, insurance and so on.

Yet this farm family's income is larger than many. The U.S. Department of Agriculture estimates that average net income per farm this year will be $4,000—an all-time high, but still only 60 percent as much as the average nonfarm family receives. (The estimate makes allowances for the farmer's homegrown food and similar factors.) No government checks are included in Marion's figures. He isn't taking part in government crop-control programs. It isn't that he's wholly against them, but he doesn't like being told how much corn he should grow. He admits that government programs have done much to sustain farm prices.

Tenant farmer Hezekiah Bryant struggles on his tiny acreage in Nesbit, Miss., doesn't want his sons to be farmers.

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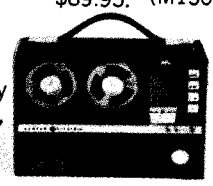

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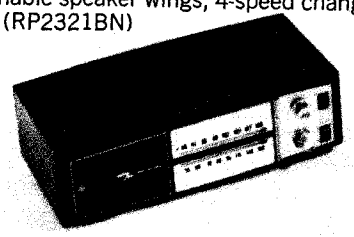

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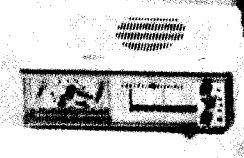

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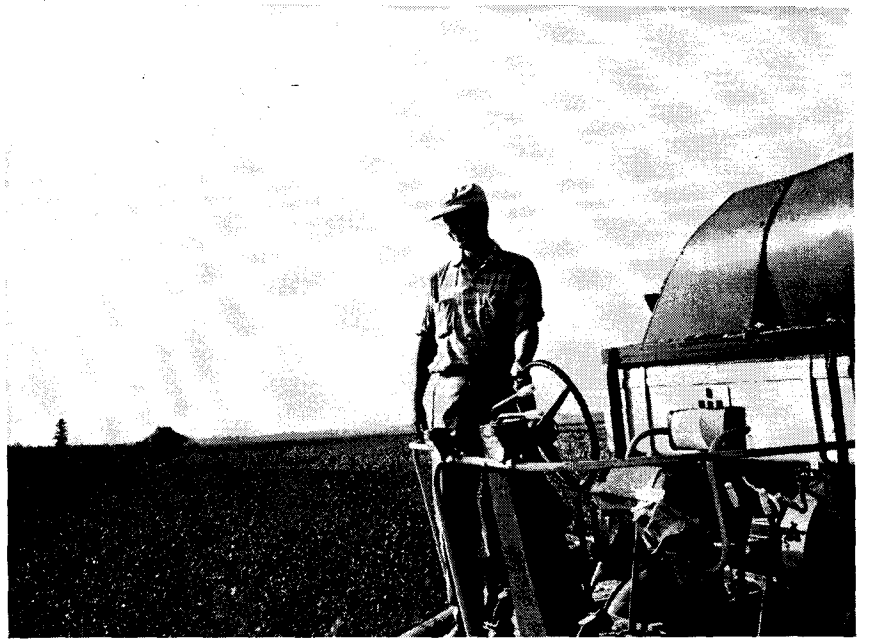
On Blythe plantation in Mississippi, field hands pick only the cotton that machines skip.



Peck Blythe and his cotton pickers. Such machines are fast making field labor obsolete.

FARMER TUTTLE

"If the Government pulled out its controls," he says, "we probably would get low prices for a while, but sooner or later the situation would adjust. There still are too many farmers; some would have to go out of business. Then there would be fewer to divide the total income." Marion obviously believes that he would be one of those who would stay in business.

An even more aggressive expansionist is a young man with the rather dashing name of Dalton Doctor, who is riding the farm's technological revolution with spurs. Dalton looks like a college youth but is actually 36. He has built up a 3,500-acre spread near Amherst, S. Dak., where he fattens as many as 4,000 cattle at a time and produces as much as 2.7 million pounds of beef a year.

Dalton started farming on his own 11 years ago, when his father died and left 600 acres. This might seem like a rather large farm, but Dalton didn't see it that way, not out on the northern Great Plains where great stretches of level land are ideal for large-scale mechanization. He bought out the other heirs and proceeded to buy or rent other land as rapidly as possible. He now owns 2,280 acres which, he says, "isn't all paid for, and I'd feel better if it was." He leases an additional 1,220 acres to make full use of his big equipment. With a labor force ranging from five to nine men, he is handling as much land as seven or eight farm families did in this area not many years ago—and is producing more than all of them ever did.

Dalton's headquarters is anything but the traditional peaceful farmstead. It can be seen from miles away, a row of huge, blue, glass-lined silos towering in the sky. Beside them is a large steel-framed feed-mixing plant, warehouse and office. From his desk, with a calculating machine, telephone and short-wave radio transmitter at his elbow, Dalton can watch his big, self-unloading trucks shuttle feed to his nearby cattle yards.

Spreading out from this control center are more than five square miles of land on which Dalton raises most of the corn and alfalfa he converts into beef. He keeps an eye on fieldwork by taking trips around the place in his air-conditioned car, equipped with a two-way radio. When employees hear "Unit One calling," they know it's the boss. He may stop at a mile-long, velvety-green field where two machines, looking like something out of the space age, are putting up "haylage," a green product not as wet as silage nor as dry as hay. ("It has less water than silage, so cattle get more feed value for every pound they eat," explains Dalton.) One of the machines is a self-propelled windrower which cuts alfalfa and lays it out in a neat, continuous ribbon. Then comes a large tractor—with an enclosed, pressurized cab to keep out dust and insects—pulling a hay chopper and, behind *that*, a huge, arklike vehicle on man-tall balloon tires.

"That's a hopper wagon," says Dalton, pointing to the ark. "We built it ourselves. The wheels came off of a World War Two bomber. It saves a lot of work." While we watched, the ark sent a thick stream of haylage into a truck that had pulled alongside. Within two or three minutes the truck was loaded and roaring back to headquarters.

At the feed mill the young farmer showed how he compounds the rations for his cattle, a truckload per serving. A truck pulled onto a platform scale; the plant operator consulted a formula card and pushed certain buttons. The proper proportions of various ingredients poured from tanks, silos and bins into the truck—so much ground corn, molasses, silage, and a supplement carrying vitamins, minerals, hormones, antibiotics and tranquilizers. "We work out our own formulas," Dalton explains. "We get expert advice from a consultant, of course. We want the most gain for the least cost. Even small items add up. Our feed bill is running $1,300 a day."

Not all of the cattle belong to Dalton—just 2,500 of them in a recent month. The rest are being fed on contract, so much per pound of gain. Dalton does contract-feeding as a way of spreading the price risk. "Early last year I had to sell my fat cattle for less than I had paid for them as feeders," he says. "I took substantial losses. I survived only because there was income from contract-feeding. Luckily prices turned up."

Unlike many large-scale producers who don't want to be hampered with government controls, Dalton favors the price-support programs. "We don't want rigid controls," he says, "but with the wide price swings, over which the farmer has no control, there are times when even the best producers would go broke." There are no production controls on cattle, but last year when beef prices crashed, the U.S. Department of Agriculture stepped in and bought surplus meat for school lunches and relief supplies. "That was the right thing to do," says Dalton. He keeps his cropland enrolled in the acreage-control programs for corn and other feed grains.

Down in the deep South where cotton reigned so long as king of a whole economy, the march of scientific, mechanized agriculture has trampled upon an old way of life. It has brought in new crops, has built up grassland farming with dairying and beef cattle. But cotton still is the major cash crop, and cotton growing is changing most of all. The old system was based on the sharecropper, his mule, his hoe and especially the fingers of his family. Until fairly recent times those fingers were the only tools that could pluck ripe cotton from the boll. Twenty years ago this great fiber crop was still largely picked by hand; now 80 percent of it is picked by self-propelled machines costing as much as $20,000 each. And, while machines have been replacing families in the fields, agricultural science has been boosting cotton yields so dramatically that growers now produce as much cotton on 16 million acres as they did a generation ago on 40 million. They are producing more, in fact, than we can use in this country and sell abroad—at least more than can be sold at the government-supported price levels of the last few years. A record-breaking surplus of 14.2 million bales has piled up. Cotton is now in serious trouble.

But trouble is no stranger to the small farmers who still depend on this crop and are caught betwixt and between, unable to expand and loath to leave the land. One such, Hezekiah Bryant, a tenant farmer on 65 acres in the uplands near Nesbit, Miss., says, "Every year I look for a larger place—one where we could make a better living. But I haven't been able to find it."

Hezekiah is a serious, soft-spoken, work-toughened little man who coaxes good yields of cotton from the 14.7 acres the Government allots him. He also does well with his 14 acres of corn. He feeds a few beef cattle, keeps several milk cows, and plants a large family garden. All of this represents considerable progress, for Hezekiah started out as a sharecropper in Louisiana. (A cropper gets 20 acres or so, a mule, some tools. He and his family handle the crop and get half the cotton.) Some years back Hezekiah managed to buy his own tractor and other implements and became a renter on this place, paying his own production expenses and giving the landlord one fourth of the crop.

The trouble is that Hezekiah can't possibly make ends meet on such a small farm. The Bryants have nine children, six of whom are still at home. "That's why I have to keep rolling," Hezekiah says. His farm grosses $3,700 to $4,000 in a good year, and he gets about $700 in government payments for staying within his cotton allotment and reducing his corn acreage. After he pays his rent and production expenses, he doesn't have a great deal left, less than half. To fill the hole in the family budget Hezekiah works as a part-time carpenter, and when he's on a job he works 9 or 10 hours a day for $2.25 an hour.

By such means, the Bryants don't live badly. Their home, which Hezekiah built himself, is small but comfortable. There's a big television set in the living room. They have plenty to eat. The children are healthy, happy and will get at least a high-school education. The only critical pain for Hezekiah is the ache of frustrated hopes. "I'm just about ready to give up the idea of getting a big-enough place," he says. "And I hope none of my boys want to be farmers. A man has to start big."

Not many miles away but in a different world, out on the level, rich, alluvial soil of the Mississippi Delta, is the kind of operator Hezekiah is talking about. He is Shelton M. (Peck) Blythe, a man in his early 40's, well-organized, aggressive and articulate. Peck Blythe's father was a small farmer and rural mail carrier; Peck went to the University of Mississippi and majored in business administration. "One of the best things I ever did," he comments. He started out 18 years ago with an old tractor, four mules, and a lease on 160 acres of poor "buckshot" soil. Using sharecroppers, he tried to grow cotton, and found it rough going. "Frankly, I almost didn't make it," he says.

After struggling along for several years, Peck saw that he must have more land, so he began leasing acreage here and there until he had 800 acres. But his account books showed that he still had a marginal enterprise. "Then I realized I had to mechanize in a big way. The old system had

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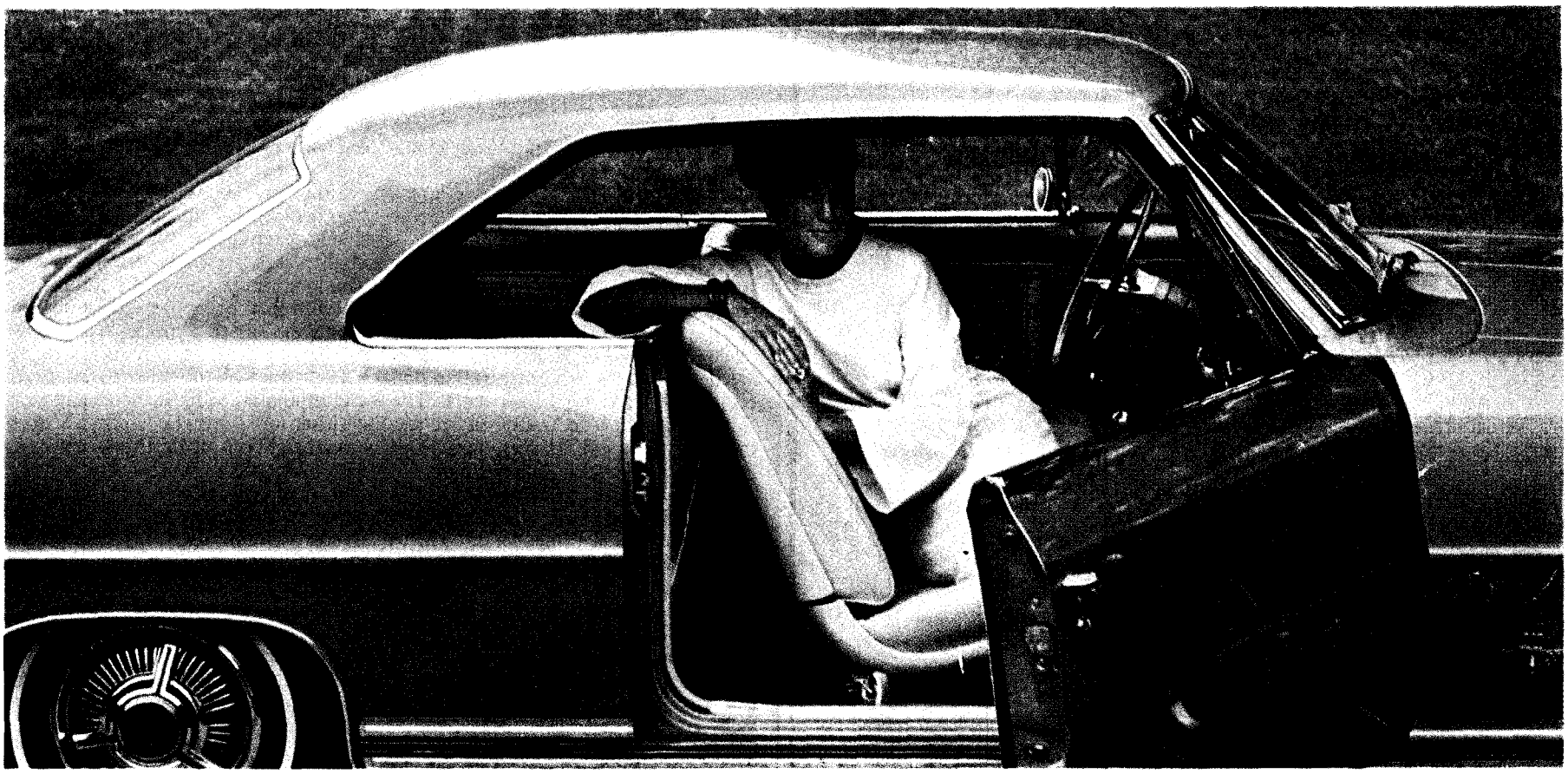

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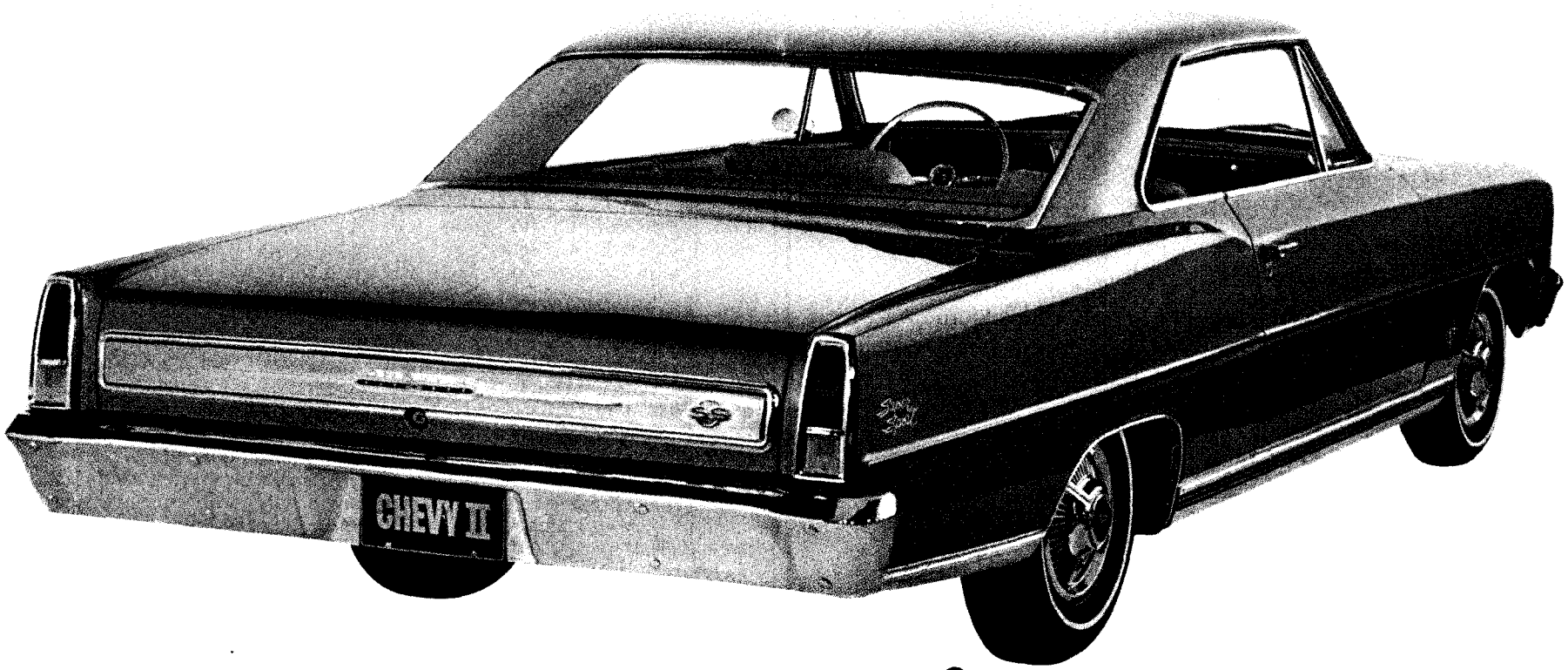

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reached a point where neither the sharecropper nor the operator could make money. It wasn't the fault of either—it just didn't work anymore." So he bought his first cotton picker, quit using sharecroppers and began trying chemicals to control weeds. "This was a great breakthrough," he says, "the greatest cost-cutter ever to come along."

Peck's big opportunity came nine years ago when a 1,600-acre plantation near the little town of Walls, Miss., got in trouble. The owner had died; the place had about 60 sharecropper families on it, and the whole operation had been in the red for some years. The elderly widow needed somebody to put the plantation on its feet, and Peck Blythe wanted some land of his own, so they formed a partnership, the Howard-Blythe Planting Company.

One of the first things he did was to call a meeting of the tenants, all Negroes, and explain that he was phasing out the old system, introducing what he called "a program of advancement." No tenant would be forced to leave his house, but after the crop year ended, there would be no more sharecropping. Those needed as tractor drivers would receive hourly wages of 50 cents, plus a bonus of $250 a year for proper care of machines. Wages would be increased as the farm prospered. Houses would be modernized, a few each year. For such field chopping as was still needed, hoe-hands would receive hourly wages.

Today the Howard-Blythe Company has grown to 3,000 acres, of which 900 are in cotton—the government allotment—and 1,500 are in soybeans, a new, fast-coming crop in the delta. But there are only 20 workers' families on the land, four of them old folks, no longer active. The farming is done by 14 big diesel tractors, able to cover six rows at a time. The drivers now get one dollar an hour, no bonus. One of the more spectacular implements they pull is a flame cultivator, which takes advantage of the fact that after cotton is 10 inches high its tough stalk can withstand flame while the weeds can't. ("Great laborsaver. Moves three and a half miles per hour and kills *all* weeds for just four dollars an acre," says Peck.) Two self-propelled grain combines harvest the soybeans.

Two farm managers, one white and one Negro, supervise field operations, each of them getting a house and wages of $125 a week. The large machine shop, a key unit on the farm, is run by a Negro mechanic who gets the same wage. Peck himself constantly roams the place in his car, trying to figure how operations can be improved, how costs can be cut. Because the application of weed-killing sprays must be just right or crops may be damaged, he weighs the chemicals himself and seals the dosage, correct to the ounce, in paper bags. He also calibrates the spray machinery. All the driver has to do is dump one bag into one tankful of water.

Peck is sure that Howard-Blythe can produce cotton as efficiently as anyone in the country. But he's not optimistic about the future of this great crop, pointing out that politics heavily influences the fortunes of cotton. As Peck and some other big cotton growers see it, a 29-cent-a-pound price support discouraged exports, causing the surplus to build up. Congress then provided export subsidies so American cotton could meet the world price of 24 cents—but foreign sellers then undercut *that* price. One grower describes it, "Like playing poker with your hole card showing." Says Peck: "We became a residual supplier. We export cotton only when foreign buyers can't get it somewhere else."

However, Peck isn't one of those who believe that all support for cotton should simply be wiped out—that might wreck the whole cotton economy. The long-range answer, he thinks, is a disaster-preventing price support below the world market price "to let the market operate freely." He also strongly believes that cotton must be improved and promoted to meet increasing competition of synthetic fibers. He's a director of the Cotton Producers Institute, through which growers are putting up money for research. "Our basic aim is to make cotton better and lower its cost." But until surpluses are worked down, he feels the Government should subsidize exports, if necessary, to win back a fair share of world trade.

"We need time to learn how to produce cheaper cotton," he says. "We used to get thirty-five cents a pound. Now, at twenty-nine cents a pound, I can make out, so we've come a long way. But the world price is around twenty-three cents. If my price goes that low, I'll put the whole place in soybeans."

The largest farm manager in the United States, by all odds, is Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman, whose purview covers something like 1.1 billion acres of farm and ranch land in this country. This isn't the largest agricultural empire in the world—Russia has much more land—but it's the most productive and constantly getting more so. Under a galaxy of control programs and devices, our farmers now are planting only 307 million acres of their cropland—11.5 percent less than was used a generation ago to feed a much smaller population. Operating well below capacity, American farms can yield far more than we are able to eat, use or sell abroad. That is Secretary Freeman's Problem No. 1.

The Secretary also has troubles with the popular image of farmers. Despite their vital contribution to our way of life, farmers do not enjoy unqualified admiration. When agriculture does get into the news, more often than not it has to do with the billions in tax money being spent to subsidize farmers. The city press editorializes about "the farm mess" and "our pampered farmers" and accuses Freeman of raising the cost of living by raising farm prices. (The facts are that people in the United States spend only 18.5 percent of their disposable income on food, less than any people at any time in history. And the farmer gets only about 37 cents out of each food-spent dollar.)

When Orville Freeman, former governor of Minnesota, became Secretary he was young-looking, bouncy and combative, sure that he had the answer to Problem No. 1. His prescription was something called "supply management." This called for immediate, tough cutbacks in output until surpluses could be used up. Then production would be limited to just what we could consume at home and sell abroad, plus a reasonable reserve, no more. He started with an emergency program to head off a huge oversupply of feed grains by paying growers to cut acre-

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ages of corn, barley and other feeds well below the usual allotments. The feed-grain surplus began to shrink.

Then he turned to the wheat surplus. In 1963, armed with a new law, he proposed that growers of that crop vote themselves a mandatory "certificate" plan, which would strictly limit both acreage that could be planted and bushels that could be sold. Wheat growers voted it down.

Today, at 47, Freeman is a bit grayer, has more lines in his face and knows that trying to manage American farming is anything but a political hayride. No matter what he proposes, the national farm organizations won't agree. The hierarchies of the farm groups, each claiming to be the voice of farmers—even though their memberships overlap—often seem more engrossed in guerrilla warfare among themselves than in finding workable solutions.

Charles B. Shuman, the flinty-minded leader of the 1.6 million-member American Farm Bureau, voices its demands that the Government get out of agriculture and "let the farmers run their own business." Free competition will bring the necessary adjustments, he says. But at the same time he advocates that the Government buy up or lease 50 to 70 million acres of cropland to get it permanently out of production.

However, in the view of big Jim Patton, president of the liberal-leaning National Farmers Union, the main thing wrong with the federal programs is that they don't go far enough. Patton believes farmers are entitled to a fair share of the national income—100 percent parity, no less. He now advocates that farmers' organizations move still further into the processing and distributing end of the food business—to get bargaining power and be free of asking Congress for "wage hikes."

Somewhere between these two groups is the National Grange, the oldest farm organization, with 800,000 members. Grandfatherly Herschel Newsom, its National Master, believes it imperative to find ways to use our food-producing abilities to help feed the world's hungry—without bankrupting agriculture. "We have to have some sort of supply management," he says. "We can't afford to let surpluses set our prices."

And then there is the National Farmers Organization, the youngest and most aggressive of the farm groups. Centered in the Midwest, it wants farmers to adopt the same hard-boiled, collective-bargaining approach that has been so successful for organized labor. The N.F.O. uses strikes, which it calls "holding actions," to keep products from markets and processors in given areas. By such means it hopes to negotiate contracts with processors that will guarantee specific prices, based on cost of production. N.F.O. keeps its membership secret, believing that secrecy strengthens its bargaining position, but is thought to have around 200,000 members. Its president, Oren Lee Staley, 42, a hog-and-cattle producer in Missouri, with evangelical fervor tells his followers: "This is our way of putting a price tag on our products. We say, 'If you want it, pay the price. If you don't, we'll keep it.'"

All these farm-group solutions swarm around the head of Secretary Freeman. After his setback on mandatory supply management in wheat, he turned to voluntary commodity-control programs, with some success. But he emphasizes that the whole dilemma of rural America can not be solved by such means.

"One side is a 'people' problem," he says. "Lots of people are on farms that are too small and can't grow. Perhaps the people are old or uneducated. Some are frozen in because they aren't suited to city jobs. Others can be 'trained out' and ought to be."

Studies by Freeman's department show that there are 1.5 million small farms, nearly half of the country's total, which produce less than five percent of gross farm income. Many are hopelessly submarginal, relics of the subsistence-type farming of the past. On perhaps a million such farms with worn-out soil or in isolated, backward areas, farmers are caught in a web of poverty. Their lives are achingly difficult, often squalid. Progress has passed them by. They lack the education, skills and resources they need to compete in modern agriculture. They produce so little for the market that Government efforts to improve prices mean virtually nothing to them. As Secretary Freeman puts it: "No price-support program will do any good for a guy on forty acres with a mule." When these people leave the farm they often wind up on relief rolls in cities.

What can help this hard-pressed fringe group, Secretary Freeman believes, is the many-sided Rural Areas Development program that has been underway for several years. This program gives country communities technical aids, loans and other stimulants to develop their resources—a sort of domestic counterpart to what the Point Four and A.I.D. programs have tried to do for underdeveloped nations.

Young people on submarginal farms are being retrained for jobs off the farm. Older farmers who are "boxed in" are getting loans and guidance that will help them improve their farming methods. Some are being helped to develop new "crops" such as fishing lakes, campgrounds, hunting preserves and even golf courses to harvest some of the dollars spent on recreation. Some communities have attracted new industries. RAD has already created perhaps 400,000 new rural jobs.

That is Freeman's approach to the "people" side of the farm dilemma. The other, more controversial, side is "commercial agriculture," composed of the almost two million farmers who sell more than $2,500 worth of products a year. Mainly they are on medium-sized, family-type farms. Less than one out of 10 produces more than $40,000 worth of crops and livestock a year.

"The commodity-control programs must be aimed at commercial farming," declares Freeman. "They should not be confused with relief measures for rural poverty. That's entirely different."

It takes a veteran bureaucrat to translate the federal gobbledygook of the commodity programs. Their main purpose, however, is simple. First, they seek to prevent surpluses from being produced. Second, when surpluses do occur, they try to keep farm prices from crashing to the basement. Third, they work to hold such surpluses off the market by government loans and purchases. Supplies winding up in government hands may be held for use in poor crop years, used for relief, or distributed to food-short countries under the Food for Peace program.

Crop controls are costly and are barely equal to the job. Burgeoning

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yields often override them. But it is probable that without such brakes national farm income would have been cut in half at the same time that other types of income were rising. This year the *net* cost of the commodity programs is around $2.3 billion, says the Department of Agriculture. True, the Government has put out around five billion dollars in payments to farmers, in loans on their crops, in purchases of surpluses, storage fees, export subsidies and the like. However, it is getting back more than half of the money as farmers find it profitable to redeem pledged crops, or as surplus stocks are sold. Currently, much to Freeman's joy, most such stocks are dwindling. Carry-over of feed grains has dropped from 85 to 55 million tons. Wheat carry-over, once 1.4 billion bushels, now is 800 million. Butter supplies have come down from 300 million pounds to 100 million, a rather low reserve.

At the same time, national *net* farm income has picked up markedly. This year it is expected to reach $13.3 billion, the highest in 13 years.

Adding to this good news, Freeman believes Congress has given him, at long last, a more effective method for managing the supply of the big, surplus, export crops. The basic idea, going back many years, is that growers should take their chances on the export market; but on production for needed domestic use they should get additional payments to bring their returns closer to "parity." It is a sort of tariff in reverse, recognizing that farmers buy in a tariff-protected, labor-organized market. Ironically, the program owes its start to Freeman's defeat on compulsory wheat controls. After that defeat, Congress put through an experimental two-price plan for wheat—a voluntary plan applying only to the 1964 and 1965 crops. Here is how it worked:

Government price-supporting loans on wheat were dropped from around $2.00 a bushel down to about the world price, $1.25 this year. Cooperating growers were assured of at least that much for their grain,if they held acreage down to prescribed limits. For part of their wheat (45 percent) needed in this country for food, they received "domestic marketing certificates" worth 75 cents a bushel. Millers and other processors were required by law to buy such certificates to cover wheat they used—and of course passed the cost along in the price of their products. So, on his "domestic" wheat the grower realized about $2.00 a bushel.

"Export marketing certificates," worth 30 cents a bushel, also were issued. Covering 35 percent of the normal crop, these certificates represented a direct subsidy as they were redeemed by the Department of Agriculture, as wheat was sold abroad.

The plan seemed to work well. More then 84 percent of the growers cooperated, wheat production was held in check, large supplies were exported, and the surplus shrank. Secretary Freeman gloats over the fact that the plan has lowered the cost of the wheat controls by $300 million a year. "It puts more reliance on the marketplace, less on tax dollars." he claims. Millers quarrel with his semantics, calling the cost of the certificates "a bread tax."

The Johnson Administration now has taken the two-price system to its bosom. In the new Agricultural Act of 1965, Congress continues the wheat-certificate plan for four years but has sweetened it, raising the value of domestic certificates to bring growers full parity, or $2.57 for the part of the crop used in this country for food. Processors still pay 75 cents a bushel for certificates; the Government pays the rest. The balance of the crop will go for the world price, with no export certificates for growers. The cotton crop will get similar treatment, without certificates.

Congress also is giving the Department of Agriculture authority to embark on a large-scale, long-range retirement of excess cropland, a procedure long advocated by the Farm Bureau. Perhaps as much as 40 million acres of our embarrassingly productive land that is now in surplus crops would be leased by the Government under 5- and 10-year contracts. Such land would be diverted to non-crop uses, such as reforestation, game preserves, watershed protection and recreation.

At the same time, there is a growing feeling in Congress and out that it is shameful to leave so much of our farmland fallow while millions of people throughout the world go hungry.

"We don't have a real food surplus," says U.S. Senator George McGovern. A South Dakota Democrat, McGovern is one of a group of congressmen who believe that our excess capacity should be used to meet the food needs of the world. "If we brought the U.S. diet up to standard and tried to close the world's hunger gap," he says, "we would have to enlarge, not contract our agriculture."

That is easy to say, of course. The hard part is to find workable means by which hungry nations, which are also the poor nations, can obtain American farm products—and ways by which our farmers can be fully productive without destroying their prices and incomes.

The Food for Peace program may provide some of the answer, and McGovern believes it should be greatly expanded. This program originated in the early '50's when friendly allies, suffering from the dollar gap, had no dollars, gold or hard currency to buy the groceries we were so anxious to sell. Certain farm leaders came up with the suggestion, "All right, let's sell the food for *their* money." At first this proposal was coolly received by government officials. It was naïve. The soft, inconvertible foreign currencies could be spent only in the issuing countries. Such crazy trade was sure to drive hard-money sales off the market.

However, the idea gained supporters and, in 1954, legislation was passed to give it a trial. It proved workable from the start and now is known as Food for Peace. Some of the food is given away to meet disasters and for school lunches, but most is sold for foreign currency, about $1.7 billion worth a year. Instead of disrupting hard-money markets, it has stimulated them. Many of our early Food for Peace recipients have "graduated" to become dollar-paying customers. Japan, for example, formerly bought little from us but now has become the largest single foreign customer for our farm products. Spain started getting soybean oil under Food for Peace; today it is our best cash buyer of this product. Shipments of feed grains to Israel under Food for Peace helped establish a livestock industry there; now she buys almost 10 times as much feed grain from us. Altogether, sales of U.S. farm products abroad, commercially and under Food for Peace, have reached levels of $6.3 billion a year, doing much to counteract the drain on our gold supply.

Finding a use for the soft currency we receive hasn't been much of a problem. It is paying expenses of U.S. embassies and military installations and the costs of holding U.S. trade fairs and granting exchange scholarships. Large sums are being used to promote and develop marketing systems for U.S. farm products overseas. The largest part of the soft money, more than $4.7 billion of it, has been lent to backward countries to build roads, flood-control dams, irrigation systems, power plants, communication systems and other foundations for a rising standard of living.

Despite all the complexities and uncertainties of agriculture in the mid-20th century, it is far from a dying vocation. Young men have come along to embrace it with something of the old-time passion, and many thrive. One such is 21-year-old Roy Virgin of Greenup County, Ky., who has no idea of getting out of farming. Right after Roy graduated from high school, his father became disabled, and Roy took over the farm, 300 acres of cropland and pasture plus some forested hills.

Roy had studied vocational agriculture in high school. Applying the farm-management principles he had learned, he figured the old family farm needed some new enterprise that would bring a steady cash income, filling the gap between harvests of tobacco and sale of cattle. So he logged and sawed lumber from the farm's woods to build a huge chicken house, 310 feet long and 38 feet wide. At night, after his regular chores were done, he installed banks of wire cages, 5,500 of them, each to hold two hens, and piped drinking water to each. To feed the large flock, he grafted a mowing-machine engine onto a narrow auger wagon which could roll down the aisles and distribute feed on the run. When completed, his egg factory had cost him $16,000, far less than it would have cost him if he had had it built on contract.

Then the young farmer made a deal with a large hatchery to supply him 11,000 high-producing hens, plus feed. The hatchery would retain ownership of the birds, but Roy would manage them, house them, collect, sort and pack the eggs in return for a flat fee per dozen for those in Grade A. Lesser grades would bring him nothing. "That's incentive for good management," he says.

The poultry project became the farm's largest income producer, grossing around $11,000 a year. It also yields tons of nitrogen-rich fertilizer for Roy's fields. A hired man now looks after the poultry chores during the day while Roy is busy with his 60 acres of corn, 50 acres of hay, five-and-a-half acres of Burley tobacco, and 80 head of Hereford cows and calves. He also has somehow found time to plant 100,000 new trees in his woodlands and take intensive courses in farm techniques.

When Roy and his wife, Betty Lou, learned they were going to have an addition to their family—a girl, as it turned out, whom they named Dana—they decided they needed a home of their own. With his tractor and bulldozer blade Roy excavated and leveled the site. He also did much of the masonry and rough carpentry on the house. The new house is located on a knoll—overlooking the chicken house and cattle barn.

"It's not the prettiest place on the farm," Roy says, "but it pays to keep your eye on things all of the time." It seems safe to predict that this young farmer will stay right there, as he plans, for the rest of his life. □

Hugh Tuttle backs a load of produce into the barn. When he retires, a housing development may usurp his ancestral farm.

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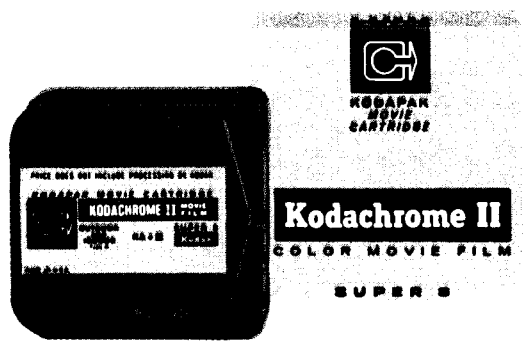

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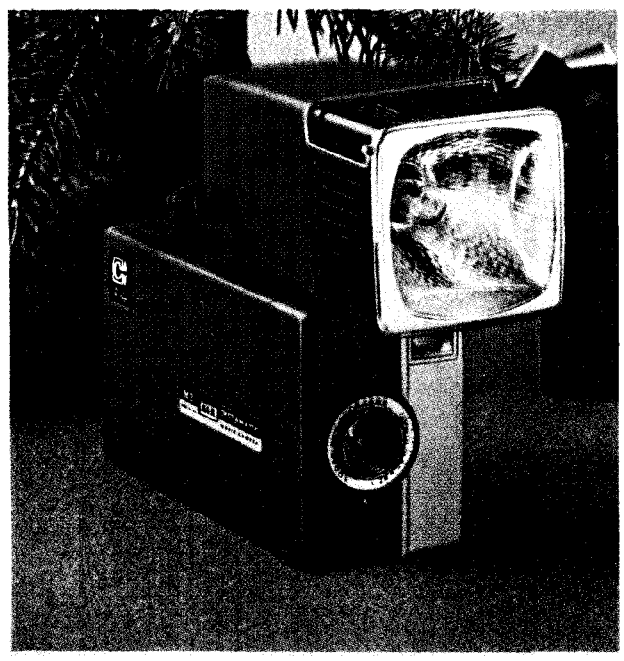

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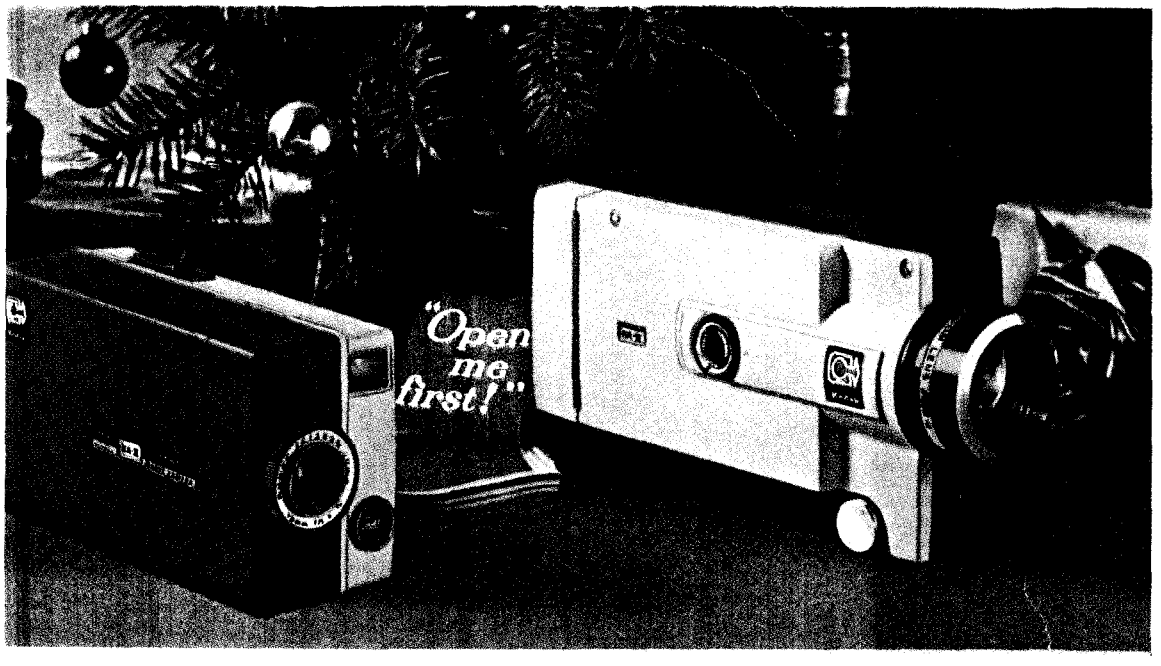

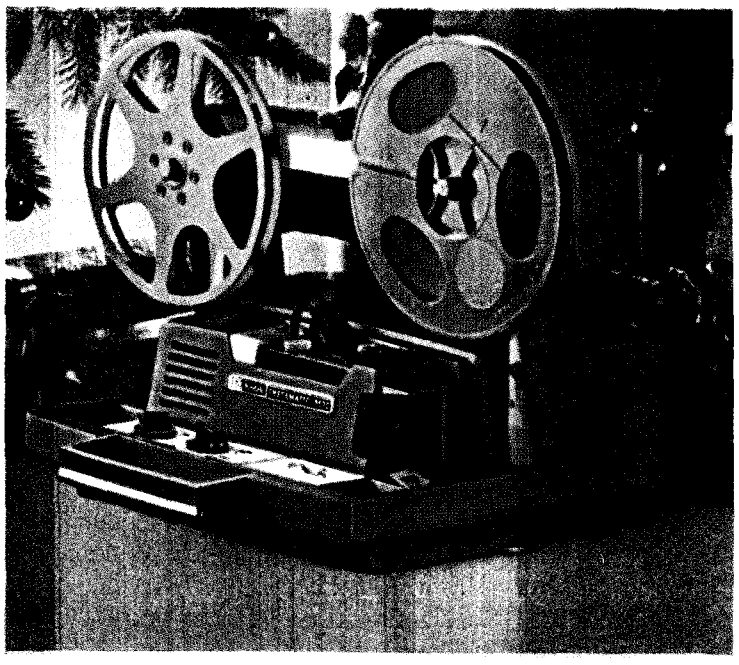

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It should have been an occasion of joy–her son with a new baby, her daughter planning a wedding. Why, then, was she so close to tears?

A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION

By Vera Randal White

As Henry put his hands on the wheel and swung the car away from the curb, Mrs. Allison's eyes fastened on his gloves. They were not the hand-stitched pigskin pair she had picked out with such care for his last birthday, but the gray wool ones she had seen Meg working on, wielding the four needles clumsily over her increasingly swollen belly, ripping, redoing, struggling to master the recurrent problem of holes between the fingers, until Mrs. Allison, an expert knitter herself, had come to have a grudging admiration for her daughter-in-law's persistence, if not her skill. In the dim light of late afternoon, Mrs. Allison could see that the problem of the holes had been solved finally with a needle and thread, so that the wool was gathered into rough, uncomfortable lumps. She permitted herself a momentary feeling of pleasure at this illustration of Meg's ineptitude, but there followed almost immediately a pang of guilt. Meg was a wonderful girl. Henry adored her, and they were so very happy together. That, Mrs. Allison told herself, was all that mattered. Absolutely all that mattered.

"He's quite a boy, isn't he?" Henry said, pulling up sharply as the light turned red at the corner.

"He certainly is." Mrs. Allison had seen the baby for just a minute through the glass wall of the hospital nursery. It was the first time she'd seen him awake, a red-faced little thing with flattened features and black hair oiled down on his head, and tiny, perfect hands. Looking at them, Mrs. Allison had almost recaptured the feeling of her own babies' hands, first Henry's and then Kit's, so small and yet so amazingly strong as they coiled around her forefinger. But now, glancing sideways at the jut of her son's profile, trying and failing to find some slight, remaining trace of the baby in the man, she could feel only a vague, bewildering sense of loss. "He's a beautiful baby," she said. "Really perfectly lovely."

Henry drove west to Fifth Avenue and turned into the Park at 85th Street. "Meg's been terrific," he said. "As if having a baby was nothing at all."

"Meg's a wonderful girl," Mrs. Allison said. It seemed to her that suddenly the weather was turning cold, unusually so for October. She shivered a little, pulling her coat more closely about her, and rolled up the partially open window. "Will you have dinner with us?" she asked, drawing herself taut against the possibility of his refusal. "Maddy's making pot roast, and you know how you always love that." When Henry, intent on rounding a curve, did not answer, Mrs. Allison added hopefully, "Kit and her young man will be there."

"No, thanks, Mom," Henry said. "I'm going to pick up some egg rolls and spareribs and go back and eat with Meg at the hospital."

Illustrated by Wilson McLean

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"Maddy could make you some sandwiches."

"No," Henry said. "Meg wants spareribs."

Mrs. Allison turned away from her son, pressing her lips together. It was getting dark, and the trees, already half bare, with their curiously knotted limbs outstretched, reminded her somehow of old women begging. She rubbed one hand across her forehead and then through her short, graying hair, trying to rid herself of the fancy, and was grateful when they reached the other side of the park and she could see them no longer.

"So long, Mom," Henry said, stopping in front of his parents' apartment building. "See you over at the hospital tomorrow."

"Henry."

"Yes, Mom?"

"Won't you come up for a minute? Just to say hello to your father?"

"I can't, Mom. I'm sort of in a hurry to get back. Tell Dad hello for me."

"Henry."

"Yes, Mom?"

Mrs. Allison watched him shift impatiently from neutral to first. "Never mind, dear," she said. "It's really nothing important." Leaning over to say good-bye, she felt the roughness of his face against her mouth.

When she left the car, she was aware again of the chill in the air. It was time perhaps to start thinking about getting her fur coat out of storage. She had had it remodeled two years earlier, just about the time, she recalled, that Meg and Henry were married, and although she had delighted in choosing the extra skins, matching carefully the tightness of curl and degree of blackness of the Persian lamb, still it had not turned out exactly as she would have liked. She could not say precisely in what respect the coat had fallen short of her expectations, but somehow, despite the added fullness in the back and the tightness at the wrists, it had been a disappointment to her.

Mrs. Allison nodded abruptly as the doorman pulled the door open for her. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Allison," he said, drawing back his lips so that she could see his gold-capped front teeth. "Did you see Mr. Henry's baby?"

"Yes," she said. "I saw the baby."

"How time does fly. Why, I can remember Mr. Henry coming to me to help him fasten his roller skates."

Mrs. Allison realized that she was tired, not just ordinarily tired, but deeply and depressingly exhausted. "I can, too, Martin," she said. "I can, too."

The air in the apartment was thick with the odor of cooking. Through the smell of meat and vegetables there came yet another smell. Maddy has been baking, Mrs. Allison thought. She certainly was trying to help Kit land that young man of hers, as if Kit needed any help. At the far end of the tan-and-brown, tweedy living room, Mrs. Allison could see her husband's outstretched legs, the newspaper, and a rising cloud of smoke. But, even without looking, she could see much more: the old-fashioned, steel-rimmed glasses from which he would not be parted, the short-stemmed pipe clenched tight between his teeth, the fine white line of the scar on his forehead, a scar which he had acquired playing hockey long before they had met. Somehow, try as she would, Mrs. Allison could not connect her husband with anything so venturesome as hockey.

"Hello, Robert," she called.

"Hello, dear." Mr. Allison appeared briefly over the top of his paper and then sank slowly out of view.

Mrs. Allison went into the kitchen. Maddy's vast bulk was planted in front of the stove, one hand, protected by a pot holder, grasping the cover of the Dutch oven, the other poking tentatively at the pot roast with a long-handled fork.

"Is everything all right, Maddy?"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My daddy is more nonviolent than your daddy."

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Mrs. Allison said. "Do you need any help?"

It was a routine question and the answer was routine, too. "Everything's just fine, Mrs. Allison. Don't you worry yourself." Maddy clapped the lid back in place and turned her broad, dark face toward Mrs. Allison. "Did you see the baby?" she asked.

"I saw the baby," Mrs. Allison said. "It's a fine baby, Maddy. Really a perfectly beautiful baby."

A glance into the dining room satisfied her. The silver shone, and in the center of the table Maddy had put a low pottery container of ivy, the leaves spilling over onto the damask cloth, dark green against the white. In the living room Mrs. Allison settled herself in the corner of the sofa across from her husband's armchair. She slipped her feet out of her shoes, hoping that this would relieve her tiredness a little—sometimes it did—and glanced without interest at the stack of magazines on the end table beside her.

"Robert," she said.

"Yes, dear?" The voice came over the top of the newspaper.

"Did anything happen today?"

"No, nothing much. Just contracts again. The same old bickering, and then they all end up signing and shaking hands like the best of friends."

"Robert."

"Yes, dear?"

"I saw the baby."

Mr. Allison put down his paper and grinned. "That's quite a boy Henry's got there," he said. "Quite a boy."

The room was quiet except for the occasional rustle of the newspaper. Mrs. Allison picked up a cigarette, lit it, and then squashed it out. "Robert," she said.

"Yes, dear?" Irritation crept into Mr. Allison's voice as he lowered his paper again. Looking at him, Mrs. Allison was struck by the extraordinary paleness of his eyes peering at her from behind the steel-rimmed glasses. The blue of the irises was so pale that it seemed to melt into the surrounding milky white, giving his face a look almost of blindness.

"Did you want something, Anne?" Mr. Allison asked.

"No, never mind, dear," Mrs. Allison said. "It was really nothing important."

The sound of the front door opening came as a relief to her. In a far corner of her thoughts, she had admitted to herself on occasion that she possibly held Henry dearer than Kit. Yet, since Henry had left, she had found herself regretting the distance between herself and her daughter, and now, seeing the gaiety in Kit's face, she wanted a closeness that she had never been able or, in all honesty, eager to have. As Kit came into the living room, it seemed to Mrs. Allison that she looked even rosier than usual, her ordinarily high coloring, subtly heightened. There was something else different, too—perhaps in the set of the shoulders. David followed her, grinning, a skinny length under straw-colored hair.

"Hi, kitten," Mr. Allison said, dropping his newspaper to the carpet and pulling himself up from his chair.

"Hello, Dad," Kit said, but it was toward Mrs. Allison's corner of the sofa that she headed. "I did it, Mother," she said.

"Did it?" Mrs. Allison asked, looking up at Kit's eyes. She looked to Mrs. Allison as though she might be coming down with a fever. Kit held out her left hand, a small hand, almost like a child's with its scrubbed, close-filed nails. It was a handsome ring, the square-cut stone held almost invisibly by four tiny prongs.

Mr. Allison was shaking David's hand. "So you finally asked her," he said. "I don't know about Kit, but I was beginning to get a little discouraged."

Mrs. Allison stared at her husband. He looked delighted and not even mildly surprised.

"Asked her?" David said. "I've asked and asked. It's only that the answer was a little slow in coming." He looked at Kit. As though he were swallowing her with his eyes, Mrs. Allison thought.

Kit laughed and wheeled around, her skirt floating out wide from her legs. "Isn't it wonderful?" And then in mock seriousness she added, "I did it, of course, to make my new nephew truly legitimate. I mean, it seems sort of indecent for the poor babe to have an unmarried aunt."

"Really, Kit," Mrs. Allison said.

"But isn't it wonderful, Mother? I mean, well, isn't it simply wonderful?"

Mrs. Allison bit down hard on the inside of her mouth. "It's wonderful, Kit," she said, but her voice was almost inaudible.

"Wonderful?" Mr. Allison said. "I should say so. I'm overwhelmed with my new acquisitions. A grandson, and now a son-in-law. We'll have a drink, that's what we'll do. We'll all have a drink."

"Not quite a son-in-law yet," Mrs. Allison murmured.

"Well, to all intents and purposes," Mr. Allison said. "What will it be, David, my boy?"

Maddy served dinner with a smile that remained fixed from soup through dessert, and if Mrs. Allison did little more than dissect her meat into squares and play with her mashed potatoes, nobody seemed to notice. The talk shifted from the new baby to the wedding, probably in June, and back to the baby again. Mrs. Allison smiled at appropriate times but said little.

It was while she was pouring coffee that she realized her hand was shaking a little—not much, really, just a slight, almost imperceptible tremor—but it bothered her. She clasped her left hand around her wrist to steady herself.

"Hey, how about coming with us tonight?" David said. "We're going to celebrate. Real wild stuff."

"Do come," Kit said, wiping her mouth. Mrs. Allison frowned automatically at the lipstick smudge on the napkin. "It'll be fun. I'm broke and David's probably broker, but we'll treat you."

Mr. Allison smiled at his daughter. "I think not, kitten," he said. "Late nights are for the young." Mrs. Allison's coffee cup swayed in her hand, and the coffee dripped over the side of her cup. She put the cup down and clasped her hands together in her lap.

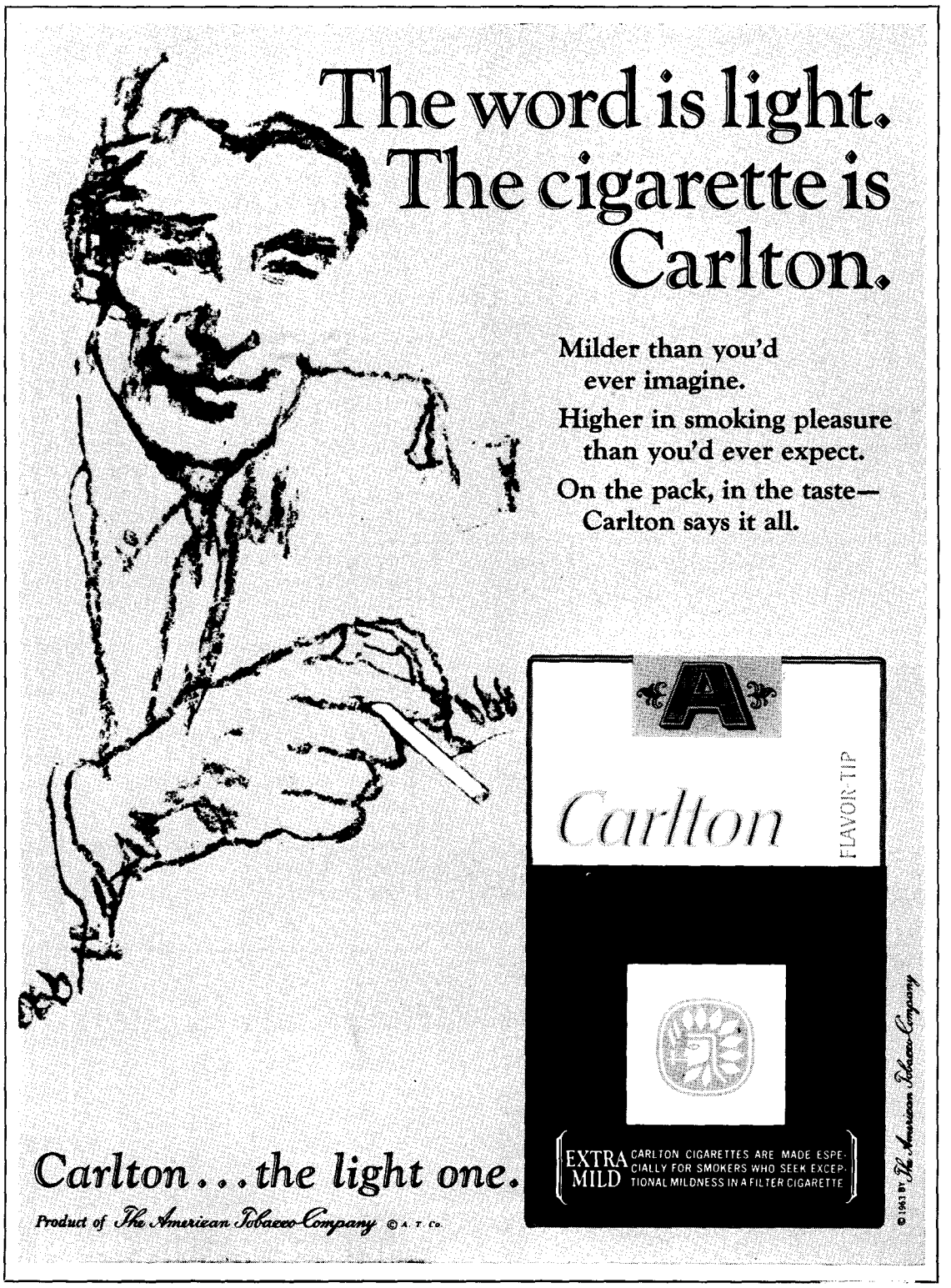
"Honestly, Dad," Kit said. "If you aren't the stickiest old stick-in-the-mud. Maybe Mother would like to get out of this tomb. Did you ever think of that?"

"Kit," Mr. Allison said, "your mother and I can look back over twenty-seven years of happiness together. When you can do the same, young lady, I'll be more ready to listen to you. Now go on and have fun, you two."

As the door closed behind Kit and David, Mrs. Allison walked into the living room and settled herself in the corner of the sofa. Mr. Allison followed her, taking off his jacket and tie and loosening his belt. "I guess it's just you and me from now on, Anne," he said.

"Yes." First Henry and now Kit. "Just you and me." Mrs. Allison groped for something more to say, but her husband had already pulled his armchair around to face the television set.

Mrs. Allison picked up a copy of *Vogue*, looked at it without seeing it, and put it down again. She lit a cigarette and puffed at it nervously. First Henry and now Kit. In her eyelid a tiny muscle of which she had never before been aware started to twitch rhythmically. Her husband was blocked out by the back of his chair, and all she could see were the dull, dead browns and tans of the tables, the chairs, the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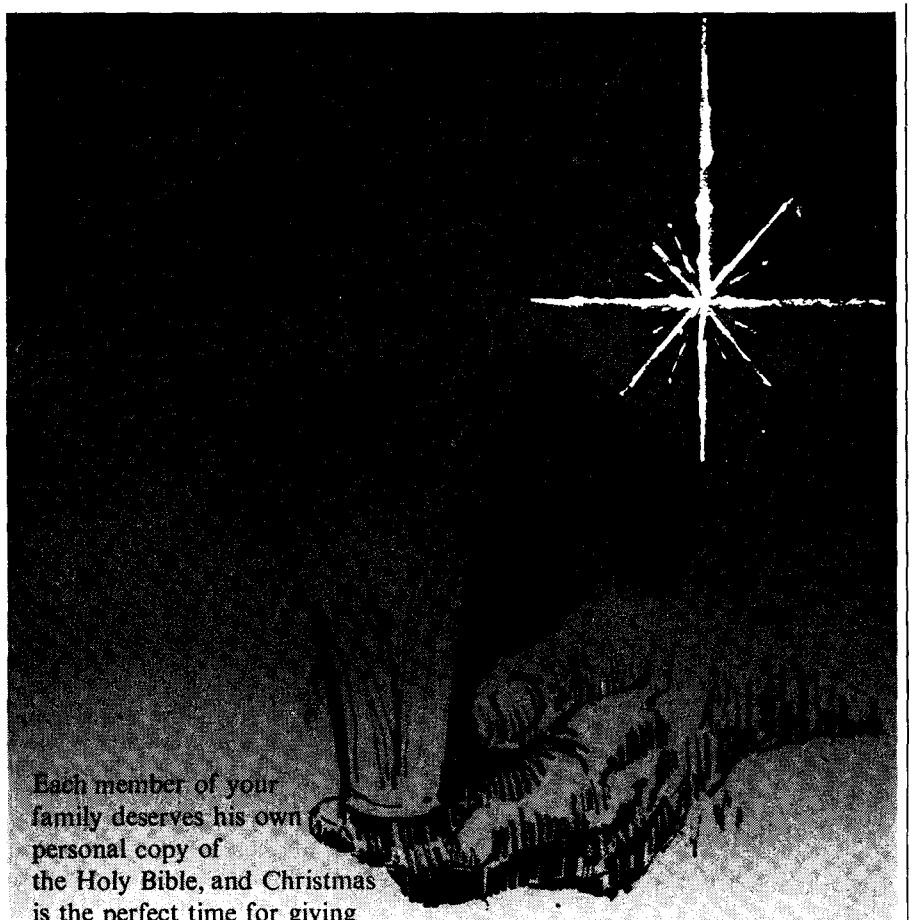

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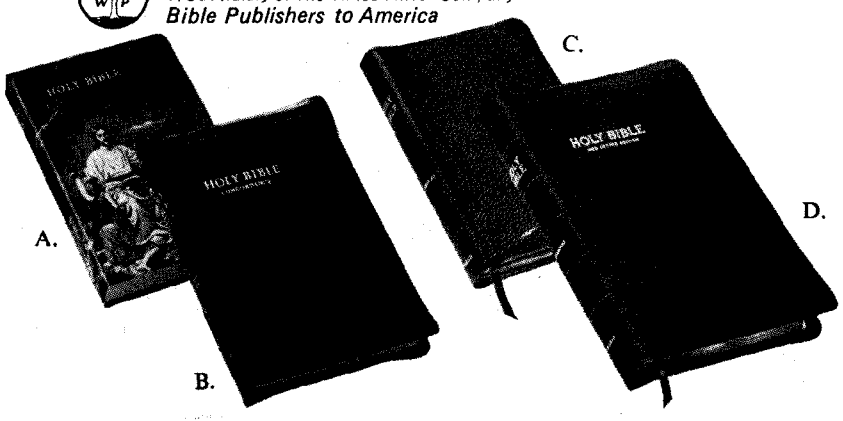


A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION

carpet, the walls. If there were only a little color.

The vision came to Mrs. Allison of a very different room. "Robert," she said.

"Yes, dear?" The voice came over the top of the armchair.

"Robert, I'd like to do the living room over."

Mr. Allison half turned his chair so that he could see her and watch the television at the same time. "Why?" he said. "What's wrong with it the way it is?"

"I'd like to."

"All right, then. Let me know what it will cost to do whatever it is you want to do, and I'll see if we can manage it."

He was a good husband, Mrs. Allison thought. He had always given her everything she wanted. And, yet——

Mrs. Allison returned to her vision. She could see it so clearly. Pale green on the floor, that delicate, fleeting pale green of the first leaves in spring. It would be too expensive to get new carpeting, but perhaps she could find some straw matting, green against the red-brown parquet floor, like grass springing from the earth. The lamps would be slender, with shades like flowers, and the sofa, her sofa, would be covered with a print—large, full-blown roses against a background of white. As she was considering what to do with the draperies, her eyes focused on Mr. Allison's chair, between herself and the windows.

"Robert," she said.

"Yes, dear?"

"Robert, I'd like to talk it over with you."

"Don't worry. I'm sure we can swing it."

"I mean I'd like us to talk about how it should be done. I want us both to be happy with it."

"Whatever you want will be fine with me."

From where Mrs. Allison sat, her husband's chair looked worn. There was a crack in the leather, the padding was starting to settle across the bottom in the back, the outline of studs had two gaps. Mrs. Allison closed her eyes and tried to see the chair re-covered in some fashion that would fit into the whole, but she was unable to do so. Solid, stable, of a practical dark brown, admittedly no longer new but good for years more of wear, it loomed larger and larger, blanking out the grass and the roses.

Abruptly Mrs. Allison was struck by the untimeliness of her entire scheme. Soon the cold weather would be here. All over the city, rugs would be going down, draperies would be going up, slip covers would be packed away, while she turned her living room into a springtime frolic. Why, only a couple of hours ago, she had been thinking of getting her fur coat from storage.

Mrs. Allison stood up and crossed the room to the window, where she pressed her forehead against the coldness of the glass. She could see the rectangles of light in the building across the street and, as she tilted her head, a thin crescent moon. "Robert," she said.

"Yes, dear?"

"I'd like to have gone out this evening."

"Well, why in the world didn't you say so? I thought the children would want to be alone."

"Not with the children."

"Was there something you wanted to see at the movies? It's still early enough to go."

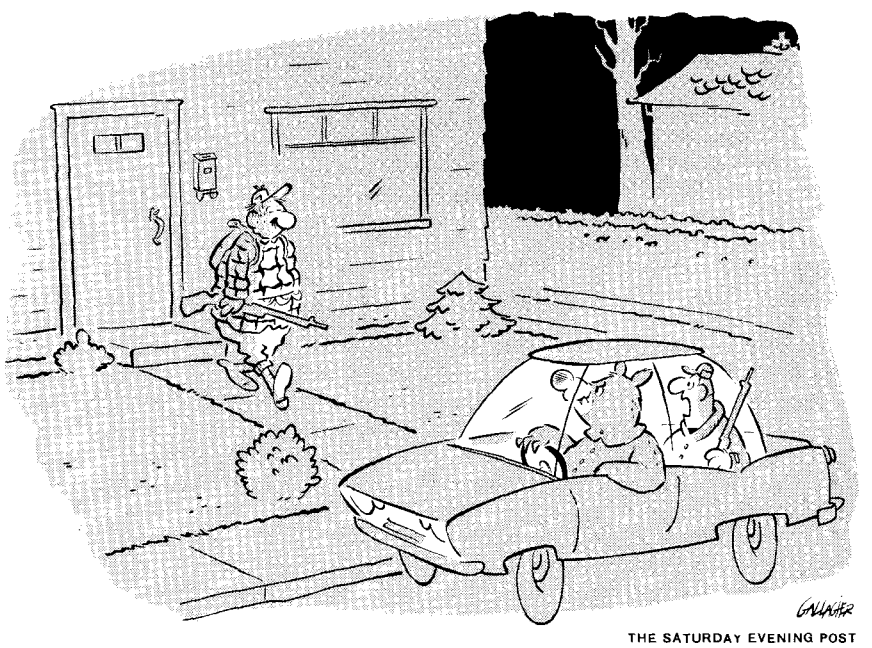
"No." She turned toward him and saw that he was looking at her with those pale blue, milky white eyes, blind eyes.

"What then?"

What then? It occurred to Mrs. Allison that she was going to cry. "Robert," she said.

"Yes, dear?"

Absurdly she was going to cry. Mrs. Allison swallowed and blinked hard. "Nothing," she said. "It was really nothing important." □



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm afraid you're going to give him an awful jolt, Charlie!"

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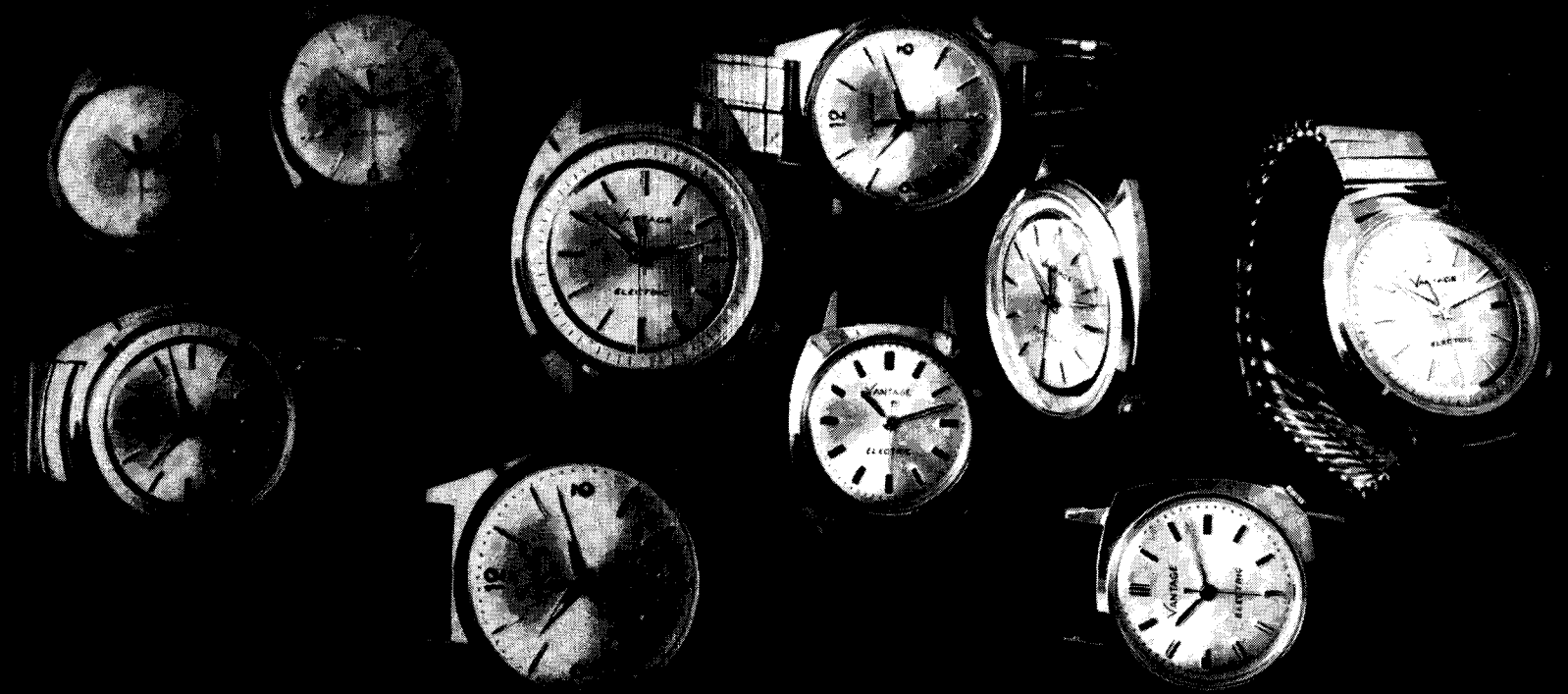

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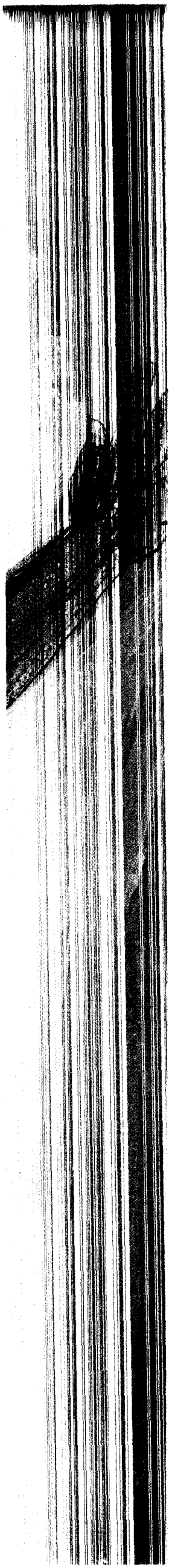

Danny Muldoon leaped high, took the ball with his fingertips, brought it down to his stomach, and set sail.

The Rookie

BY JOHN QUIRK

He was Danny Muldoon, a quarterback who could do everything. A coal-mine kid in the hills of West Virginia, he'd made it big at Cabin Creek Consolidated High School, and Michigan State had gone after him and got him. He'd made All-America in his junior year, and had a terrible senior year. But the pros wanted him, and the Cougars of the National Football League picked him as their third draft choice. Now he was in training camp, where they separated the men from the boys. He'd come in a little too cocky—got himself in trouble by telling Coach Red Hankins and Backfield Coach Carl Holmquist that the team didn't move on offense because its star quarterback, Boxer Brown, didn't have the imagination to improvise. That gave him three enemies, right there. They could cut him from the squad any day, but they were watching him. And if they'd ever put the ball in his hands, he'd show them what a West By God Virginia quarterback could do.

Conclusion

They called the defensive right end the Cat, because he had a wide, wicked cat face and because he moved like a quick cat on the football field. The Cat said, "Hey, Gorgo, you ever see a mongoose?" Gorgo was the all-pro defensive tackle, a giant, gentle man, a ferocious football player.

The man-eating dinosaur looked at the expectant ballplayers in the training room. He eyed the box in the center of the room suspiciously. In the wire-mesh portion of the two-foot-square enclosure there was a half-eaten carrot. At one end of the box there protruded a tail that looked like a chipmunk's tail.

The Cat said, "I'll scare him out of the house."

Gorgo said, "Mongooses don't eat carrots."

"Maybe that's why he took three days to work up enough curiosity to take a bite out of it."

"Mongooses don't have tails like that."

"You sure do know all about mongooses."

"Well, I don't think they do." Gorgo looked again at the silent, waiting ballplayers. "I think they have tails like rats."

"Well, since you're such a zoological expert, maybe you'll kindly identify this beast for me."

From a hundred catastrophes, Gorgo knew better. But for the hundredth time, his curiosity overwhelmed him. He bent over to take a close look. The Cat snapped the trigger. The top of the box came flying off with a loud crack, and the animal inside sprang straight into the face of the huge tackle, claws extended, red mouth open, fangs ready.

Gorgo jumped a foot off the floor, his tremendous arms flailing. Danny Muldoon and Cedars Fern, the optimistic Negro rookie defensive back, nearly went over backward getting out of the line of charge.

Then the piece of fur lay on the floor, limp. The Cat walked solemnly about the roaring dressing room. Gorgo shook his head in not unhappy wonderment that his buddy would go to such lengths just to do him in again. And the veterans were officially back in camp because their bellwether, the head animal, had obviously rediscovered his sense of humor in the Cougars' first exhibition victory on the Saturday before this Monday.

The training room was fraternity lounge and sick bay combined, relaxed and friendly and filled with acute and chronic aches. *The House.* Only the six beasts—the Cat, the Horse, the Skunk, Gorgo, the gray Fox, that venerable cornerback, and quarterback Boxer Brown himself, the living legend—only those six, the longest-service Cougars, were still with the club from the squad which had named the training room *The House of Pain.*

The No. 1 offensive guard sat with one huge leg wrapped in a hot pack. The Cat inspected an ugly purple bruise on the exposed leg. He said, "Stupid,

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

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you've got the pack on the wrong leg."

The guard said complacently, "You should see the other one."

Cedars Fern climbed on a white stool and dunked his bruised calf muscle down into the stainless-steel whirlpool bath alongside the battered, old right leg of the Fox.

The Fox asked, "How's it coming, rookie?"

"The leg? Coming fine. You mean the football, I got me enough confusion to last awhile."

"You won't ever make a cornerback."

Cedars knew better. "You don't think so, Fox? Sure hate to hear you say that." He was respectful, because this was the man some said was, in his prime, the best cornerback ever.

"Not unless and until you find out how that receiver wants to get head-up on you when he's going out. You got to keep on one side or the other of him, and that gives him only the one way to cut. You got to get that down."

"I'll work on that. I surely will."

There was a happy smile on the young face. There was no smile on the dark face of the thirty-five-year-old veteran of four clubs and twelve years of National Football League play. He asked himself for the hundredth time, why did he do it? Why give help to a rookie who was just itching to beat his brains out and take his job away?

The Fox said aloud, "The quick brown fox." He mused on that a few moments. "The old gray fox."

The Cat stopped and looked Cedars Fern up and down. Rookies were required to get into the training room early, get taped and out of the way. But treatment was different. The Cat shrugged and wandered on.

Danny Muldoon, the rookie quarterback, perched himself for a trainer to wrap and tape his ankles. Some of the veterans watched him. No one said anything. The Cat hadn't yet seen him.

Gorgo took up the electric hairbrush hanging before a wall mirror and absorbed himself in stimulation of his bald spots. The Cat watched him speculatively. Gorgo said, "I do believe this thing is beginning to grow hair on my head."

The Cat inspected Gorgo's head like a monkey inspecting another monkey for fleas. "Now here's your baldest spot, Gorgo. What you can do, you can wait for that brush to grow hair, or transplant. I mean, they got this new system where they take hair from your chest and plant it in your head, like you plant pieces of grass."

The Cat turned to where Danny sat. He said to the roomful of veterans, "I do believe there's a rookie getting taped at this very moment. I do believe I was next in line."

Danny sprang off the table to make way. You didn't explain. He'd been held up by Coach Hankins, but he didn't explain. The Cat sat astride the vacated table and held his legs up for taping. He was at peace with the world. He was a fine defensive end, he was the chief beast of the animals, that inner coterie of the Cougars, and all the veterans were always pleased with him.

The great man came in. Boxer Brown. Here was the second-best quarterback in the league, the fanatic winner some zealous hometown fans thought was as good as Johnny Unitas of the Colts. Danny watched his face, his moves.

The great man was an old man. Just another old man. That was the unexpected thing. When you played in Cabin Creek in West Virginia and at Michigan State, you played kids your own age. Now you were in the pros, and there were some very old, bald men running around. Boxer Brown. There was nothing in any way boyish in this jowly, pugged, boxer face, in the cold, dark eyes, in the hobbled walk. There was a respectful shuffling even among the veterans. The Cat was the morale leader of the team, and the Fox was the old sage, but Boxer Brown was king. They would make way for the Boxer, even the veterans. They let him select his spot, and the head trainer himself jumped to do the taping.

The Boxer looked at Danny Muldoon. In the two weeks in camp, in the several-times-a-day confrontations on the field or in the quarterback meetings, he'd shown no sign of recognizing that the rookie was even there. Now he asked, "What's your name, rookie?"

"Dan Muldoon."

"What position do you aspire to play on this ball club?"

"I'm a quarterback."

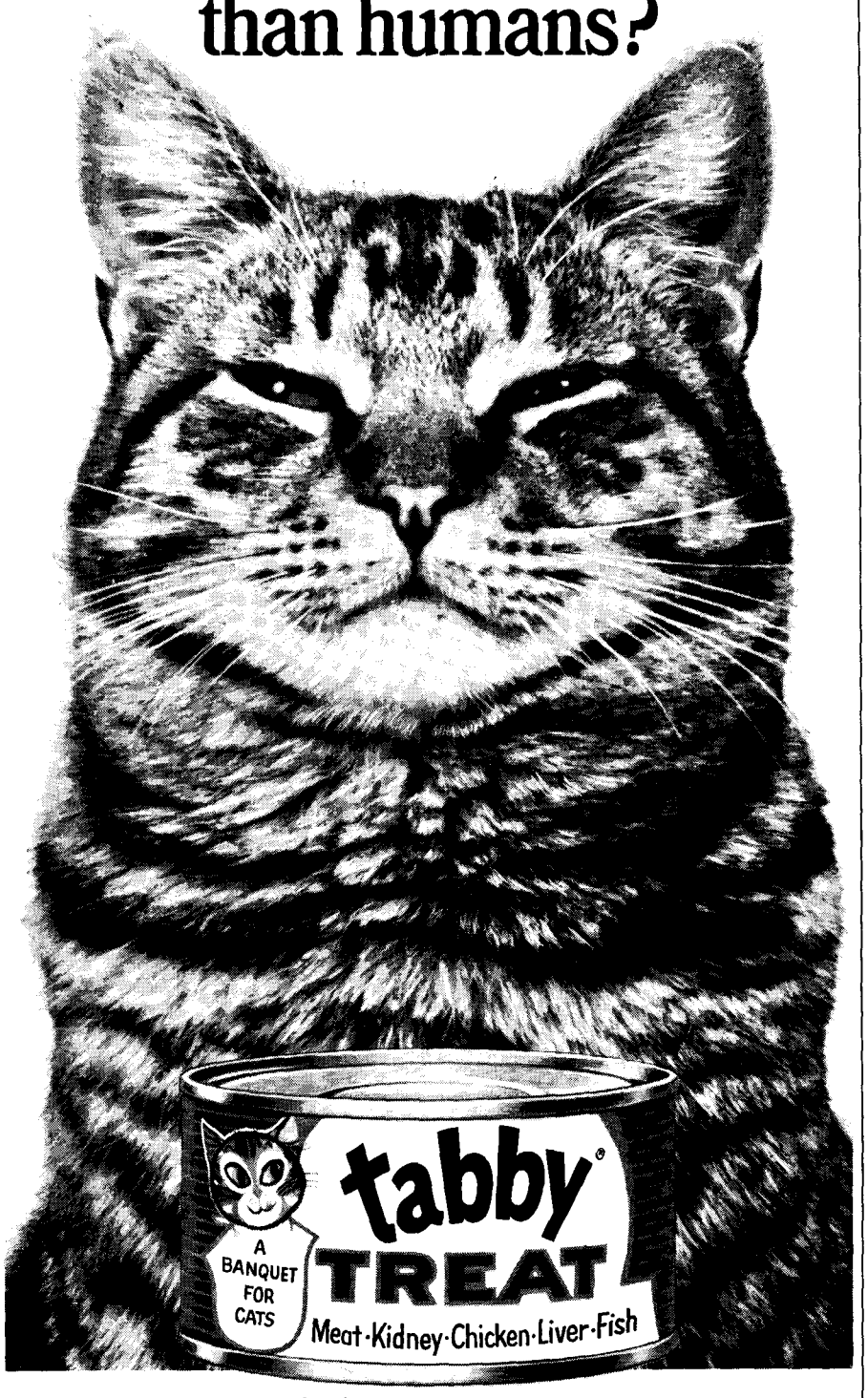
"I think I heard about you. Aren't you the one was a big all-American one year and fell flat on his butt last year?"

There was interested silence in the training room. When the great man took the trouble to haze a rookie, there must be something special involved.

Boxer said, "Rookie, I got a message for you. You find something else to try out for. There's only two quarterbacks on this team. One is me, and the other isn't you. We've got an ample supply of genius. If you want to make this squad, you find something else you can do. You hear me?"

Danny didn't show his emotion in his face. His throat was dried up with the humiliation and frustration. Cedars Fern slipped quietly out with him, lest he be apprehended himself. In the locker room the two West Virginians

Are cats smarter than humans?



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's for someone who *didn't* get married, have a baby or leave—me."

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pulled on blue shorts and white T-shirts, the uniform of the noncontact day. Cedars slipped a short red tunic over his T-shirt, the mark of the defensive man. In low-cut football shoes, they clip-clopped down the wooden walkway winding from the locker room two hundred yards through the beautiful woods to the lush practice fields of exclusive Foxwood Academy, the training camp of the mighty Cougars.

Fern said, "I been pondering what the Boxer said to you."

"I didn't think there was ever any doubt what he said,"

When they had walked in silence, Fern said, "I think he was giving you some advice. Do you think that's possible?"

"Sure. Advice to break an arm? Drop dead? Get out and stay out?"

"These guys aren't maybe as bad as you get to think they are."

"Veterans?"

"I mean, what are they? Just guys."

Danny grinned his great Irish grin and said, "Now, I'll tell you. They're bigger, older, meaner and faster than we thought they were going to be, and better football players than I expected, and I expected the best. And they get out of the wrong side of bed every morning. Anything else you'd like to know about veterans?"

"The Fox, if you ask me, he helps me more than I would help him, if we was to switch places."

"Boxer's helping me? Is that what you're saying? There's a man hasn't even got blood in his veins. Besides, I'm sure now Hankins told him."

"Told him what?"

"Just something that happened."

"Well, you got my curiosity aroused, Danny."

"I shot my mouth off the first night in camp. At the first quarterback meeting, I had some brilliant comments to make on what was wrong with the Cougar offense. I have a recollection I said something about lack of imagination in the quarterback."

Cedars Fern whistled and said, "Whoo-eeeee."

"Yeh, whoo-eeeee."

"You do got yourself a problem. It sure do make the cheese more binding. Come on over."

"What are you talking about?"

"Look, how many more got to get cut off the squad?"

"Seriously? There's forty-seven guys still in camp, ten rookies." His grin flashed quickly. "I do keep track."

"You and me and eight."

"On September seventh, they got to get down to forty-three. On September fourteenth, for the regular season, they got to get down to forty. So between now and then, seven more men in this camp got to get cut. What are you figuring?"

"Some more vets just got to go, Danny. They got to keep six, anyway, rookies, and get the turnover, you know, the new blood—isn't that what they say? So only maybe four of us ten rookies still got to get cut. The main thing is, we don't want anybody from West By God Virginia getting himself cut, right?"

"Right."

"Well, now, that Boxer—wouldn't you say he's got a say about some things in this camp? I mean, didn't you get the distinct impression he was telling you there are four Q.B.'s in this camp, and they sure aren't going to go into opening day with four Q.B.'s? Two veterans, the Boxer and Williams, and two rookies, Deke Flowers and Danny Muldoon—if you ask me, one of the rookies is going to get it in the neck."

"You and the Boxer saying it's me, not Deke?"

Cedars shrugged. Then he said, "If I was to venture an opinion, I would say laughing-boy Hankins sure likes to see his Q.B. stay in the pocket. I mean, you sure do like to run, Danny."

Danny Muldoon said, "I'll take my coaching and criticism from the coaches, OK?"

"Well, I mean, you take it for what it's worth. You did say you got the head coach and the star Q.B. down on you for telling what was only true."

The two young men emerged into the bright sun of the practice area.

Cedars said, "What I've been trying to tell you, and maybe Boxer Brown was trying to tell you, is maybe you got a better chance of sticking if you move somewhere else. I mean, everybody in camp knows you're fast enough and run good enough. I mean, maybe they don't need you at running back now they got that Cochrane, but I'll tell you one place, that defensive backfield, these old men are just plain going to fall apart one of these days soon, and I'm ready to move right in, and I bet so could you."

Danny stopped walking. Fern stopped with him.

Fern said, "Soon's you get used to

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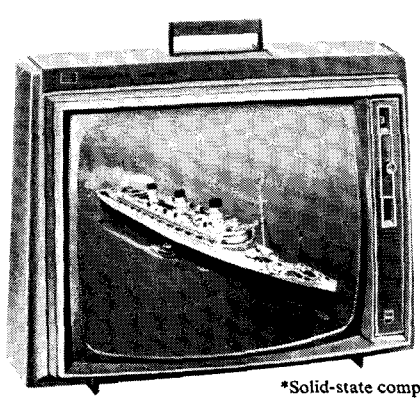

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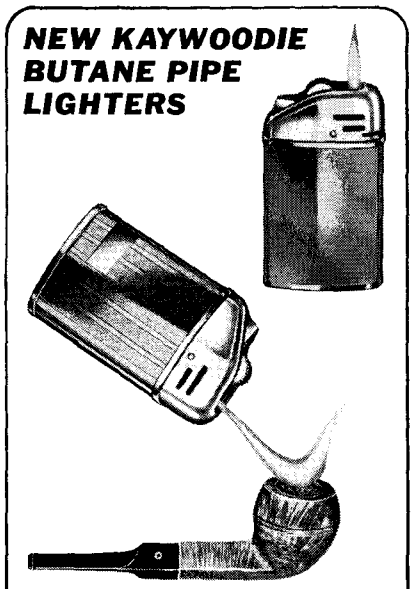

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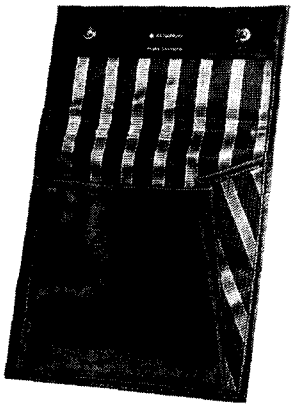

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the idea of being on defense, it isn't so bad."

Danny wouldn't listen. This was a completely unpalatable notion. He was a quarterback. That had always been his job. He was a boss, a thinker, and thrower and runner. There was no other position that even counted.

He said, "In the Lion exhibition, I get the third quarter, Deke gets the fourth. Maybe we'll see who's who."

The rookies rode in the second chartered bus with the other undesirables, the coaches, management, the reporters. The two buses wound out of Foxwood in the early-morning fog. Forty minutes later the blue-blazered, gray-trousered ballplayers and their kit and kaboodle were loaded on an old DC-6 which would take them to Cleveland, where the Cougars would meet the Detroit Lions in the first half of the Cleveland owner's annual preseason doubleheader.

The facing seats in the forward compartment were appropriated by the Beasts. There was the Cat with his wide, mean look. There was the Horse, the safety, who looked like a thin horse about to fall asleep. There was the Fox. There was the Skunk, the right cornerback with a white streak in his thick, black hair. And there was Gorgo, the guard-eating monster.

The Horse said, "This is a bush outfit. You play a game out of town, you go down the night before the game and see the town and get some sleep, right? Right. You don't get up in the dark and go down the day of the game. Right?" He was grousing to hear himself grouse. "How much do you figure they save sending us down today instead of yesterday?"

The pilot's flat voice came out of the speakers, announcing a fifteen-minute delay while maintenance men siphoned off a few hundred pounds of gasoline. Someone had computed the load as though the plane would carry human beings to Cleveland, not professional football players.

The Cat said, "Why don't you just get off, Gorgo? Anyhow, you don't want to play against Gordy." John Gordy was the Lions' all-pro offensive guard. Gordy against Gorgo, a sight to see.

The Horse said, "Bush airline."

The Skunk said, "Owners can't afford to send us down last night. They gave away all their money to rookies."

Gorgo said, "I got it figured how I'm going to handle Gordy today."

The Skunk asked, "How—line up against the other guy instead? You reckon any of our rookies got four hundred thousand to sign, like that Namath?"

They summoned Danny Muldoon. The Skunk asked, "How much did you get to sign with the Cougars, Danny?"

Danny said, "Four hundred thousand dollars. Same as I got from Michigan State."

They sent him away, pleased with him.

The players were assigned single rooms at the Sheraton. Some used them. These were the great sack hounds, like the Horse, a sixteen-hour-a-day expert. The remainder of the squad looked Cleveland over. This occupied seventeen minutes.

The Skunk said, "They had this contest where the first prize was one weekend in Cleveland. The second prize was two weekends in Cleveland."

That discussion whiled away another half hour. Then some time was passed in tedium and some more in sheer boredom. Like war, football was hours of ennui followed by minutes of absolute terror. The ballplayers had sunk into the usual state of perfect numbness when steaks for lunch and then a lecture from Commissioner Pete Rozelle came to the rescue.

In a banquet hall off the main lobby, the young commissioner delivered his annual charge to the players. The veterans knew it by heart. Don't bet on football games. Don't bet a thousand dollars, don't bet five dollars, don't bet a nickel. Don't bet. Don't bet on somebody else's team, don't bet on your team. Don't bet. That was the first message. Don't bet.

Don't associate with gamblers and that kind. Don't let strangers move in on you. Be careful in public places. You never know who it is cozying up to you in a bar. You are perfectly innocent, you're just being polite, and when it turns out that the man is a gambler trying to reach you, you're in hot water. Not even the biggest stars, the most respected players in this league, are exempt from these orders. Avoid gamblers and other unsavory characters. And don't bet.

When the meeting adjourned, the Commissioner headed for the other hotel to tell the Detroit Lions not to bet.

Because this was a doubleheader, and because the Cleveland Municipal Stadium had only two dressing rooms for four teams, and because the Cleveland Browns weren't about to surrender their home-team privileges, and because the Browns-Packers game, the confrontation of Jimmy Brown with Hornung, Taylor and Starr, was the featured half of the doubleheader, and because it didn't make any particular difference anyway, the Lions and Cougars dressed at their hotels.

The Cougar trainers set up shop in the foyer of the banquet hall. The ballplayers queued up barefooted and hoisted their trouser legs to get their ankles taped.

In the rooms, the squad then changed into full game uniform, except for cleats. Danny Muldoon came back down with the Fearsome Foursome. The huge, padded men swelled the elevator to bursting. The old claustrophobia from the coal mines back in West Virginia came crushing Danny. A small boy, down in the forest of tremendous legs, tugged at Danny's finger, asking for an autograph. Danny said, "Later, son, later." It was all he could get out. It was an hour, a week, a month before the elevator finally reached the lobby floor. A lady passenger was hastened to a bench by her anxious husband. Gorgo, the monster, offered his concern. The lady smiled wanly and said, "I'm all right now. You gentlemen are so big." The husband said, "I never realized how big you are, seeing you down on the field with other big men." Gorgo said, "Yes, ma'am. Yes, sir. We are big."

The players made their stocking-footed way through curious Clevelanders into the waiting buses for a five-minute ride to the stadium.

In the front bus, the Horse, the veteran, said it was bush that they were not given a motorcycle escort. For the same event, Cedars Fern, in the rear bus, said, "Man and boy, Danny, I feel like a big shot every time a cop waves us in where they don't let the unimportant people go. I reckon you're used to that first-class kind of treatment. I mean, you being a big All-America and Big Ten school, I guess they been VIP-ing you all along."

Danny said, "The Michigan State Police peeled grapes for us and swung our hammocks."

Fern said. "You remember how we were talking that day about maybe feeling guilty on account of we weren't doing anything but play football, no classes or anything else? Man, I'm over that. All I want to do in this sweet world is sleep, eat and play football. Why don't you play football?"

The bus pulled to the players' gate and the big men disembarked eagerly.

Danny said, "I start the second half today, remember?"

The Cougars were given ten minutes for a last touch-up in the dressing room, adjustment of pads on injured arms and legs, taping the hands of

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the linebackers and linemen, and attending to the last-minute personal needs of matadors about to face the bull. Then the ballplayers clattered through the concrete corridors to take the field for warmup and, in twenty minutes, the preseason game against the Lions.

Head Coach Red Hankins had promised the reporters that he would start his first-string lineup in this next-to-last exhibition. There were no surprises. Cochrane, the big, fast rookie runner, started at running back, the only freshman on the varsity offense. On defense, two rookies opened the game, Bryant, the second draft choice, the mean, quick linebacker, and Cedars Fern, the right cornerback. Cedars didn't make the lineup legitimately. The Skunk, the veteran defensive halfback, had pulled a hamstring in Thursday's workout and aggravated it in the warmup.

The game itself followed a normal Cougar pattern. In the early going, the offense sputtered and faltered. Twice Boxer Brown settled for field goals inside the twenty-yard line. But the rugged Cougar defense insisted on taking the ball away from the Lions and handing it back to the offense, and in the second quarter the Cougars pulled away with a two-touchdown spurt.

The Cougars left the field at halftime leading 20–3. It had been a good performance. Cochrane, the rookie with muscles on his muscles, had run exceptionally well. He'd gained seventy yards in twelve carries, a Jimmy Brown pace. There was no longer any doubt that he was the big, fast runner the Cougars had looked for. The half had closed on a high note, a pass interception by Cedars Fern and his twisting runback of twenty yards before he was hauled down. He trotted off the field and on into the dressing room beside Danny Muldoon, saying, "Look at me, I'm dancing, I'm dancing."

Red Hankins was pleased with the effort. He was particularly pleased that he needed give no halftime oration. The assistant coaches did have a few quiet individual comments to make, occasionally praise, usually blame, but these were at a minimum. The Cougars were comfortably ahead; let well enough alone.

The line judge came into the dressing room and gave his time warning. Hankins called Muldoon to walk with him. The rookie was ready. He'd spent the first half kneeling on the sidelines, clipboard on his knee, to record the play calls, their success or failure, the defensive formations of the Lions, and the openings he could spot. Theoretically he was there to advise Boxer Brown as the game progressed. But Boxer and Offensive Coach Carl Holmquist ignored him completely. That was just fine with Danny Muldoon. He'd take advantage of his own information. He had his spectacular first series designed.

Coach Hankins had his own notions. He issued the orders as they walked. Danny would open the series with a 23 E.G., follow with a counter left, and then throw a comeback pass if the two running plays left him short of a first down.

Danny Muldoon said, "Coach, they'll leave me short of a first down."

Hankins said, "Explain that."

"The 23 will work for two at most. The counter won't get that much." He held up the chart board.

Hankins looked at him speculatively. As they emerged into the arena, both looked up at the crowd. They stood together before the Cougar bench. The high-school bands, parading out on the field, were obviously going to run past their allotted time by several minutes.

Danny said, "Cabin Creek Consolidated Band played better than that, and the horns were full of coal dust."

Hankins saw nothing amusing in it. He asked abruptly, "What's this about the counter?"

"We tried it four times in the first half and gained less than a yard a try."

"How do you account for that? Their defensive formation? Do we tip it off? Poor execution?"

"The counter never does work. Not for the Cougars. I've charted it in our exhibition games and in our scrimmages. Our line can't hold off the defense long enough for a fake to the strong side and then the counter. We have to either dive and be quick, or draw and trap, not halfway in between. If we're going to run to the weak side, it better be the quarterback bootlegging."

Hankins said, "The threat keeps the defense honest." But he was unsure of his ground. He knew for sure that counters went for long gains. He'd seen it happen in his years in the league. He could remember specific plays, some great runs. But was this young kid correct? Did the counters average out maybe only one or two yards a run?

Danny said, "Our audibles don't work, either. On check-off runs, we average less than two yards."

It was amazing how many things a head coach didn't know. When you were a player, you knew everything. When you were an assistant coach, you knew almost everything. Then when you were head coach, you found some real uncertainties in the middle of all that wonderful self-confidence. The kid could be right. The movies would give the answer. Carl Holmquist would get the assignment, chart the success and failure of counters and audibles during an entire season. Or would Holmquist already have such a chart? The head coach wasn't sure.

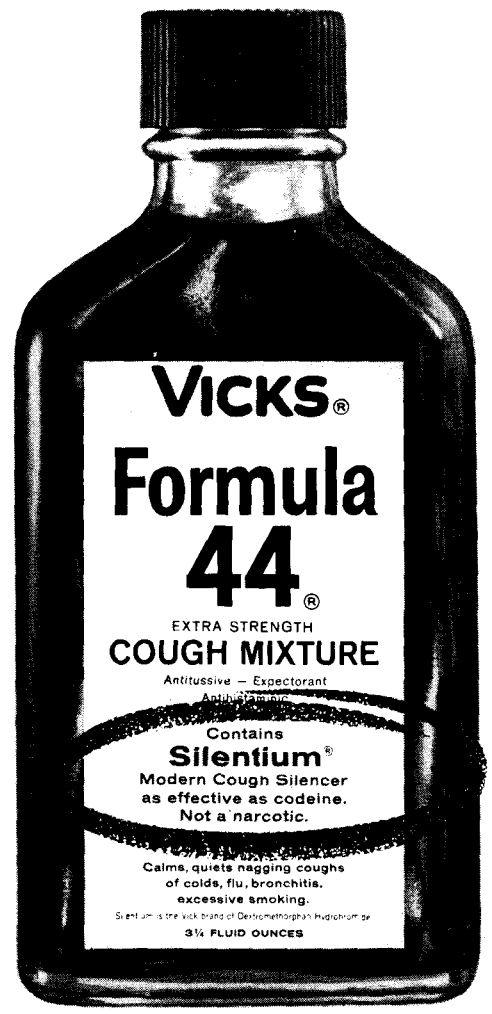
He said, "There will be no bootlegs. You will not run. You will stay in the pocket. You will hand off or pass, not run."

Now was Danny Muldoon's time to shine. He slipped into the huddle. The announcer called through the loudspeakers, "Muldoon now at quarterback for the Cougars."

As ordered, he called 23, a quick opener through the right side. He had wanted to pass. So bad he could taste it, he had wanted to throw the long bomb, if for no other reason than that the Cougars never threw the long bomb on first down unless a game was already hopelessly lost. The whole world knew that the Cougars would run on first down. Run against the Lions' first-string defense? Danny's lineup now included five rookies or second-string veterans. Run? Cochrane, the one real running back on this ball club, was out of there, his place taken by the short-yardage veteran who had held the running-back spot for the past six years. They would lay for the No. 2 back, and Karras and Roger Brown and Schmidt would chew him up.

But Danny had his orders, and he called the dive play. The runner piled into a rapidly closing hole and made two yards, which was one more than Danny had anticipated. He stood off from the huddle to pretend to decide his next call. He already knew the next call in the sequence. Or did he? What had been Hankins's final decision? Had he rescinded the counter? Had the coach accepted the rookie quarterback's resistance, or had he overridden it? Muldoon couldn't remember. There before the watchers in the tiered, soaring stands, with the television cameras on him, with the Commissioner in the owner's box, with Boxer Brown on the sidelines watching, with his team waiting for him in the huddle he suddenly froze.

Should he call time out while he collected himself? Should he fake an injury to get through the next two minutes? He stepped into the huddle. He watched himself do it from a million



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miles away. He called a screen to the No. 3 back, the fullback. His uncertainty showed. This was intolerable. The team would be affected.

They were. The will to succeed, the expectation of success was missing by just that margin, and the play foundered. The fullback was still looking forward, joining up with his wave of blockers, when Danny's lob over the attacking linemen went by him.

Danny picked himself up. The defensive end had thrown him hard, and the shock was therapeutic. In football you sometimes needed your brains scrambled before you could think.

A busted play. It was the fullback's mistake. His timing was off. But principally it was Danny Muldoon's mistake. He'd lost confidence. For the first time in eight-plus years of innumerable scrimmages, he had lost confidence in himself going into a huddle. And why? Simply because he had forgotten what it was the coach wanted him to call.

Never again. He made the vow. Never again. He was the quarterback, and if he called his own plays, the worst they could do to him was cut him from the squad.

He went briskly into the huddle and said strongly, "That busted play was last play. Now we get the third-down yardage. We need eight yards. Let's get ten. Slot right. Green left. 9 sideline on *one*." The Lions would expect a comeback from the Cougars. They weren't going to get it.

The hands clapped, the huddle broke. Danny shouted, "Set!" and his linemen took the three-point stance. He sensed the Lion left linebacker leaning outboard. Would he red-dog from outside? It didn't have that feel. It had the feel of a double-team on the flanker. They were expecting the comeback, yes. The Lion left linebacker would drop off and cover short while the left cornerback covered from behind. They had a surprise coming.

One second had passed.

But the surprise would be incomplete. The sideline was not that dissimilar to the comeback. In the Cougar patterns, both calls sent the flanker toward the sideline. If the linebacker could keep up with the receiver, he'd be a real threat to intercept. The solution now was routine. Danny should check off, go to an audible, change the play call at the line of scrimmage.

Another second had passed.

There'd be no audible. He was convinced automatics didn't work. They just alerted the smart defenders that the original play would have gone into the defense strength, and that now the opposite play was about to come. No check-offs for Danny Muldoon. But why not a fake check-off?

"83! Red! 49! Green! *One! One!*"

The ball slapped into his waiting hands. He turned and ran back seven yards. The Lion front four came tearing to get at him, clawing and struggling against the determined Cougar guards and tackles. These were the best rushers, the Lions, strong and fast and single-minded, with a compulsion to get at the quarterback and throw him down and jar him loose from the football. Danny stifled the first violent urge to run out of there.

He whirled to pick up his flanker, ten yards beyond the line of scrimmage and streaking for the sideline. Covered. The deception had been there, but the defensive reaction had been excellent. Covered. Get free. Get free.

A quarterback had three seconds to get rid of the ball. The three seconds were gone. There was the wild melee of struggling arms and legs collapsing in on Danny. With the eyes in the back of his head, he could see Karras reaching for him. He stepped forward quickly to escape that first lunge. Then he didn't wait any longer. He set out running to his left. He held his throwing hand high and shouted instructions to his receivers as though he would still throw before he reached the line of scrimmage. But by now he had no intention of throwing. He could see at least eight yards and a first down ahead of him.

He ran for fourteen, angling away toward the sideline to get around the safety, to beat him to the corner. He didn't quite make it. The right line-

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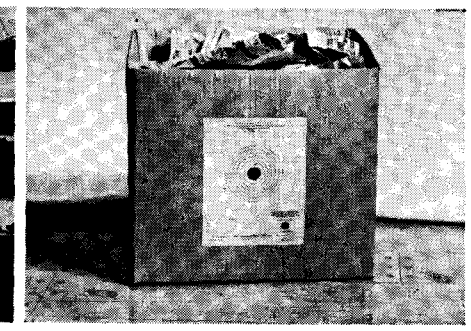

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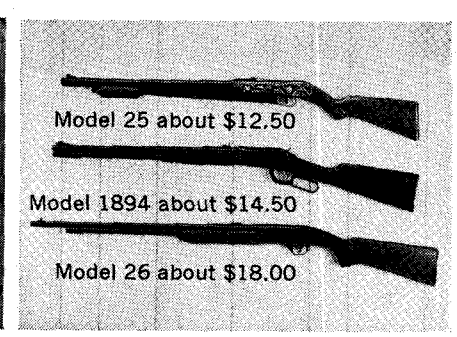

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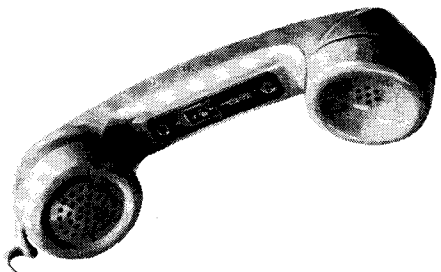

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backer, lying on the ground where the split end had knocked him, snaked out one arm and slowed the runner. Then the safety cut him off, threw a good block into him thigh high, and knocked him out of bounds. Danny went rolling into the Lions' bench and was warded off by big hands.

Fourteen yards. First down. It was good, quick reaction to a busted pass, a good, heady run. This was the real Danny Muldoon. Like Cedars Fern, he was dancing, he was dancing, and he was confident he had a touchdown drive underway.

But the drive bogged down immediately. He threw on first down, a hitch-and-go to Kelly, his split end. It should have gone for a touchdown, because it did catch the Lion secondary flatfooted. But Danny overthrew ever so slightly, and the ball skipped off the fingers of the flying receiver.

On second down he called a fullback draw. It was a good call, except that it was diagnosed and smothered by Joe Schmidt, the middle linebacker who smelled plays coming. Third down and eleven.

Now it was buttonhook-and-go, when the Lions had every reason to expect a simple buttonhook in the Cougars' routine. But Danny's primary target, the tight end, was held up at the line of scrimmage by the linebacker, shoving at him legally in the time before the quarterback released the ball. So this play was busted right off the bat, and Danny ran without hesitation. He nearly made it. He didn't make it. He was one yard short of first down.

Fourth down and one on the Lions' forty-four-yard line. The field-goal kicking team came running on the field. Danny trotted off reluctantly.

The field-goal attempt fell short. The Lion safety ran it back upfield through sprawling tacklers. He nearly broke free. A last-ditch effort nailed him on the Cougar forty. The Cougars had come up with a net loss of sixteen yards on a field-goal try. Whoo-eeeee!

Danny stood beside his coach on the sideline, waiting for comment that didn't come. He felt he had performed creditably. In two running plays, he had covered twenty-three yards. That was hard to beat. That was the kind of thing the Cougar offense needed. The unexpected. A quarterback who was a constant threat, who'd run if the defense gambled all on covering his receivers, and who might run anyway just to run. That's what you needed to go along with a Cochrane. You needed a Danny Muldoon.

But as it was, the Lions had the football, and they moved on down the field and scored seven points, and very quickly the precious quarter of Danny's opportunity had sped by, and he had completed three of six passes, run for a total of fifty-three yards, and in general had conducted himself—in his own mind, at least—with competence and with imagination unusual on this team. He was much pleased with himself as he watched Deacon Flowers run the fourth quarter.

Five out of ten passes for Deke. You had to hand it to him, he was cool under that intense Lion pressure, and he did throw well. But the one time he was forced to run, he ran like a splay-footed, spastic old woman and was brought down for a three-yard loss. And despite the return of the Cougar first team, Deke couldn't score any more points than Danny Muldoon had scored, zero. The Lions narrowed the score to 20–17, and then on the subsequent kickoff, Boxer Brown went in, and on the second play in the second series, Cochrane put the game out of reach with a dazzling touchdown run, forty-two yards off tackle with only three minutes to go in the ball game. A counter! Danny Muldoon smiled ruefully to himself. Red Hankins, beside him, said not a word. But Carl Holmquist, on the other side, said so quietly only Danny heard, "That's why we have counters." So Hankins had already told him. Well, so what? Danny was in a good mood, satisfied with himself.

The experienced travelers, the veterans, brought beer for sustenance on the bus ride back to the airport. In the DC-6, the airline provided more beer with huge sandwiches. Beer nourished the winning mood.

Cochrane, the rookie runner, sat up forward with the Beasts. Mainly he just listened to them. But he was accepted, that was clear. He was more than just a first-stringer in this, his first year. He was the big hope. Every Cougar veteran who passed his seat rubbed his hair, or touched his shoulder, or brushed his arm, just to make contact. Danny Muldoon watched with envy, because a quarterback never got this kind of acceptance, because quarterbacks were aloof, they were respected but remote, like Boxer Brown sitting almost silent with his roommate, the fullback, remote the way Danny Muldoon was remote, even with Cedars Fern beside him. Whoo-eeeee.

Some wives waited at the airport to take their husbands home. Pretty girls. Athletes married pretty girls. The buses took the depleted ranks back to Foxwood and put them off in that lonely place at midnight. Bone-tired. Even Foxwood looked good. This had been a very good day for the Cougars, long and good. There was no reason to anticipate the disaster ahead.

Three steaks suited Gorgo just fine. His tray piled high, he made his way from the cafeteria self-service line to the long table reserved by the Beasts in Foxwood's mess hall. The vaulted, high-windowed room looked more like a chapel than a dining hall. Setting his tray down, Gorgo whispered loudly, "Hey, Cat, this place ever bug you? You ever get the feeling you're sitting down in a pew?"

The Cat said, "Not a pew, Gorgo. A hog trough." At the top of his voice, he shouted, "Soooeeey! Soooeeeeyyy! Here, soooeey! Sooey, sooey, sooeeeeey!"

The mess hall exploded. Even Red Hankins was seen to smile for just one fleeting moment.

Carl Holmquist said, "Red, the morale is just great in this camp.."

Danny Muldoon was feeling his oats. At a rookie table near the door, he said to Deacon Flowers, "Reckon you and me ought to shake this league up, Deke."

"I'm in favor. What you got in mind, Danny?"

"This National Football League's got the world by the throat. We do put on the show people like."

"We do, indeed."

"But I'll tell you what we don't do."

"I've been waiting to hear that."

"We don't do anything different. Nobody ever gets surprised, on account of every team plays just the same. If you changed uniforms right in the middle of the game, nobody in the stands would ever know the difference, Same look, same plays, same offense, same defense. So the games get won on something besides imagination. They get won on execution. That's not good, for the long run."

Deacon Flowers smiled his pleasant smile and drawled out, "We got to do something about it, you're right, Danny. Soon's we take over the Q.B.-ing of this club."

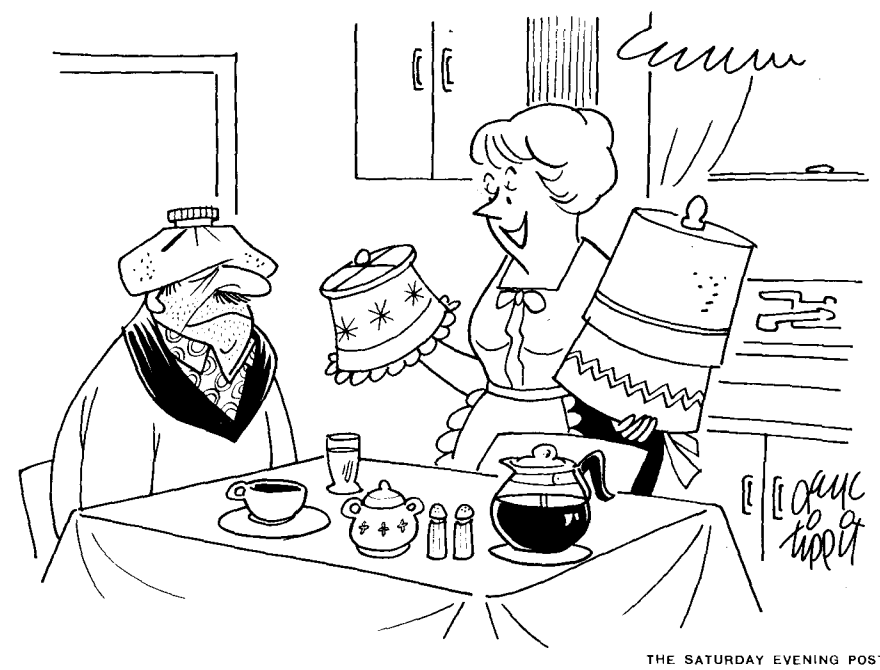
Neither of them saw Boxer Brown as he came up close behind them, waiting for his friend the fullback.

Danny said, "I think there's a city ordinance around here, you can't pass on first down. I don't know if this will surprise you, but we went through four preseason games with nobody but one throwing even one pass on first down."

"That would be you?"

"Hate to say it, Deke, but it sure wasn't you, and it sure wasn't Boxer. That man's got the all-time record now for most hand-offs for two yards over guard on first down."

Boxer Brown said coldly, "Muldoon,



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Care to try on a few more this morning, sir . . .
or do you prefer the little number you're wearing?"

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if it was worth it, I'd knock you on your butt. You're going to hear about this."

Danny swallowed again and again, but he couldn't get his thumping heart down out of his throat. He watched the Boxer swagger away in his rolling sailor gait and wanted to follow and tell him it was all a joke, but he couldn't move. Besides, it wasn't a joke. It was the truth, and Danny was hanged for it.

But nothing at all was said in the evening quarterback meeting. Boxer Brown ignored Danny, but this was routine. When would the ax fall?

The Horse stuck his head in Danny's room, just at curfew, and said, "You're elected rookie." He held out a ten-dollar bill. "Put your pants on and take that pretty Sting Ray of yours and get us ten hamburgers and ten malts. The Beasts got to be fed."

Danny didn't protest. He knew that other rookies had made the clandestine journey to the drive-in, and no one had yet been caught. But when he returned just before midnight, he was confronted by Red Hankins.

The head coach said, "That will cost you fifty dollars, Muldoon. And be in my office at nine. I'll want to talk to you about your attitude."

Danny opened his mouth to protest. But Hankins had said all he intended to say, and moved on. Danny delivered the chow and went back to his room to brood.

The Fox came by the door and looked in.

"I got something to ask you, Fox."

The Fox wouldn't sit. "Ask."

"Red Hankins' attitudes."

"Now, you just happened to hit on the one thing in all the world I don't know, and that is what Red Hankins thinks about anything. Danny Boy, it's midnight. Why don't you don't pussyfoot and come out and ask what you want to know?"

"I opened my big mouth a couple of times since I been here."

"So now you're worried? Too late to worry. But you got a point. When you say things about play calling, that gets on the personal side. If I was to make up a saying, I might say discretion in a rookie is the better part of valor. There is one more cut coming up. I wouldn't say you got the reputation as a smart-off rookie, but that would be a bad thing to get, wouldn't you say? Does that answer your question?"

"Red just caught me coming back in camp. He's fining me fifty bucks. That's OK. I mean, I don't like to lose it, but it's not that much out of my four hundred thousand. The main thing is, if he's carrying a grudge anyhow, maybe this curfew thing makes the difference between being cut and staying on the squad. He says come to his office in the morning."

The Fox said, "Well, if I read the question, my opinion is Red Hankins would approve if you told him you were told by the veterans to get the chow. I'd say you might save your skin. On the other hand, wouldn't be much point saving it if nobody talked to you from here on out."

Danny heaved a sigh. "Did you ever look back and think of a few dozen times you almost did something, and you got stopped just in the nick of time?"

The old Fox just nodded. "That all? Been some help?"

"I know I'm imposing. You got one more minute, Fox? Sit down, will you?"

"I'll stand. It's later than when I first got here."

"About making this ball club. I mean, you come in this camp and never really get a chance to talk to anybody about that."

"For a forthright young Q.B., you sure do pussyfoot. What you want to know is, do I think you're going to make this ball club? Danny, straight out, you could maybe someday be one of the best. You're an athlete. Everybody knows that the first time they see you move. But Q.B.—you might just never get a chance to show it. You're not going to beat out Boxer Brown. Maybe you'd beat out Deke, maybe not. But that other man—face it, Williams has got six years sitting on the bench, and he knows more than you will know until you been here six years."

Danny said sharply, "So why did they draft me and Deke, if they weren't going to give us a shot at it?"

"The knee. Didn't you know about the Boxer's knee? He had the thing, the ligaments. They cut him open off-season. So they didn't know if it was going to come around. But Boxer's just fine."

"Well, why hang onto us this long?"

"You'd have to ask Red about that. Maybe he's got some other use in mind for you. Maybe a flanker. Anyhow, you've had my light of it. See you anon, rookie."

"Anon" turned out to be only an

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hour and a half later, two o'clock in the morning, when the corridor and the rookie rooms were dark and quiet. The Cat and the Fox, dressed like Draculas in costumes borrowed without permission from the Foxwood Mummers' wardrobe, their faces green and sickly in the light of the candles they held under their chins, stood over the rookie Q.B.'s bunk and called hollowly, "Dann-yyy!"

Danny opened his eyes wide. He sat bolt upright, his heart pounding wildly. It must be a nightmare. Then Danny lay back weakly. He didn't say anything. He couldn't, without betraying his shaken state. He would be a long time getting back to sleep.

The unholy pair walked across the hall and stood over Fern's bunk, calling out like two old hound dogs, "Cedars of Lebann-noonnn!" Fern came flying out of the bunk. He was in the corridor before he was awake. He came back in sheepishly, limping a little because he'd struck his ankle on the doorjamb going out.

The Cat said, "I'll take five dollars, Fox."

The Fox said, "Well, I'm not sure it proves colored boys are more superstitious than white boys. I think maybe it just proves that colored boys can jump higher in the first place."

But he paid the five dollars, and the morale in the Cougar camp was as high as it ever had been. Except that Red Hankins decided he would clamp down. And except that Carl Holmquist, the offensive backfield coach, and Boxer Brown, the great quarterback, decided that the smart-off rookie should be squelched. Black Tuesday in the Cougar camp had begun.

Cedars Fern got out of bed Tuesday morning hopping on his good leg. When he still hobbled crossing the lawn to breakfast, Danny Muldoon was concerned for him. But not for long. Danny had his own problems.

At nine o'clock he reported to the office of the head coach. With his usual abruptness, Hankins said, "Your fine will be effective when and if you make it to the regular season and begin drawing salary. Unless you have something to say, last night is a closed incident."

Danny Muldoon had nothing to say.

"Next subject. Our play calling, our game tactics—you think they could be improved."

The rookie still said nothing.

"You've made it plain, starting with the first quarterback meeting. I'd be interested in anything else you have to say on the subject." When there was no response, Hankins said, "I'll assume you've decided you approve of our strategy after all. Carl ran a check on last season's counters and audibles. The average gain was four yards."

Danny said, "My figures were correct for the games I charted. I can't argue with Carl's figures."

"That's good enough. Next time you have some doubts about the coaching or quarterbacking, I suggest you express them in this office. Quarterback meeting ten o'clock, as usual."

So it was humiliating, but not nearly as bad as it might have been. And it was confusing. No specific mention of the conversation Boxer had overheard in the mess hall? Hadn't the Boxer told him yet? This surely wouldn't be passed off lightly. This must be still to come.

Danny smiled grimly. Outside the walls of Foxwood there was a world where the people had a thousand different things on their minds each day. Inside Foxwood, the people had one thing in mind, fight to survive to fight again. Just get by the next cut.

Well, this was what he'd wanted. One more week to survive. It would be absolutely foolish to ruin with his big mouth all the good things he'd accomplished with his arms and legs.

That afternoon, the largest crowd since the first days of camp came out, three hundred strong, to get proprietary about the winning streak. "Tuesday, when I was at Cougar practice, I talked to . . ."

The Beasts could not resist an audience this size. Before the whistle blew for calisthenics, the Horse, Gorgo, and the Fox lined up in a tight T with the Cat at Q.B. The Cat shouted, "83! 74! 21! 69! 18!" His voice broke on some of the calls. "94. Red! Green! Purple! One! Two! Three! Hike!"

He took an imaginary snapback from an imaginary center, and in perfect rhythm, perfect slow motion, turned to hand off to Gorgo, the left halfback. Gorgo went dashing in smooth slow motion behind slow-motion blockers, took a tumble when he was tripped by the defending slow-motion Skunk, and rolled slowly over and over.

The Cat shouted in a Red Hankins voice, "Run it back. Let's get a look at it."

Now the big fellows reversed the sequence. Gorgo rolled in slow motion back the way he had come, back on his feet prancing backward, his mates dropping off their imaginary blocks, until the ball came again to the Cat, who whirled slowly to deposit it again into the hands of the imaginary center.

Hankins blew his whistle. The usual calisthenics in groups. The Cat led the linebackers and defensive linemen. Holmquist led the offensive linemen. The Fox and Boxer Brown worked out in front of their respective groups. Jumping jacks. Touch your toes, by the numbers. Swing your arms, let's get with it. A routine practice session. The backs drove at the big bag, blocking viciously with their folded arms, their feet churning. The linemen shoved at the heavy sled. The defensive backs took their turns prancing through the rope net. Cedars Fern fell heavily.

He sat on the grass beside the net, his legs straight out in front of him. Sweat beaded his brown face, but he smiled his bright smile. He said to Hankins, "I had sort of a bang on the ankle, and I favored it some, and I tripped. Other leg is the one that got it."

The team doctor felt gently at the bare leg and knee below the blue shorts. He looked up at Hankins and said, "Could be a ligament. We'll just have to see."

The smile stayed on Fern's bright face. His voice barely betrayed his overwhelming dismay. "Couldn't get a knee just tripping like that, could you? I never been hurt bad in my life."

The doctor said, "You could. But we'll see. Don't get alarmed yet."

A trainer drove the rookie cornerback away in the club station wagon. There had been seven defensive backs in camp, just the right number to take care of those four crucial positions. Now there were six left, and in twenty minutes there would be five.

The routine practice continued. The endless run-through of plays, the endless advice from the coaches, the running, running, shouting, with the sweat pouring down.

The Skunk, the veteran right cornerback who had sat out the Lion exhibition with a Charley horse, was under instructions to take it easy, just to play around some in the sun to bring the leg gradually up to ready for the season opener two weeks away. When Kelly, the fast split end, faked him out of his shoes, he turned in pursuit and four steps later crumpled to the ground. The doctor talked to him, then said to Red Hankins, "The hamstring again. He'd better lay off for a long time this time, or he'll be out for the season. You'd better cover yourself."

Hankins asked, "With what? I've got one cornerback left to cover two positions."

The doctor said, "And he's as old as Methuselah."

Tuesday night's casualties were of an entirely different sort. The Beasts took Cochrane out on the town for Rookie Night. They introduced him to Cardinal Puff, the drinking game. The penalty for failure to repeat a complicated sequence of motions was chug-a-lug. The more chug-a-lugs, the more misses, the more chug-a-lugs. Cochrane didn't last long. He was a nondrinker. By the sixth beer, he was hopelessly confounded. After the tenth, he had thrown up and was dead to the world in the rear seat of the car.

The rookies of the National Football League had been subjected to Cardinal Puff for two dozen years, so the Beasts were not unduly concerned when they were caught red-handed lugging their 230-pound burden up to rookie row of the dormitory. But Red Hankins said, "I have made it a point not to interfere. I happen to think that hazing rookies is kid stuff, and I'm sure most of the ballplayers would agree with me, at least privately. That's your affair. But this thing here is the sort of thing that the league can't tolerate. It will cost each of you one hundred dollars, including Cochrane."

The Cat said, "Red, you got to be kidding."

Red Hankins said, "I don't kid."

First thing in the morning, the Cat said to Carl Holmquist, "He's got to be kidding. If he fines us for Rookie Night, he's got troubles."

Holmquist went to the head coach. "Red," he said, "the veterans aren't having any."

Hankins asked coldly, "Is that some kind of a threat they're making?"

Coach Hankins was a determined man. He had no intention of backing down, particularly not now. The players could take him or leave him on his businesslike basis, and if it ever came to the time when they would refuse to put out on the field, he would trade them off.

Holmquist passed this intelligence back to the Cat. He also had a long talk with Boxer Brown.

Dissension—there was a beautiful word. The sports reporters who had so often run up against the hard-shelled Red Hankins leaped at the rumors of discord in the Cougar camp, nourished them, embellished them and printed them. The ballplayers read these stories and were impressed. Dissension, was that what it was, this charged, lurking, looming feeling in camp?

On Wednesday, somebody filled the Fox's trouser pockets with foot powder. He wasn't sure the Cat had done it, but just for luck he filled the Cat's football shoes with foamy shaving cream. In a pinochle game after evening meeting, the joshing moved toward hard words.

To show that he wasn't permanently angry, the Fox stole into the school's pigeon house at midnight, captured a white dove and threw it, wings flapping frantically, at the face of the sleeping Cat. The Cat lost some of his lives. He came out of bed violent. He called the Fox something he would later regret calling him. The Fox swung. He landed a grazing blow. Three big linemen burst into the room and separated the pair before the Cat could get at the Fox and maim him. Two men who had been friends for six years were suddenly enemies. Dissension—a good word.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'll *tell* you why it's OK for me to make cracks about religion—because I'm a deeply religious person, that's why."

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Hankins was worried. He decided not to call in the Cat to discuss team morale, but he could and did speak briefly to Holmquist. Holmquist said, "Leave it to me, Red." Holmquist thought about the situation all that day, but nothing was done by him or anyone else to ease the tension in Foxwood.

On Friday, Cedars Fern was placed on the injured reserve list because surgery could not be avoided. The kid who had never been hurt bad was suddenly out for the season. Now two defensive backs were out of commission, Fern and the Skunk. Next the team lost Kowalski, the veteran free safety, to a freak. With the airport bus waiting, Kowalski ran skidding and sliding down the waxed corridor of the dormitory and tried to make a last-minute stop at the door. He ran his head smack into the projecting arm mechanism of the door closer, and the blood burst out. The bus waited while the team doctor examined him, and then stitched him, and then put him in his bunk with sedation.

The bus was delayed again by a broken fan belt, and the plane was an hour late getting off the ground. To the Horse it was now clear that the Cougars' run of bad luck would culminate in complete disaster. This football team would be wiped off the face of the earth in an air crash. The Horse was surprised when the jet made it, smoothly, all the way to the airport at Washington. He said, "I don't know what you came to D.C. for, Cat, but I came to call on my congressman and get this football team declared a national disaster area." Nobody laughed.

Saturday's final preseason game was dress rehearsal for both teams. The Redskins started Sonny Jurgensen and their first team. The Cougars started Boxer Brown and their first team. But on defense the Cougars threw in a backfield which the press called a patchwork secondary. The Fox, at left cornerback, was the only regular in position. There were only four defensive backs in one piece on the squad.

The Cougars received. They marched steadily downfield on three successive short-yardage first downs. Suddenly Boxer Brown came trotting to the sideline shouting, "Shoulder-pad lacing!"

This was the kind of equipment failure for which the pros never wasted one of their three valuable time-outs. The equipment managers were as skilled, efficient and dedicated as Indianapolis Speedway pit crews. In one minute they could redrill and rivet new chin-strap fittings. In one minute they could replace a shoulder pad. The Boxer would be out of action for just one play.

Red Hankins turned to send in another quarterback. Williams, the second-string veteran, reached for his helmet. But Danny Muldoon and his clipboard were closest. Hankins said, "Danny, run a 49 near G-O. Just keep the ball until Boxer gets back."

Danny raced into the huddle, pulling on his helmet. There'd be a delay-of-game penalty if he didn't get the play off in what remained of the allotted thirty seconds. He called the play briskly. He set the team on the scrimmage line. Then he spotted the opportunity. The defensive left halfback was playing the flanker too loose. He switched signals at the line of scrimmage, called a post to the flanker. He shouted the huts. He dropped back, held his pocket well, and threw to the speeding flanker. Suddenly the flanker tripped over his own feet, fell flat, and watched in dismay as the ball sped into the hands of the safety. Interception. Danny Muldoon, with orders to run, had passed and had lost the ball.

He trotted off the field with the offensive team past the oncoming defensive men. The head coach said, "I ordered 49 near G-O."

The rookie quarterback said, "I switched when I saw the opening. It was a better play."

Hankins said nothing further.

But when Danny came down the line, Boxer Brown said, "You follow instructions, rookie, you hear me? You lost my ball."

The frustration came welling, all the lousy deals on a football team where everything went wrong, no matter how hard you tried. Danny Muldoon was tired of being a rookie. The hell with it. He said, "Drop dead, Brown."

Boxer didn't bother to answer. The great man walked carelessly up to the head coach and said, "Red, Muldoon's through."

Hankins, intent on the field, asked, "What's that supposed to mean?"

There followed a brief, violent argument between the head coach and the star quarterback, soft enough that no one else could hear, expressive enough that the team knew of it.

Holmquist moved into it. He said out of the corner of his mouth, "Knock it off. We're on a football field."

Boxer Brown said, "Muldoon doesn't

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play another minute of football for this team until I say so."

Hankins turned and said quietly, "If I bench you, you won't be calling anything."

The Boxer said, just as softly, "You go right ahead, if you think you're man enough. But you better understand, I was running this offense long before you came to town, and I might just be running it after you leave." The great man walked away from the head coach.

Holmquist reached a decision. He slid along the sideline until he reached the rookie quarterback. "I understand you opened your big mouth to Boxer."

Danny said, "Carl, don't push me. I've had it up to here."

"Just take it easy. You've lipped off enough for one day. Now you listen to me. Which would you rather be, a lippy rookie, or a ballplayer? Boxer is in charge of the offense. You may not like it, but that's the way it is. Now, if you ever want to play ball on this team, you go make your peace with him. Grow up, kid. Don't blow your chances by being a hothead."

Danny didn't reply. He watched the football game. Third down and long yardage—the Redskins would be held if the Cougars could stop this third-down pass. Here it came. Jurgensen faded. The Cougar Big Four came at him. His own Gargantuas protected him. The receivers ran, coasted, ran, twisted, ran downfield with the defensive backs desperately mimicking their moves. There was the flash of the quarterback's arm, the spiral of the ball, the leap of the deep receiver, stretched out, fingers spread, reaching for the high throw, the defenders draped on him, the ball going on fifteen yards further and falling to the ground. This was the *game*. The *game*.

He walked purposefully to the great man. He said, "Boxer, I lipped off." He turned and walked back down the line of sideline. Was it enough? How stubborn was the Boxer? How much did he detest the smart-aleck rookie? Well, it had to be enough. If it was not enough, there was nothing more to come from the West By God Virginian.

The Redskins punted. The Cougars had the ball on their eighteen. Danny flexed and unflexed his hands. He wanted to be out there. He wished he were Boxer Brown. Was there any chance Hankins would send him in? With all the things he'd done wrong, said wrong, thought wrong? Not a chance.

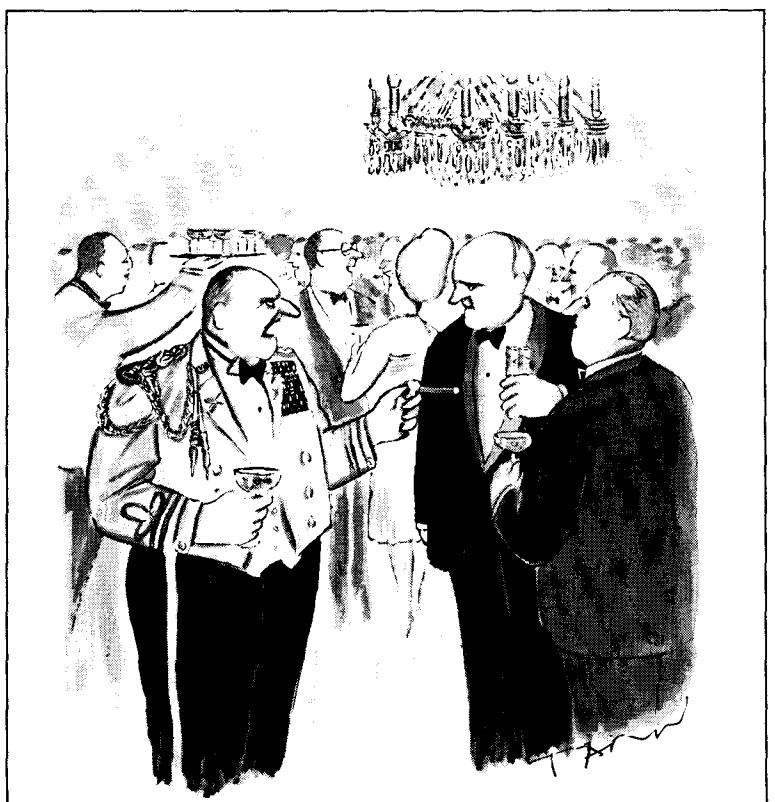
Boxer Brown was not going back in the game! Boxer stood on the sideline, looking off at the scoreboard, calling the bluff of Red Hankins.

Danny gripped his helmet. Let Boxer cut his throat. Danny breathed softly and waited for the call. Hankins came down the line, his face calm. He said softly to Danny as he walked by, "We don't need you at quarterback." He walked two steps further and said, "Get in there, Deke," and the Rebel from Wake Forest ran on the field in his ungainly way.

So there it was. It could only mean he was cut from the squad there in the middle of the game when the coach couldn't even take time to cushion or explain.

On the way back, Hankins said, "We need you at cornerback. The Horse is giving out. I'll tell you when. You want to play?"

America, America



"The trouble with you civilians is that you're prejudiced against war!"

Danny said, "Yes, sir. I want to play."

Cornerback. The first huddle, it was strange going into a huddle where someone else called the signals. The middle linebacker said, "4, 3, single." He looked across the huddle at Danny Muldoon. "Got any idea what that means, Q.B.?"

Danny grinned.

"If you got any doubts, Danny, tackle anybody in reach and trip anybody going out for a pass."

They took him rather much for granted—that was the impression. How could they do that? He was Danny Muldoon, a quarterback—how could they take him so breezily as a defense man? Well, he was the fastest, most agile man left on the bench. It was as simple as that.

Washington's ninth play from scrimmage in the second half. Third down, seven. Danny knew in his bones they would come at him. He read Jurgensen's mind. Hit the greenest rookie again; he'd been lucky so far. The Cougar safety knew it, too. He edged over to help Muldoon. You double-teamed Bobby Mitchell, the great Redskin flanker, whenever you could. The ball snapped. Jurgensen faded back and turned and looked for Mitchell. The two fast Cougar rookies had the flanker sandwiched. The play should have been busted. But the charging Gorgo missed Jurgensen. The quarterback ducked under and had another chance to throw.

Mitchell made the most of it. For just one moment, the Cougar backs relaxed, thinking the play busted, and Mitchell shot away from them. The ball came floating through the air. He'd take it over his shoulder and go on in, sixty yards for a touchdown.

He didn't catch the ball. Danny hit him desperately, flying headlong, before the ball got to him, and Mitchell was flat on the ground as the pass sailed by. Four officials threw their handkerchiefs for the flagrant foul. Mitchell accepted the hand-up from Danny Muldoon. He said nothing to the defender. It was part of the game, pass interference when a touchdown was sure.

Danny came into the huddle wondering. Would they censure him? Would the Fox be caustic? The Cat said, "Way to go, Danny. Saved six points."

The second down, second series of the fourth quarter. Same formation, same spread, same double-team on Mitchell. But this time Washington flooded the zone with the tight end and the running halfback, and suddenly Danny was man-to-man on the swift flanker. Mitchell faked with his head and shoulders, shifted into high gear on a corner, and left the rookie in the dust. He took the pass and went on in unmolested, while the home stands exploded. It was the end of the world for Danny Muldoon. It was a ten-mile walk from the end zone where he'd flown in futile pursuit, back up the sidelines to the Cougar bench. They'd have to take him out now and put in somebody else, anybody. Anybody. He heard the defensive backfield coach ask Hankins, "What do you want to do?"

Hankins asked in return, "Put Gorgo back there? We go with Muldoon. Talk to him some more about Mitchell."

Best of all, the final sequence. The Cougars kicked a forty-yard field goal and led 27–24 with four minutes to go. The Redskins had all the time in the world to come back and win. When the Cougars kicked off, the Washington receiver took it six yards deep in the end zone, stepped tentatively forward, then found discretion and touched his knee to the ground for the touchback.

Eighty yards for Jurgensen to drive his team. Sideline passes were in order. The Cougars would go into a prevent defense, giving up short yardage to protect against the long bomb. Danny's mind whirled. If I'm Sonny Jurgensen, what? I send Rick Casares up the middle, that's what. That's what's wrong with the prevent defense. With only one play to go and eighty yards to cover, it's fine. But with four minutes to go, it's just one more stupid thing they do just because somebody else did it once. You prevent one eighty-yard bomb, and they run four twenty-yarders on you before you know what hit you. That's what Jurgensen will do, run Casares on first down.

He was right, dead right, and he was ready. Casares took the fullback delay hand-off and charged up the middle past the beautifully trapped tackles. There was no linebacker left to meet him, because the linebackers had fallen off on the prevent.

But Danny Muldoon came flashing in from the angle and leveled the big runner. The Cat came piling in belatedly to make the tackle secure. They untangled. The Cat said, "Hey, stupid, cornerback is over there, not over here." He grinned.

The defense huddled and moved out into position. The offense broke from their own huddle. Danny swung his arms loosely. Now? A quarterback playing cornerback had advantages. Now it had to be a pass. But it took no special insight to know that. Everybody in the stadium knew this would be a pass. Who did you hit? The new rookie, the one who is so easy to beat. But you don't hit him long, because he's been burned on that one, and he'll do anything to save against the fly. So you hit Mitchell with a sideliner. Let him gain fifteen and step out of bounds.

Danny watched only Mitchell. The snap came. Jurgensen faded. Pass, yes. Mitchell burst downfield. He looked as though he would post. For one frantic moment, Danny was sure he figured wrong. Mitchell had him beat if he went for a post fly. Safety, pick him up!

But it was the feint. Mitchell twisted and cut at right angles for the sideline. The pass was thrown accurately. But Danny Muldoon, the new cornerback who didn't know enough to play position, was playing the play. He ran for the line of flight, interposed himself, leaped high, took the ball with his fingertips, brought it down to his stomach, set sail for the goal line fifty-five yards away and scored untouched. It was ridiculously simple. He tossed the ball to the referee. His defense team swarmed around him as he ran off the field to the bench.

The Fox said, "Danny Boy, my black book, I was going to give it to Cedars of Lebanon, before he wrenched himself. Might just give it to you."

"What black book is that, Fox?"

"Moves of all the pass receivers in this league." He tapped his temple. "You think the Fox made all-pro on his legs?"

The head coach held four short meetings with individual members of the Cougars on Monday morning. In the first, he said to Boxer Brown, "I ran movies last night, all night. First, you've

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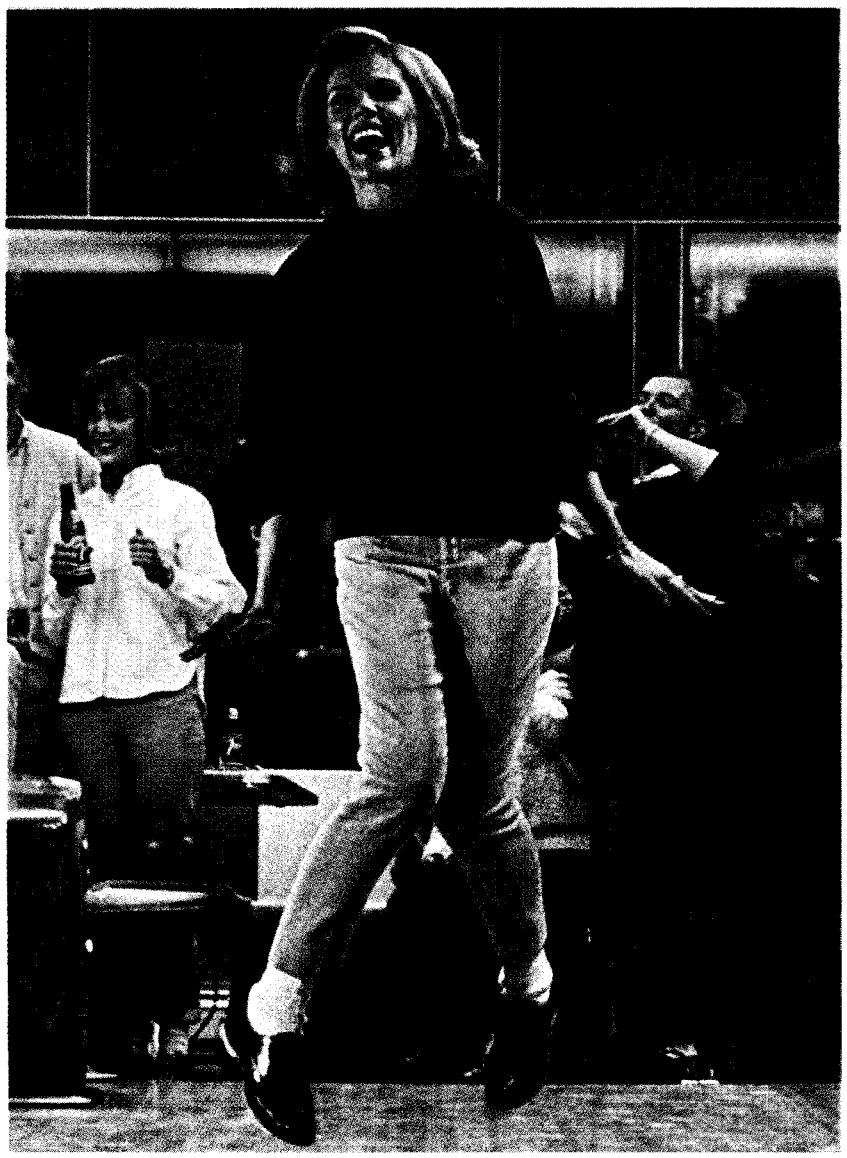

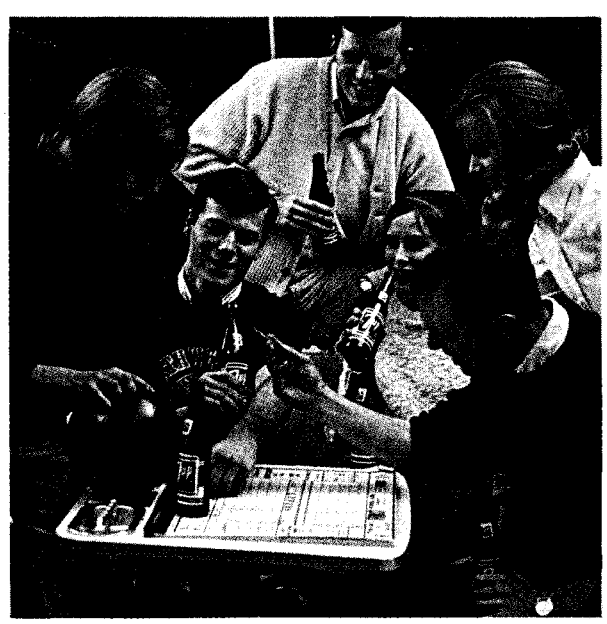

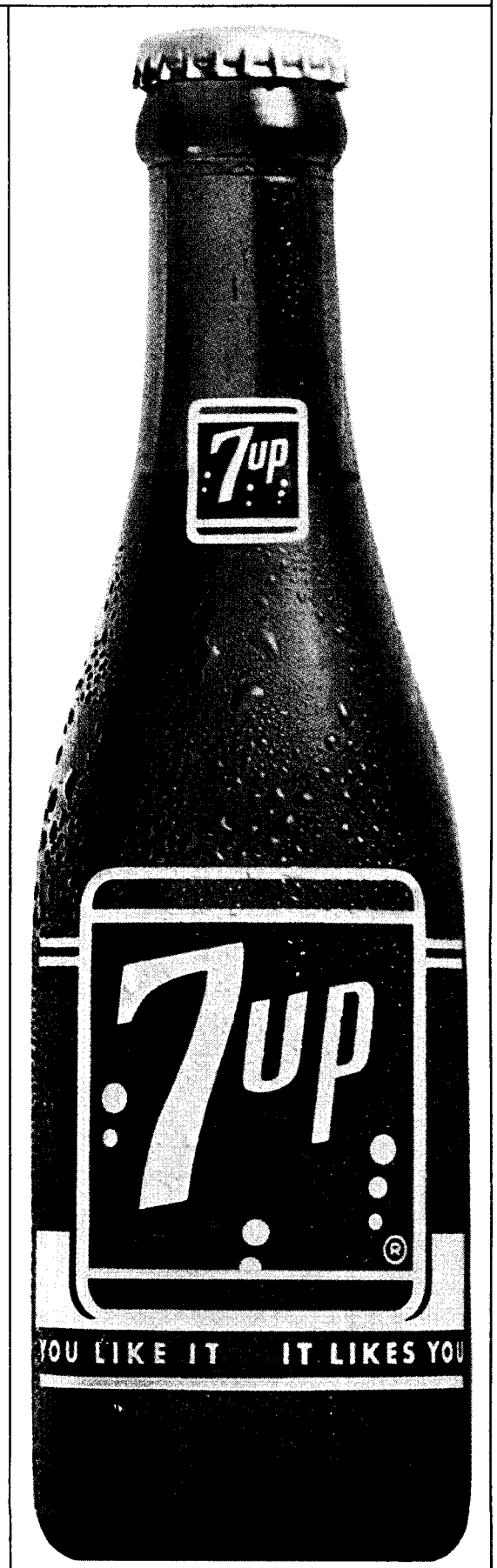

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developed bad habits. You tip your plays in the huddle. When you call a run, you take less than three seconds, but it takes you five seconds or more to call a pass. Also, your stance is different when you're going to drop back to pass or draw. You've got your weight on your heels. When it's a hand-off, you've got your weight on the balls of your feet. So much for that."

There was no particular expression on the Boxer's pug face. He lit his second cigar of the young day.

Hankins said, "Next, you have to go. You've left me no out."

Boxer said, "Red, don't be too sure who goes. You can bet I'll take it to the owners."

"I met with the owners. You're welcome to verify their decision. I want you to play out this season. We would lose any chance we had for the championship if we traded you now. An armed truce. We treat each other like pros. During the off-season, I'll trade you for another quarterback and whatever else I can get for you. In the meantime, I run this ball club and I am the boss, and I give every reasonable deference to you. Is that a deal?"

"If not?"

"We trade you now for what we can get."

Boxer Brown blew smoke at the ceiling. He waited for Hankins to say more. Hankins had nothing more to say. The Boxer said, "Red, I'll talk to the owners. If they back you, I'm not so dumb I'll fight city hall. Just be sure you do trade me when the time comes. Don't ask me whether or not I'll put out this year."

Hankins said, "That thought never occurred to me."

"For what it's worth, Red, Muldoon could be a good quarterback. You may be wasting him at defense. I've decided he's lippy and overconfident, like I was when I broke in, and I'll beat his brains out, but I've got no quarrel with him. I thought you ought to know that."

Hankins nodded.

Danny expected to be admitted when the Boxer left. Obviously the head coach and the star quarterback had jointly decided his fate, and now the ax would fall. But instead Carl Holmquist arrived and was admitted. Holmquist sprawled in the chair before the wooden desk. "What's up, Red?"

Hankins said, "I have to fire you. I've got no choice."

Holmquist patted the arms of the chair. He licked his lips. After a moment, he said, "I'm not sure I deserve it. I'm not sure I don't."

"Do you want explanation? Or do you know?"

"You think I've undercut you. I suppose I have."

Red Hankins said, "I don't know what you're talking about, and I'd just as soon not. I ran movies last night. Muldoon was right about the counters and the check-offs."

"That surprises me. You can see I didn't check. I just assumed. I didn't mean to lie about the results, if that's what you were wondering. I just didn't check." In another moment, he asked, "It has to be this way?"

"Yes."

"Red, is there any chance we can make it graceful?"

"We can. I've talked to management. You'll continue to operate normally as long as you can carry it off under the circumstances. In the meantime, you have official authorization to make contacts for a new job. You'll get one. You're highly respected."

Holmquist rose, looked out the window, turned back to the door. He said, "Well, outside of that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you like the play?"

"Backfield meeting at ten. You'll be there?"

"Yes, I'll be there. Red, when I collect my thoughts, I may say thanks for handling it this way."

Then it was the Cat who was admitted before Danny. The Cat was wary and hostile. But he was also hopeful that Hankins would put an end to the stupid feud.

Hankins said, "You've got a statement of policy. I recognize that morale is a great part of winning. I also think the Cougar morale is stronger than you might have thought, yourselves. This talk about dissension didn't affect the team attitude on the field. My statement is this. The horseplay, that kind of morale, if you want to not grow up, that's up to you, and that's your bailiwick. I may disagree with you about hazing rookies. Kid stuff. But if you don't think so, that's up to you, and you call those shots. That's all."

The Cat asked, "Red, are you going to rescind the fines?"

"Of course not."

"Holmquist thought you were."

"Holmquist was mistaken."

The Cat rose and said, "I'll think about it."

The door was open when Hankins said, "While you're thinking about it, you might think about maybe I'll enforce my first idea on this subject and ban hazing. Any way you want it. . . . In here, Danny." He motioned at the leather chair.

Danny Muldoon said, "This chair is hot and sticky." If he was going out, he would go head up, with good humor.

Red Hankins nearly smiled. Danny waited. The coach said, "Now you. What was it I wanted to tell you? We've made some major decisions. They were made necessary by injuries. We need defensive backs."

"Yes, sir."

"We've made the final squad cuts. Blanton, Wilfred and Camp."

Danny wasn't cut? They cut two linemen and a linebacker? He was slated for defense? Fine. That was just fine. He just wanted to play football. He said, "Cornerback is fine with me."

The head coach said, "Sorry I can't accommodate you. We've got defensive backs coming into camp on trades."

So he was traded. The disappointment was sharp.

Hankins said, "Twenty minutes ago we traded Williams for a top-flight defensive back and a draft choice. Then we traded Flowers for a rookie defensive back and a draft choice. We traded the two draft choices for an over-the-hill cornerback who can tide us over. So we've got three defensive backs coming to camp."

"I'm the backup quarterback, Red?"

"You are."

He never thought he'd hear himself say it, but he did: "I'm not ready."

"We know that."

"As long as you know it, it's all right with me. Good, I'll play Q.B. Does Boxer approve?"

"He does. Danny, I don't give personal advice. I will say sometimes people aren't what they look like. The Boxer doesn't have it in for you any more than he does any other rookie. You're not going to be the Boxer's friend, not now, not ever. He'll say some things this season you won't like. If you can't take the Boxer, you don't belong up here in the first place. I think you're still too quick to run, and maybe I'm too slow to want you to run, so you work on being slower to run, and I'll work on not changing your style all that much. You might like to know, you made this team yesterday when you threw the pass because it was the right play." Coach Red Hankins did grin, widely. It left as fast as it came. "Play your own kind of football. That is, if you ever get in a game in the next three or four years. At the end of that time you should be ready to take over this team, unless somebody better comes along in the meantime. Quarterback meeting at ten."

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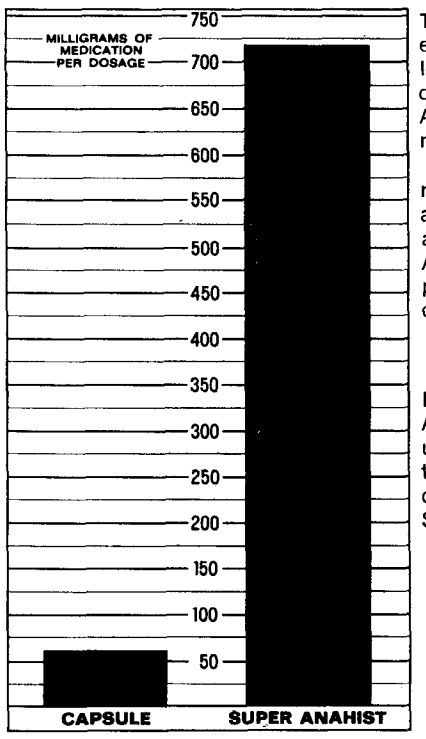

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Danny Muldoon found the garter snake in the grass of Foxwood while he loaded his Sting Ray. He stashed the snake in his glove compartment until he could think of something worthwhile to do with it.

Sunday. Sunday in an N.F.L. town. The season was here. The weeks of training camp were done, and the players were dispersed into homes and apartments in the city and its suburbs. Sunday noon, the forty survivors entered the dressing room at the big stadium.

The Cat pulled on his football pants. He began to lace them. He stopped lacing them. There was a sudden look of consternation on his wide, wicked face. Then there was real terror. He shouted unintelligibly. Frantically he pulled his pants down. He shouted again. There in the pants, taped by its middle, wriggled the garter snake, twisting and turning against the flesh of the huge leg. Twice more the Cat shouted before he could get the pants off. He threw them away from himself. He sat down, shuddering, on the wooden stool before his locker stall.

He said, "I'll kill you. I'll kill you all."

The Horse retrieved the pants and pulled the snake out for inspection. "Hey, Danny, you got copperheads this big in your hillbilly state?"

Danny said, "It's a fer-de-lance. Most poisonous snake in the world. Sure hope he didn't bite you, Cat."

The Cat said more calmly, "I'll kill you. Who did it?—that's all I want to know." He pulled his pants on again. A smile was breaking through. "Sure got me good."

Carl Holmquist shouted pleasantly at the room, "Let's go. We haven't got all day. Let's go."

The forty men ran through the baseball dugout and up on the field to scattered applause from the filling stands. Routine. The punters practiced punting. The place-kicker warmed up from thirty yards, went on to forty and fifty. The backs and ends ran out for passes. The passes were thrown by Boxer Brown and Danny Muldoon, alternating. Routine.

Danny watched the old man carefully, as he had always watched him carefully. The Boxer didn't skip back from the center, light on his feet, the way Danny did. When the Boxer threw it wasn't gracefully, the way Danny threw. But always he threw on target. He led always just the right amount, so that the receiver didn't have to break stride. A winner, that was Boxer Brown. An old pro. Nearly as good as Johnny Unitas.

A Viking halfback came running after an exceptionally long punt. He realized he'd gotten himself mixed up in the Cougar team. Running full tilt, he avoided contact with Cochrane, but in the process banged into Boxer Brown's throwing arm. The Boxer winced and gripped his elbow. But then he took his turn throwing.

The players trotted off the field for the final moments in the dressing room. The Boxer informed the team physician of the bump on his elbow. The doctor insisted on having a look. The trainers gathered around.

The doctor said to Hankins, "Red, we better give him protection. Fiber glass and sponge rubber."

Hankins asked, "How long will it take?"

The head trainer said, "Five minutes; got to make it so he can move."

Hankins said calmly to Danny Muldoon, "We're receiving. You'll run the first series until Boxer can get in."

That was all. Matter-of-fact. Danny Muldoon was opening the season at quarterback for the Cougars of the National Football League. Nothing to it.

The line judge came to give his time warning. The ballplayers filed out for the second time. Danny waited for the Cat. He said, "Cat, you won't believe it, but I can tell you who put the snake in your pants."

"Who? I'll kill him."

"Red Hankins. I mean, he had somebody do it for him."

"You're right, I don't believe it. Let's go, Danny." Then he said, "Hankins? Son of a gun."

The big end trotted along looking like an Olympic walker at the end of the race. Danny Muldoon pranced alongside him, his arms out, his hands dangling. They broke again into the light of the sun in the big stadium. Now the crowd filled the stands. There was electricity, as there always was on opening day, as there always was at any football game.

Wonderful.

For his first play, he would call 8 post, the fly, the bomb. His first play, a go-for-broke call. He might just complete it. □

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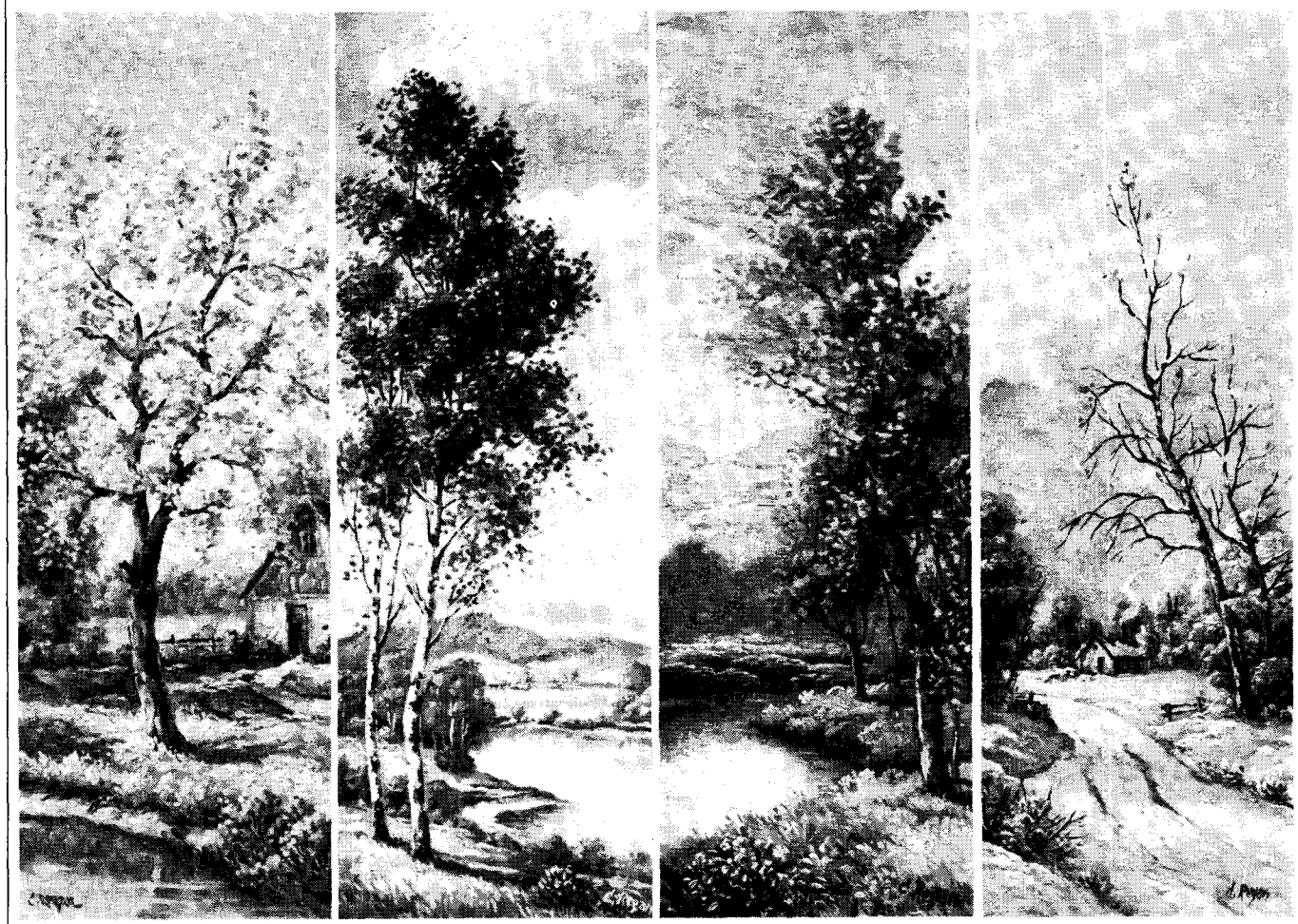

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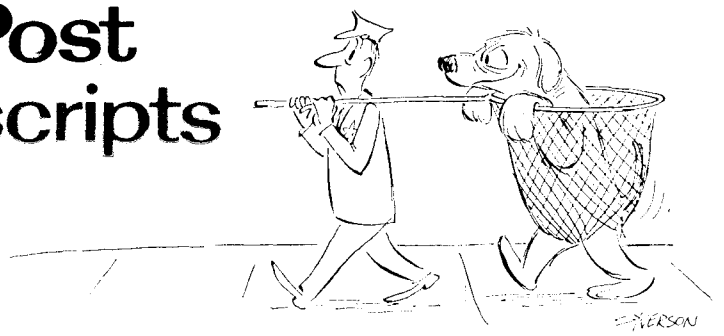
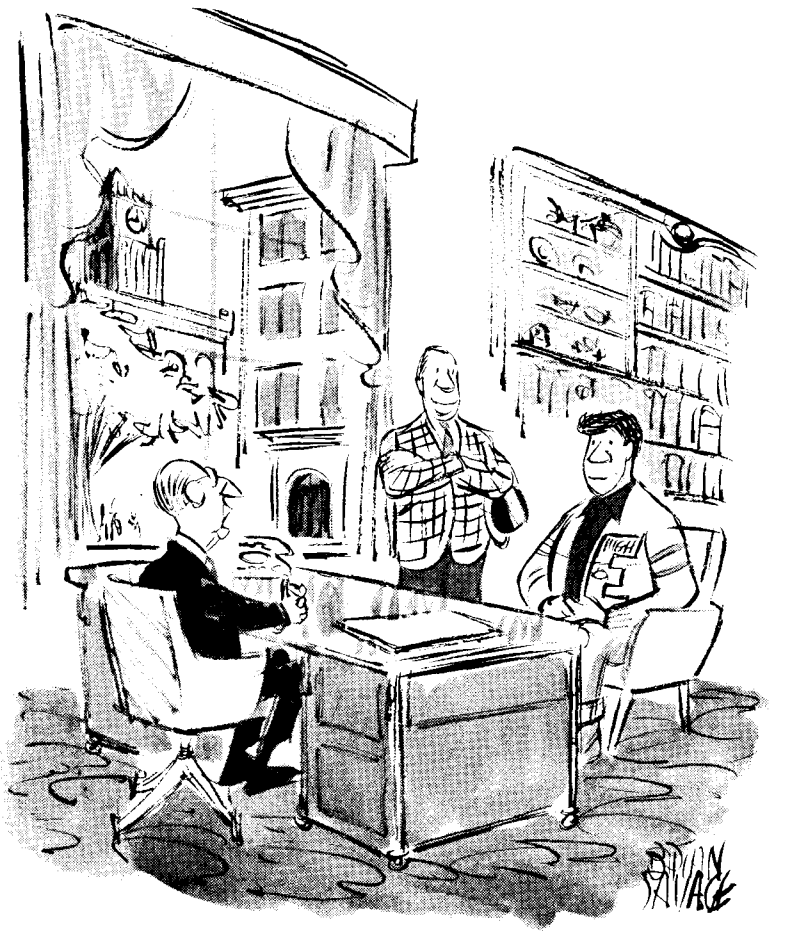
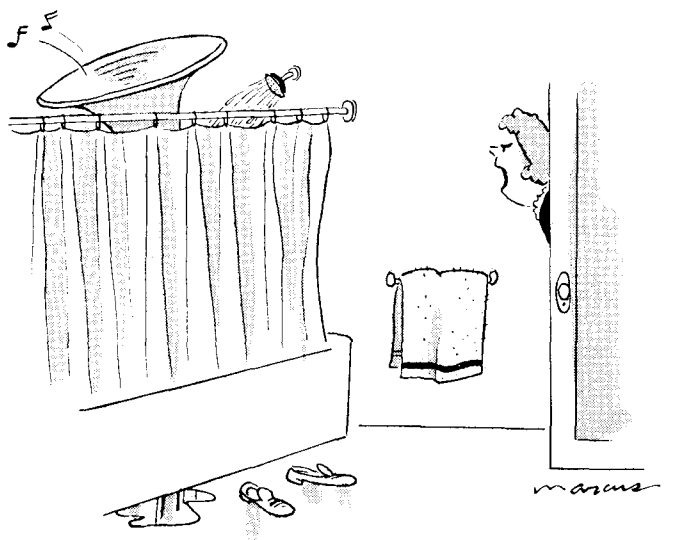


"Pardon me, but are you John C. Smith or John E. Smith?"

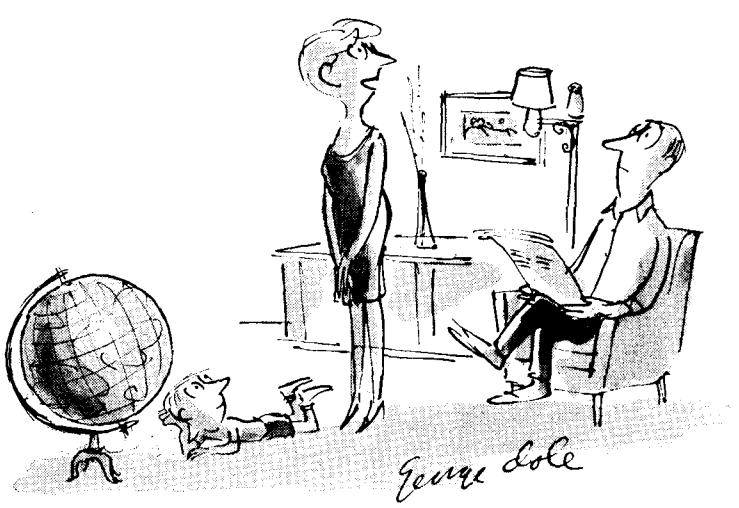


"Conference rules limit your scholarship to free books, tuition and laundry. The laundry grosses about $800 a week."



"Why can't you just sing like other men?"

"Did you have a good day at the hospital, dear?"



"Just why don't we fall off, Wendell?"

"I guess we're both pretty lousy shots. Shall we try again?"

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The saga of a nine-year search for a fortune,
in which a secretary vanishes,
a bolt of lightning unearths a sealed trunk,
and a Chicago vibraharpist
lays siege to the Bank of England

"In all, we have more than a billion dollars in the bank," John Perring said. "But we wouldn't take it all out at once. We wouldn't have to—the interest alone comes to fifty million dollars a year."

It was late afternoon and, sitting in his small house on Chicago's North Side, John Perring was talking about his dream. For almost nine years he has talked and thought about little else. His two teen-aged daughters, Holly and Penny, have grown up listening to their father arguing and clamoring about the massive inheritance which he says is his, but which remains just beyond his grasp. A portly, genial man of 58, with florid face and silvery hair, John Perring has fashioned his dream from actual substance, and he is so sure of its validity that he has spent almost nine years documenting

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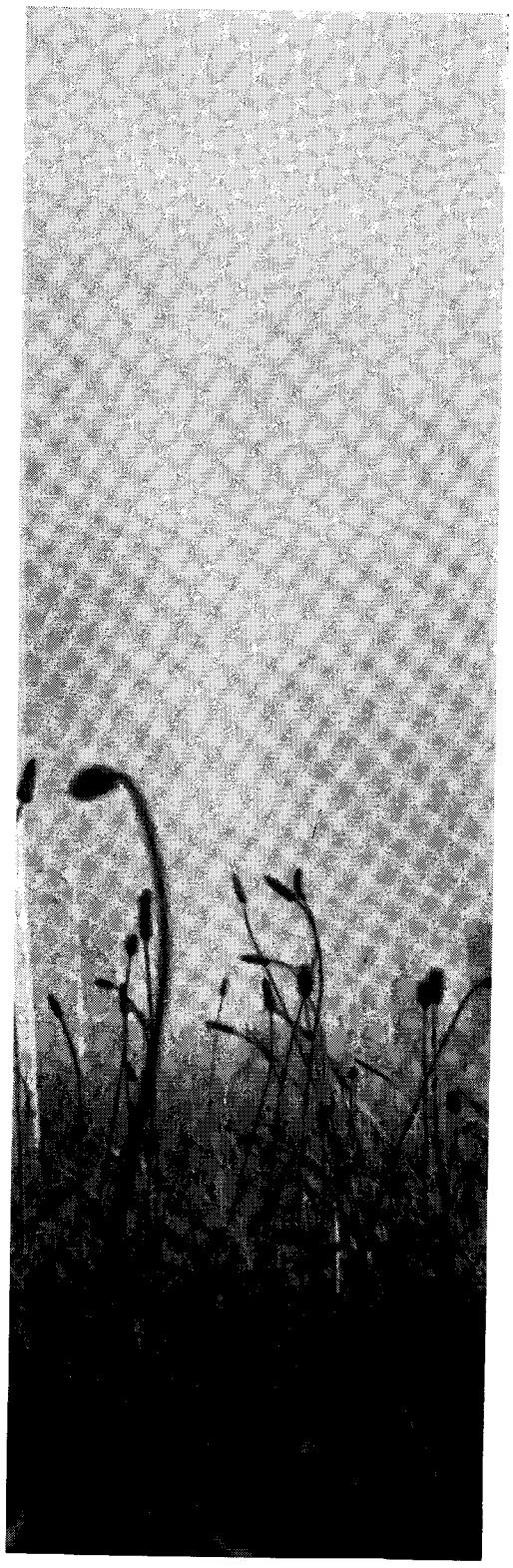

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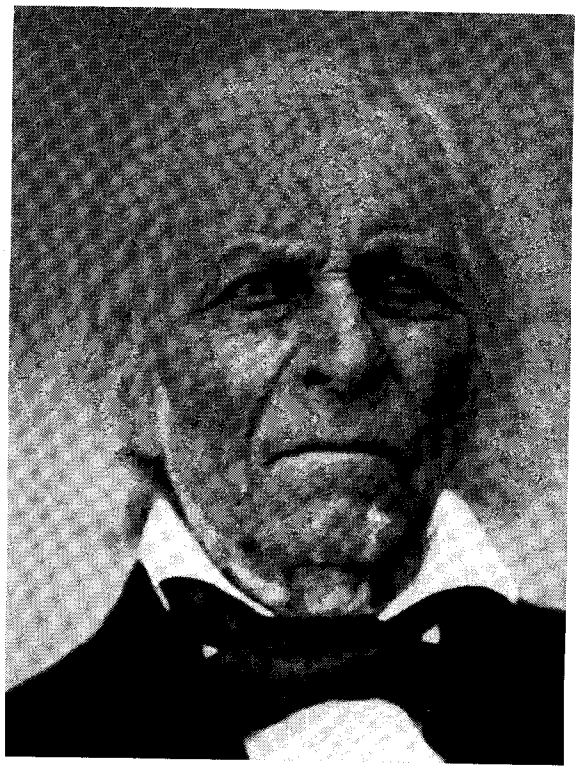

By Robert K. Massie

Photographs by I. C. Rapoport

Like a grown version of Charles Dickens' Pip, John Perring stands in the foggy graveyard (left) where his great expectations were born. His grandparents' graves in this Michigan cemetery led Perring (above, right) to trace his ancestry to wealthy Frederick Perring (below, right).

it. He can speak precisely about the nature and location of his wealth. Trust numbers, property descriptions, terms of bequest and family genealogies tumble from his lips. Drawers and briefcases in his home are stuffed with photocopies of wills, land titles and certificates of birth and death. One bank has accepted his legitimacy as an heir, and has offered him $1,200 in long-unclaimed funds. But Perring scorns them, dreaming of the day when, along with J. Paul Getty, Nubar Gulbenkian, ex-King Saud, and the Sheik of Kuwait, John Perring will rank as a billionaire.

For the moment, however, Perring and his wife Joan live modestly. For 22 years he worked as a musician at radio stations in New York, Providence and Chicago; he gave up this life when his search began. He has written songs, *Dance, Kitty, Dance* and *The Duranty Stomp*, but none has been published. He lives today on what he can earn as a free-lance drummer and vibraharpist playing with local bands. His narrow, two-family house is neat and plain. His living room is furnished with plastic chairs with steel legs, and a likeness of Jesus sits on top of the TV set.

John Perring spends most of his days in this room, smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee, sorting documents, rapping on his typewriter and, whenever he gets a chance, telling his extraordinary tale. When he talks, his voice grows hoarse with excitement, but he rarely loses his good humor. His wife Joan, a short, plump, intense woman, sometimes boils over at the people she thinks are denying

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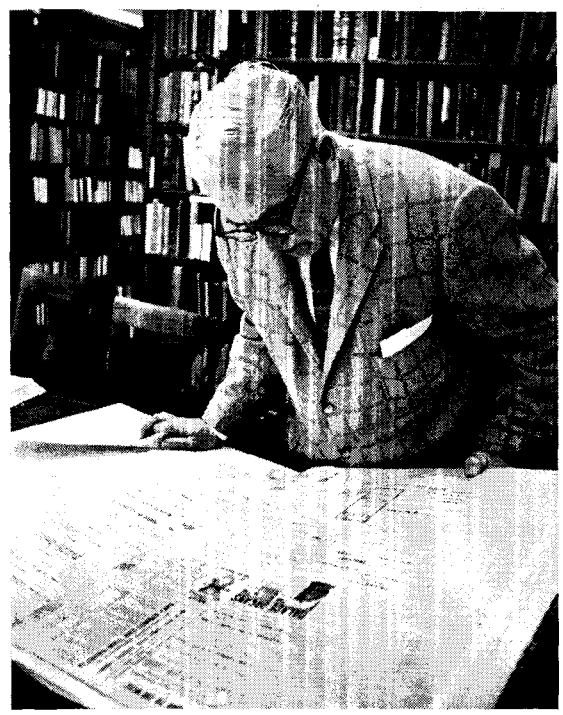
her husband a shining mountain of gold, but she is as determined as her husband. "It was God who gave us this task to perform," she says. "Sometimes we were discouraged, and we'd start arguing between ourselves. Then the Lord would come down with that irresistible force and push us on. One door would close and another would open."

"They have offered me this $1,200 to buy me off," John Perring says. "I'm not that kind of chump. If necessary, I'll keep fighting to the end of my life. After that, my wife and daughters will carry on the fight."

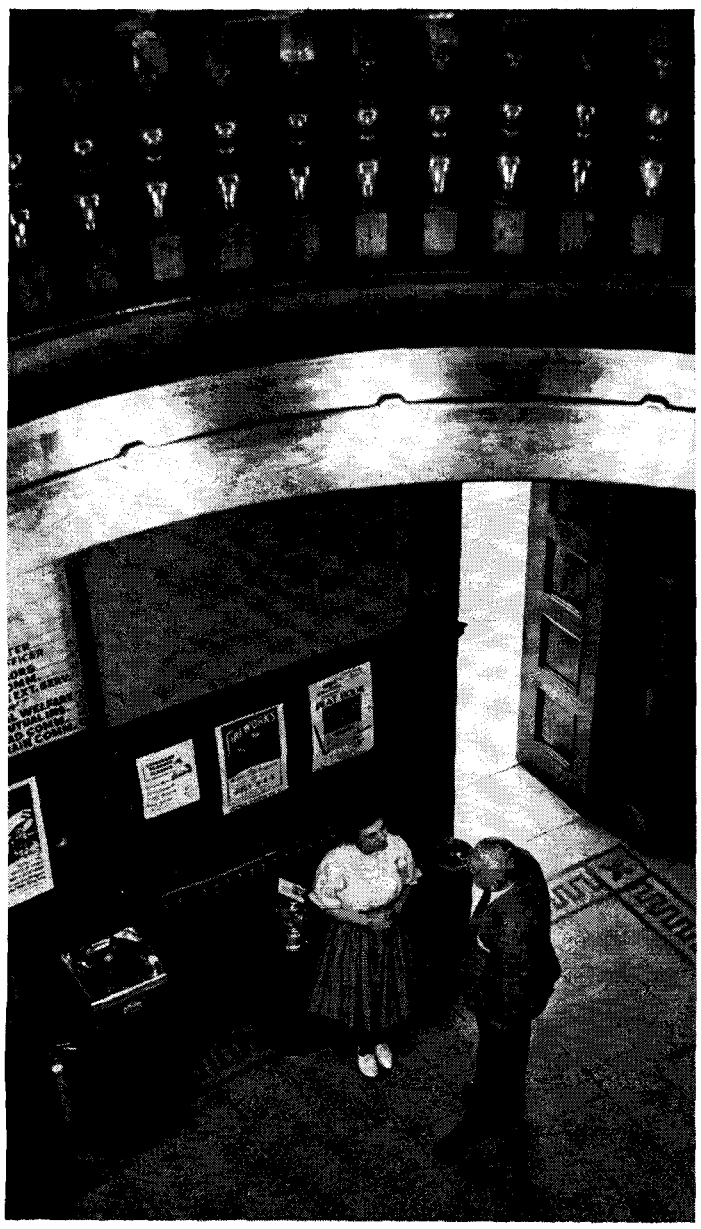
It all began, John Perring says, with a letter from a bank. It was March, 1957, and Perring, in addition to playing on a Chicago radio station, was working nights in supper clubs. The letter came from the London office of the Bank of Montreal, Canada, and it declared that, in order to liquidate a small, unclaimed balance of cash and securities, the bank was "in search of the heirs of Frederick Perring, deceased . . . last heard from in 1880." Subsequently Perring learned that the account amounted to about $1,200.

John Perring was certain that he was the heir. Like most Americans, he had only the dimmest ideas of his family genealogy, but he did know that his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather all had been named Frederick Perring. His father, a Chicago policeman, had been killed in the line of duty in 1909 when his son was two years old. John Perring knew only that his father had been born in the 1860's in Berrien County, Mich.

Perring reasoned that his grandfather was the Frederick Perring "last heard from in 1880," and that he must have left some marks on that part of the world. Accordingly, he drove to the Berrien County courthouse in St. Joseph, Mich., and asked for his grandfather's death certificate. A clerk looked for an hour and said that no Frederick Perring was listed.



Perring studies old newspapers in the Hillsdale library, where he spent days hunting his grandfather's obituary.



In the foyer of the Hillsdale County courthouse, Perring discusses records with a sympathetic clerk, Doris Pish.

Having failed to find his grandfather's name, Perring decided to find his grandfather. Every Sunday, through the spring and summer months of 1957, the Perrings drove to Michigan, endlessly crisscrossing Berrien County, searching dozens of graveyards. Then, one Sunday, in an old cemetery outside Eau Claire, Mich., little Holly Perring spotted a blurred, four-foot-high headstone. Weeds had almost hidden it, and years of rain and snow had eroded the inscription cut into white marble, but the name looked like "Perring." Breathless with excitement, Holly carefully traced the fading numbers and letters with a red crayon. When she finished, it clearly read: FREDERICK PERRING. DIED FEBRUARY 10, 1881. AGED 57 YEARS, 10 MONTHS, 20 DAYS.

Jubilant, Perring took photographs of the headstone and returned in triumph to the Berrien County courthouse. Looking under that date, embarrassed clerks quickly located Frederick Perring's death certificate. Perring then persuaded a clerk named Mrs. Lucille Pultz to do additional research for him, and Mrs. Pultz found evidence of quitclaim and warranty deeds for, in her words, "a whole slew of land that belonged to Fred Perring. He owned most of what is now the town of New Troy, Michigan." Surprisingly, she could find no record that the land had ever been sold. John Perring began to wonder whether the land might still be his.

As further support for their claim, the Perrings needed evidence of grandfather Frederick Perring's birth, which courthouse documents indicated might have taken place in or near Hillsdale, Mich., southwest of Detroit. Perring drove to Hillsdale and there, behind a desk in the office of the county clerk, he found his second ally, a shy spinster named Doris June Pish. Miss Pish set to work looking for the birth certificate of the grandfather and also, to establish his identity, the death certificate of great-grandfather Frederick Perring. (At this point, to keep his ancestors straight, John Perring began referring to his great-grandfather as Frederick I, his grandfather as Frederick II, and his father as Frederick III.)

While Miss Pish searched the records, Perring himself again started prowling through graveyards, looking around Hillsdale for Frederick I's grave. As dusk was falling one winter day, Perring, discouraged, climbed into his car and started to leave an old cemetery. His car slipped in the snow and skidded against an aged tombstone. In the glare of his headlights, Perring read the name ABIGAIL PERRING. Alongside he found the grave of Abigail's husband, Frederick I.

Frederick I eventually proved to be a man of even greater means than Frederick II had appeared. He was born into a Tory family in Connecticut in 1779, and fled with his parents to Canada when George Washington's rebels won the Revolutionary War. By 1816 he was back in Ohio, and throughout the 1830's he was cutting timber and receiving land grants from the U.S. Government in southern Michigan. He became a prominent citizen of Hillsdale, founded a bank in nearby Camden, and died in 1848. John Perring wrote to the U.S. Department of the Interior and got copies of the original land grants made out to Frederick I and signed by "Martin Van Buren, President of the United States." According to the grants, Frederick I had owned at least 2,842 acres of land in Hillsdale County. Unfortunately, there are people on this land today, and when John Perring arrived on their porches, bearing photocopies of the grants and asking to see evidence of their right of possession, they were not at all hospitable. One woman threatened to call the sheriff. Straub's Abstract Office, in Hillsdale, refused to make a title search for him. "It seemed best just to discourage him," William H. Straub says. "All the people around here have good titles."

Undeterred, Perring began to speculate that Frederick I's large land holdings might have something to do with the money that Frederick II had left in the Bank of Montreal. He wrote to the bank, asking for information. In October, 1958, the bank wrote back that "Unfortunately, a large proportion of our old records were destroyed by enemy action during the [Second World] war," and it was therefore unable to answer questions about the land. The London office of the Bank of Montreal had indeed been bombed, but Perring thought that this reply sounded suspicious.

His suspicions were tremendously strengthened by an episode that he says occurred one day when he was paying a visit to the bank's Chicago office. Perring was sitting in the reception room, alone except for a young dark-haired secretary at the reception desk.

"Are you Mr. Perring?" she asked.

Perring said he was.

"Cross your fingers, Mr. Perring," she said. "Someone is looking for a clear title to a piece of land. You are a millionaire several times over."

Perring didn't ask what she meant because, he says, "I assumed that when I asked the bank officials, they would tell me. Before I found out that they wouldn't, the girl was gone."

He has never seen this mysterious secretary again. "I wanted to find her, but the bank never would tell me her name," he says, and others who have asked for the dark-haired girl have encountered the same difficulties. The Bank of Montreal admits that a girl fitting Perring's description was working there at the time of his visit, but, rather astonishingly, it says it has no payroll or social-security records of this former employee, nor any record of her name. Another secretary thinks that the girl's maiden name was Escabedo, and that her present married name is Pucilo or Pucillo. None of the Escabedos, the Pucilos or the Pucillos in Chicago has ever heard of her.

John Perring's waning confidence in the Bank of Montreal vanished completely after the matter of the oil.

In 1956, oil was discovered in parts of southern Michigan. Oil companies scrambled to put thousands of acres under lease, and the Marathon Oil Company got half a million acres in this fashion, including lands once granted to Frederick I. In 1962 the Perrings took photocopies of Frederick I's land grants to the regional office of the Marathon Oil Company in Terre Haute, Ind. They were received by a Marathon official named Leonard Spelbring. According to Perring, Spelbring took one look at their grants, picked up a phone and canceled the company's leases on that land.

Spelbring has a different recollection. "I remember them coming in and pinpointing an area on the map," he says. "We had our people check out the titles on that land, and decided that John Perring's claim to this land was invalid. We did cancel the leases, though. The area turned out to be very undesirable from the point of view of oil."

To John Perring, the refusals to help, the lost records, and the missing girl all began to form a sinister pattern. As he has worked it out in his own

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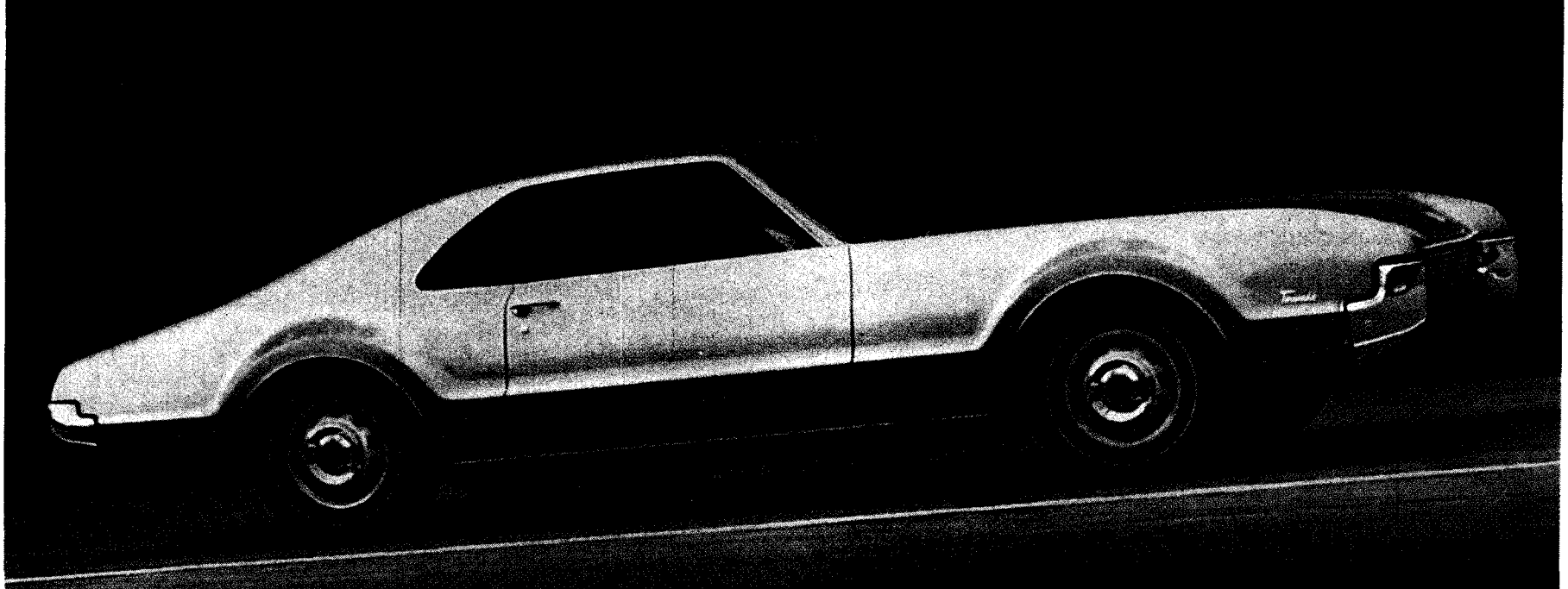

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mind, the oil company, in moving to put the land under lease, found that many of the titles were deficient and that the only solid titles were those in the name of Frederick Perring. He believes that he was traced through the Bank of Montreal, in which he thinks his grandfather and great-grandfather both had invested money. The original letter to him and the subsequent offer of $1,200 he considers an attempt to buy him out for next to nothing. He thinks Miss Escabedo/Mrs. Pucilo/Pucillo knew all this, and that she had been trying to tell him before she disappeared.

At this point, while searching the tax records of Frederick I in the Hillsdale County Courthouse, Perring made a startling discovery. A marginal notation said that in 1851, three years after Frederick I had died, the taxes on his 2,782 acres had been "Pd. by Perring Trust. Chk. No. 43. Late chge 19c. Entered late from England. Fred Perring. Trust No. ---" (There followed a three-digit number. John Perring has asked that it not be revealed lest "false heirs" use it to try to establish claims.) To Perring and his lawyers, this notation indicated that Frederick I had left some kind of trust in England. The Perring trust had been born in Perring's mind, but he still had no real idea as to its size.

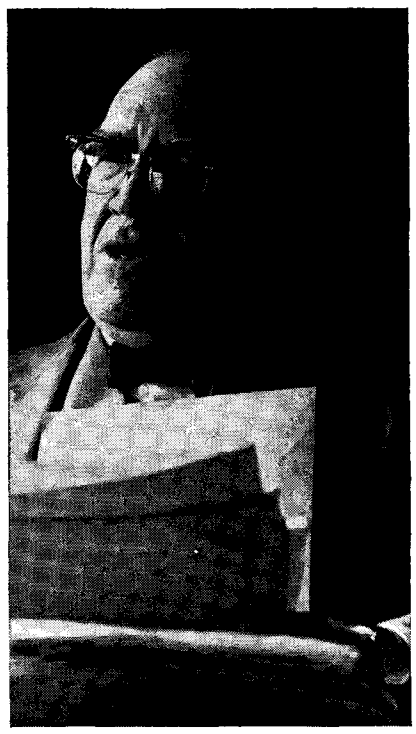
Then one night nature gave John Perring some dramatic help. Out of the sky over Hillsdale came a bolt of lightning. It landed on an unpainted wood-frame house, splintering timbers and tearing a hole two feet square in the attic. In the subsequent commotion, somebody stumbled on a sealed trunk which no one remembered ever having seen before. Taken downstairs and pried open, it turned out to contain the papers and diaries of Frederick Perring I, who, it developed, had owned and lived in the house over 100 years before.

The present occupant of the house was Doris June Pish.

Miss Pish quickly telephoned Perring, who hurried from Chicago to examine this new treasure. In one of the diaries he found an item that made his heart leap for joy. In 1846, on a scrawly page listing income and expenses, Frederick I had written: "Received $131.00 Oct. 3 from B.C. Bank of England. First since July. Overdue." Perring concluded that B.C. meant bankers' contract, which is a form of trust agreement, and that "First since July" indicated that the payments were monthly. Elsewhere in the diary, he found the entry "$81.00. Interest from Canada." He concluded that this represented interest on money in a Canadian bank called the Bank of British North America; Charles Perring, an English cousin of Frederick I, had been an original stockholder of the Bank of British North America, and all its records had been taken over in 1918 by none other than the Bank of Montreal. Finally, Perring assumed still another connection. He decided that the Bank of Montreal, which had contacted him, and the Bank of England, which had held Frederick I's money, were two parts of the same whole.

"As mother bank, the Bank of England controls all banks throughout the empire," Perring argues. "That's why my first letter from the Bank of Montreal came from the London office." By this reasoning, the two sums mentioned in Frederick I's diary, $131 and $81, were both regular monthly payments on the same Perring trust.

John Perring began making calculations. To get an annual figure, he added $131 and $81 and multiplied by 12. This gave him a figure of $2,544 per year. Figuring the interest rates as three percent, he estimated that the principal represented by this interest was $84,800. His search of the Hillsdale County tax records indicated that the Perring trust in the Bank of England had continued to pay the taxes on Perring land until 1863, when payments stopped without explanation. Perring claims that the interest has been compounding and accumulating in the Bank of England ever since. In 102 years, the original $84,000 would have swollen to almost $2 million.



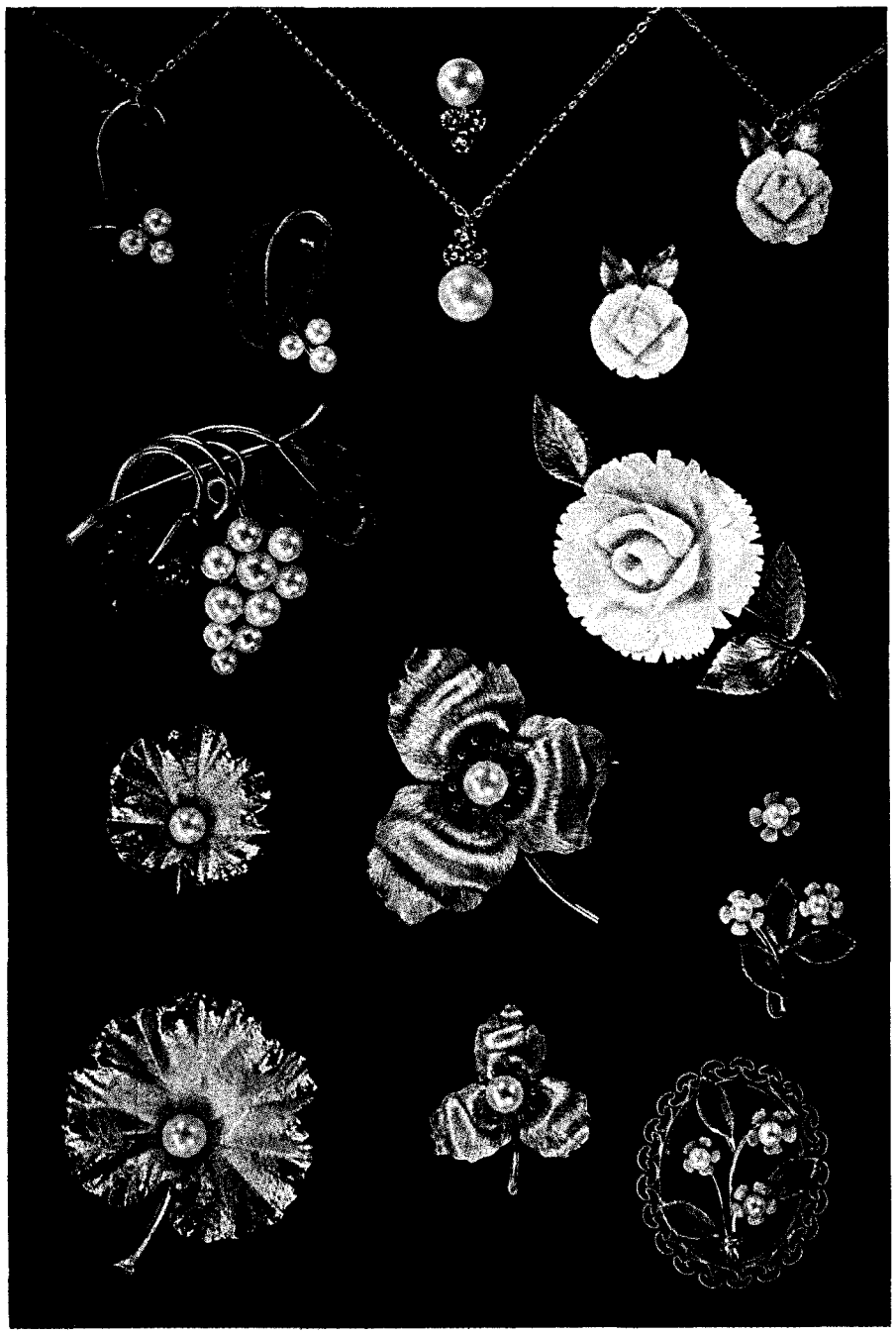
New York lawyer Simeon T. Flanagan has taken on the Perrings' case without fee.

In his gratitude to Doris Pish, Perring made out a legal paper renouncing once and for all his claim on the house and land on which she lived. Receiving the gift, Miss Pish's mother, who had lived in the house for more than 50 years, wept. Miss Pish then installed four lightning rods on her roof.

Unfortunately for Perring's case, the Bank of England and the Bank of Montreal both say they have never been united. "There's no more connection than there is between us and the Chase Manhattan Bank of New York," says one Bank of Montreal official. Perring refuses to accept this.

To learn more about his ancestors, Perring wrote to genealogical libraries and to the College of Arms in London. Gradually he constructed a family tree that stretches on paper as wide as a man's outstretched arms.

At the top of this tree stands Philip Perring, a weaver and cloth merchant born in 1640 in the county of Devon, England. Philip's descendants included numerous Anglican clergymen, a Lord Mayor of London and, in the 19th century, a succession of four Sir Philip Perrings. During the last century, however, the strain of English Perrings began to thin. The women did not marry; the men remained childless. The last Sir Philip Perring was an author who wrote books about Shakespeare and



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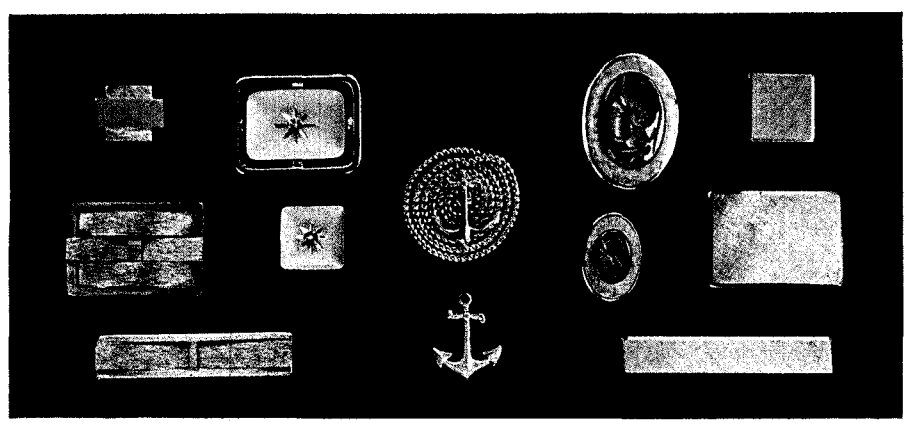

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religion. When he died in 1920, the English branch became extinct.

According to John Perring, all of the English Perrings were wealthy. Their wealth came originally, he says, from shares in the East India Company, Britain's great merchant colonizing company of the 18th century. In 1703, Perring says, the East India Company, at the instigation of the Perrings, loaned the Bank of England £1,250,000 at eight-percent interest to form another organization called Governor and Company. He thinks that the Perring trust was established at the same time, and he believes that all of his ancestors put their money and their land titles in the trust, receiving interest in return. In Somerset House, a central record office in London, he has found the will of one Peter Perring, who wrote in 1851: "I give and bequeath . . . the legacy and sum of 500 pounds . . . part of my stock standing in my name in the books of Governor and Company of the Bank of England." As it happens, "Governor and Company" is a standard phrase: Today, British pound notes bear the words, "For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England." Perring considers this coincidence.

The combined value of his land holdings and the interest on his ancestors' trust, Perring says, is $1.1 billion.

In March, 1962, Perring began writing to the Bank of England, demanding to know the status of the Perring trust. On May 27, 1963, the Bank wrote back sternly:

"Dear Sir,. . . . Thorough searches *in all departments* have failed to find trace of funds from any source still standing in any of the names you have mentioned in your various letters to the Bank . . . the Bank does not propose to answer any further letters from you on this or related subjects."

The would-be billionaire briefly forgets his claim to relax at his vibes at home.

Through all these years John Perring had a single lawyer, James M. Forkins, a tall, soft-spoken professor of law at Chicago's Loyola University. Forkins took the case without fee. A thoughtful and cautious man, he speaks of the Perring case in guarded terms.

"I have no doubt," he says, "that at one time both the English and American branches of the Perring family were very wealthy. I think John has also established that a trust in the Bank of England once paid taxes on Perring land in Michigan." But Professor Forkins is not at all sure that all John Perring's conclusions are supported by legally admissible evidence. He points out, for example, that his rights to the Michigan land have long since disappeared through a Michigan law of adverse possession, which makes squatters the legal owners of land if their presence has gone unchallenged for 15 years. Perring himself is untroubled by this law. "The Bank held the titles," he says. "If they let squatters come on the land, they will have to compensate me for my loss."

Professor Forkins will not comment on this hope, but his face grows gloomy when the question is raised. Over the years, in fact, he tried several times to gently tell John Perring to give up his search. But Forkins declined to drop his nonpaying client, fearing the effect this might have on Perring.

Recently, Professor Forkins's caution began to trouble Perring. Last spring John Perring quietly transferred his case to another attorney.

But Perring and Forkins had already agreed on one important decision. A new manager had arrived to take over the Chicago office of the Bank of Montreal. H. B. Francis, a pleasant, gray-haired man, inherited the Perring case and decided to attempt a resolution. He invited Perring in and picked up the Perring file, a two-inch thickness of documents and photocopies. Perring recalls him saying, "All this? And only three heirs?" Perring assumed that Francis was staggered by the size of the estate. Francis does not recall making the statement, but assumes that if he made it, he was remarking on the thickness of the file.

After interviewing Perring, Francis wrote the London office that he believed John Perring to be sincere and honest, and proposed that the bank release Frederick Perring's $1,200 to John Perring. The bank agreed, demanding as protection for itself against future claimants a bond in perpetuity for an unlimited sum. Although Francis declares that such a bond is routine, Perring and Forkins both felt that, if the money involved was only $1,200, a bond of this kind was excessive. "An unlimited bond must mean unlimited assets," says Perring cheerfully.

Since then Perring has continued to send letters to H. B. Francis, pressing his entire range of claims. Francis, taking the position that the Bank of Montreal has no business with John Perring other than the matter of the $1,200, places Perring's letters on file without reading them. Periodically he writes to Perring, reminding him that the bank is ready to let him have the $1,200 whenever he posts a bond.

Over the past eight years Perring estimates that his expenses, including living expenses, have mounted to $100,000. To raise this amount, he sold his share of a small apartment building. When that money was gone, he began accepting small donations from people who were intrigued by his story. To all of these original backers Perring says he made no written promises. "When the money comes, I'll reward them generously," he says.

The frustrations of their long search

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have made both the Perrings suspicious. At one point Perring began to fear that the banks had tapped his phone. He had it removed, and thereafter conducted his business, using fistfuls of dimes and quarters, from a pay booth around the corner. Mrs. Perring worried that their apartment was bugged. Hearing a ticking noise in the davenport, she tore it apart, stuffing and all. She found nothing.

Sometimes even John Perring has begun to doubt his dream, but it has an extraordinary vitality against, or maybe because of, the odds. In the summer of 1964, when Perring's money and spirits had both run low, a Chicago *Daily News* reporter named Norman Glubock arrived on Perring's stoop. Glubock sorted through Perring's documents and went downtown to write the story of "Chicago's Unemployed Billionaire." Glubock also concluded that Perring was a knight, being the nearest surviving relative of the last Sir Philip Perring. "Mr. and Mrs. Perring actually are Sir John and Lady Joan," Glubock says. Heraldry experts say that if Perring is in fact the only surviving heir, Glubock probably is right.

As a result of Glubock's story John Perring also appeared on Chicago television, standing before a large diagram of his family tree, pointing out who was who and where the money was.

This flurry of attention acted as a tonic on John Perring's drooping spirits. He decided to confront his adversaries, the distant gentlemen of the Bank of England, face-to-face.

In 1965 Perring canceled all of his engagements for a three-month period, borrowed $5,000 from a friend in the produce business, and booked two seats on a flight from Chicago to London. On February 18, 1965, John and Joan Perring were en route at 500 miles an hour to the land of his numerous, wealthy and elusive ancestors.

London reporters welcomed John Perring as a stimulating curiosity. "It's all there. The proof. Eight years' work," he told them, cheerfully tapping his brown leather suitcase.

YANK HERE TO BREAK BANK OF ENGLAND, said the next day's headlines.

A day or so later Perring stopped off at the Bank of England and left a list of all 44 names appearing on his family tree. The bank promised to check again for funds. Perring told the press he was "satisfied" and "optimistic."

While awaiting the result of the bank's new search, Perring made frequent appearances on British television. A professional genealogist, Vivyan Ward-Jackson, told reporters and TV audiences that Perring's pedigree was "immaculate." From Hamburg a German TV station called to ask if Perring would fly over for an interview. When he declined, the Germans sent six men to London to do the job. The Perrings also met celebrities. Keenan Wynn was stopping at the Perrings' hotel while making a film at an English studio. John Perring had once played in the band on a show with Keenan's father, Ed Wynn, and he recollected the connection while introducing himself to Wynn and his wife, Sharley. The two couples hit it off immediately.

"They looked lonely, so we adopted them," Keenan Wynn says. "They had this wonderful, honest belief that what they were doing would work out."

Thereafter the Wynns and the Perrings went everywhere together. They visited Windsor Castle and Canterbury Cathedral and took scenic drives through the English countryside in Wynn's chauffeured limousine. In the evenings they went pub-crawling. Cartoonist Al Capp was at the hotel, and Wynn brought Capp to meet his new friends. "They were enchanting, the story was enchanting, I loved the whole thing," says Capp. As a souvenir the Perrings brought home a personally inked portrait of Li'l Abner.

As a measure of their gratitude, Joan Perring promised Sharley Wynn that, when the money came in, she would give the Wynns a manor house in London. John Perring said that he planned to order his own jet plane and that it would always be at the Wynns' disposal. Taking note of Wynn's repeated denunciation of the ultramodern London Hilton, Perring promised that one day he would buy the hotel and tear it down. To Capp, Perring explained, "If you've got a friend and can do him a favor, why not?"

At last, on March 5, the Bank of England granted John Perring and his wife an audience.

The Perrings were greeted by two solemn bank officials wearing blue suits, who introduced themselves as Mr. Somerset and Mr. Thornton. "Mr. Somerset was a little man with big eyes, so nervous he looked like a rabbit," says Mrs. Perring. "Mr. Thornton was a tall man, trying to look dignified."

Perring inquired as to the bank's success in locating funds under the 44 Perring names. The bankers sadly shook their heads. Mr. Thornton handed Perring a piece of paper and asked him to read and sign it so that the bank could give it to the newspapers. Perring took it and read:

> A thorough search has been made under the names given to the bank by Mr. Perring. The bank holds in certain of these names a small cash balance unclaimed since 1826, and there are dividends due to a stockholder of Navy five percent annuities bearing one of the names involved unclaimed since 1812, the warrants having been delivered but not presented for payment. No interest accrues on these unclaimed balances, and together they amount to less than £15 [$43]. Mr. Perring is making no claim to these balances, and there are no other unclaimed sums held by the bank in the name of Perring.

When Perring finished, he gave the statement to his wife, who was certain that their conversation was being recorded; she had already detected a suspicious wheeze emanating from an intercom. By the time she finished reading, she was bristling.

"What are you trying to do to us?" she demanded. "Why won't you give us our rights?"

"We are an honest bank, madam," said Mr. Thornton, pulling himself straight in his chair.

"I don't know about your honesty," snapped Mrs. Perring. "But I do know you are damn big liars."

The bankers received this without flinching, but their equanimity only strengthened Perring's convictions. "If they hadn't been sitting on something of ours pretty substantial, they would have thrown us right out of there once Mama got going on them," he says. "If we had said what we did in an American bank, they would have called the FBI and had us taken away."

The Perrings refused to sign, and Perring asked that the bank look further, under the listing of Governor and Company. Mr. Somerset replied that the Bank of England had gone into the matter as much as it could, and that any further inquiries would have to come in legal form.

"In that case," said John Perring grandly, "you leave me no choice except to turn the matter over to my attorneys."

"The fight is just beginning," Mrs. Perring warned. "It will be a clean fight but a hard fight."

Since that moment last winter, the Bank of England has refused to discuss the Perring case either publicly or off the record, and despite his fight talk it seemed that John Perring had reached a dead end. His funds were exhausted, and his lawyer refused to start a lawsuit. Sorrowfully the Perrings said good-bye to the Wynns and Al Capp and began packing their bags. Then John Perring got another letter.

Among those who read about Perring's quest was Simeon T. Flanagan, a white-haired graduate of Notre Dame, who had worked briefly as a reporter for *The New York Times* before beginning a long career as a New York attorney. Now in his 70's, Flanagan read about Perring in the *Times*, and he wrote to London offering to investigate the case without compensation. Perring grabbed the offer as a drowning man seizes a rope.

The bulk of Simeon Flanagan's practice has been the ordinary, humdrum, lucrative lot of any lawyer: estates, trusts, properties and wills. Occasionally, however, he allows himself to be seduced by an intriguing case of a long-lost claim. Flanagan once managed to restore an estate of several million dollars in Argentina to its rightful American heir, and he believes that John Perring has a case. "From what I've seen," he says, "Mr. Perring is on strong ground. I'm going to take legal steps to force the Bank of England to tell us what they know about the Perring trust which was paying taxes on Perring land." Mr. Flanagan recently flew to London, talked to bank officials, and advised Perring that legal action might indeed be necessary.

Perring, once again viewing the future with an expansive eye, says he will reward Flanagan with a handsome fee when the case is won. "Mr. Flanagan," he says, "could easily come out of this thing a millionaire."

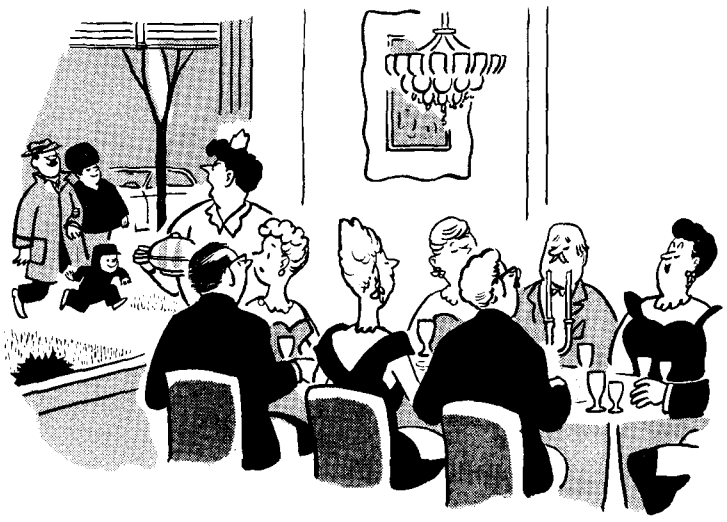
The Perrings already have planned how they will spend large chunks of the money. Aside from the sum it will take to buy the Wynns a manor house in London and to obliterate the London Hilton hotel, millions will go to religious charities: a new convent for a group of nuns in Chicago; an open-air camp for a home for orphan boys. "We'd give to everybody," says Mrs. Perring. "We hold no malice toward any race, creed, or color."

"I'd give to the English too," says Perring. "They certainly need a better way of life."

John Perring's faith in his dream is infectious, and he gets mail from all over the world. From Malaya an astrologer advises that 1965 looks very favorable—"You will get the money this year." Another letter says simply, "Send $200,000." Over 100 people have written to reveal that they, too, are Perring heirs. "All fakes," says Perring. He was touched, however, by a letter from a 16-year-old boy in Barcelona, Spain, who asked for money to buy an electric guitar. "Even if I don't get a penny that's due me," says Perring, "I'm going to dig into my own pocket and send him that guitar."

For the moment, until the money comes, Sir John Perring, billionaire, has had to remain John Perring, vibraharpist, in order to pay his bills. He has started playing several nights a week. Sometimes, at dances in the Chicago area, H. B. Francis of the Bank of Montreal spots John Perring on the bandstand, and the two men nod in friendly fashion. During the day Perring often knocks off research, steps up to his vibraharp, and softly taps out one of his unpublished songs, like *Sing to Me*, which begins, "Sing to me, while I dream of tomorrow. . . ." □

Hazel by Ted Key



"Oh, great!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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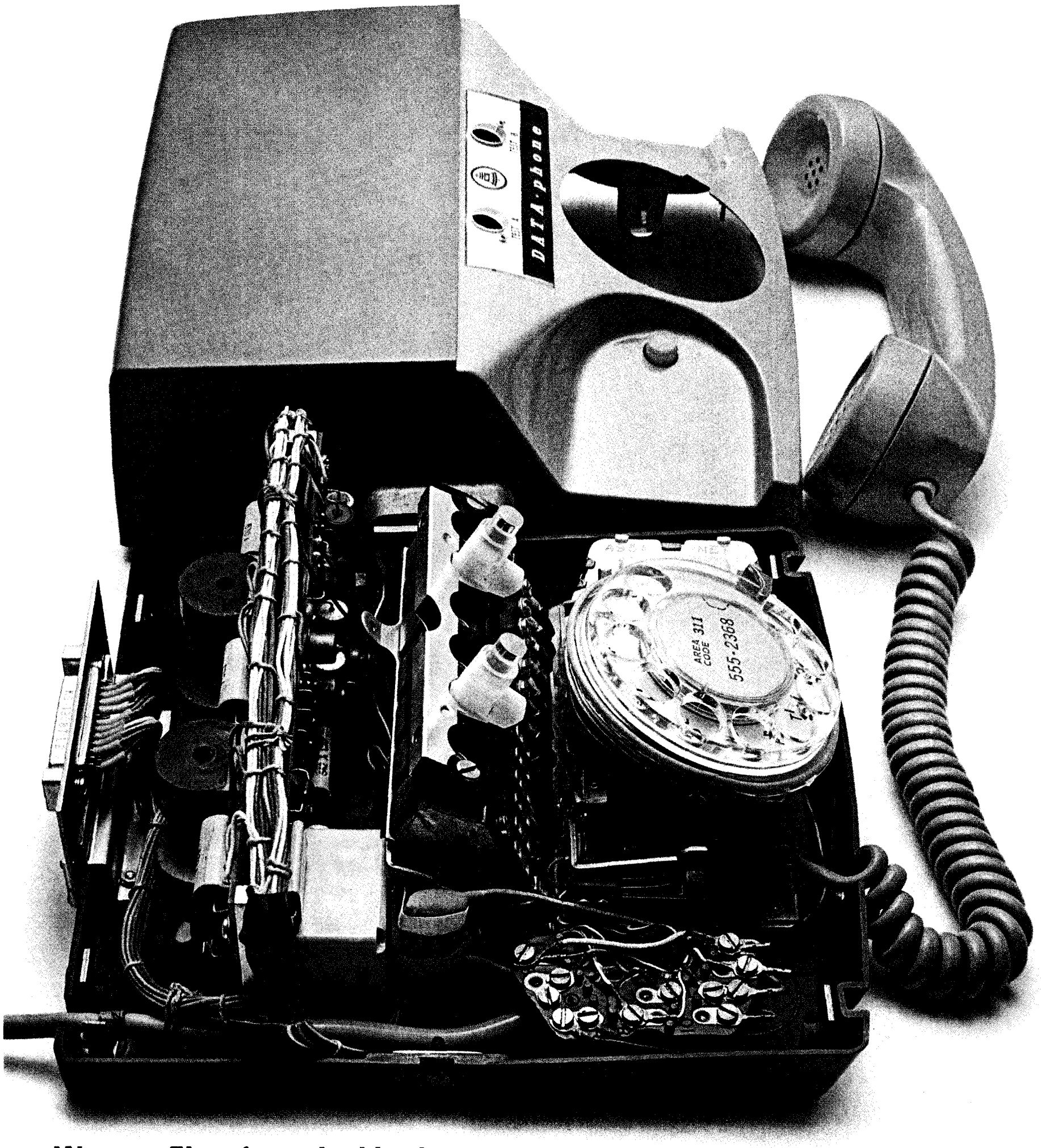

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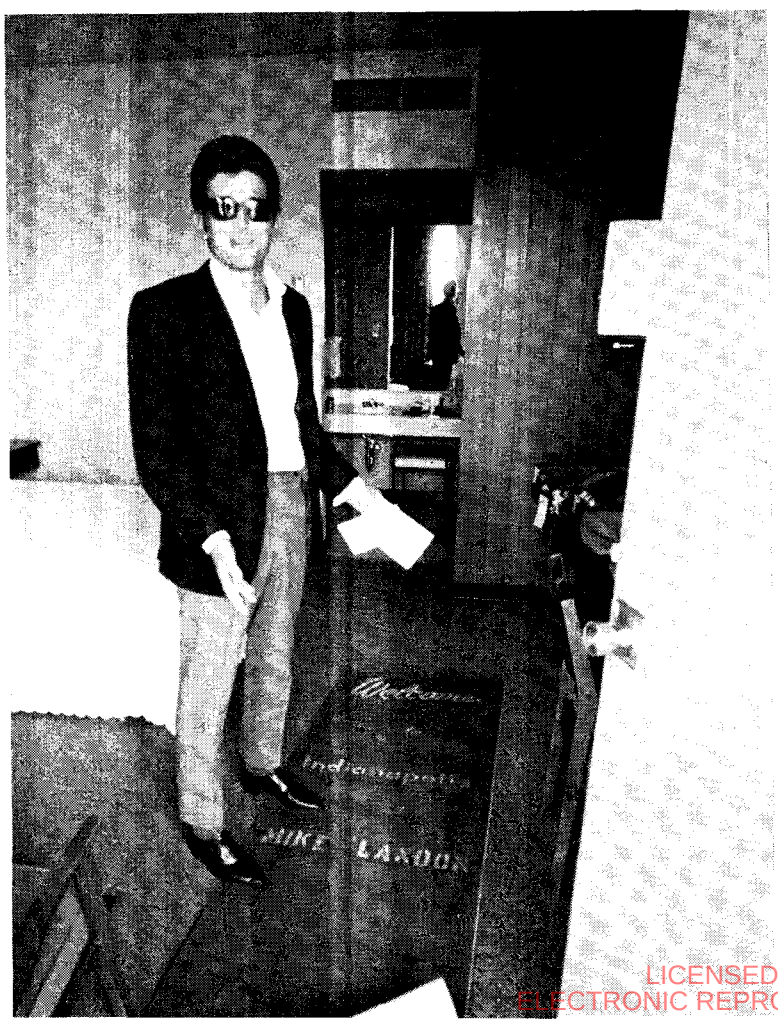
BONANZA



Ben and the boys hit the trail for fresh paydirt

Jetting across plain and prairie,
the sleepless Ponderosa trio will wrangle
an extra $1,500,000 this year
with canned corn for live audiences.

By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

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Autographing, a cold dinner and one rehearsal of his act over with, Lorne Greene poses as "Ben Cartwright" for local press in his Illinois State Fair quarters.

A car dealer supplied a red carpet for Mike Landon's hotel room (below, left), before his appearance at the Indiana State Fair, where crowds besieged "Little Joe."

I've been to St. Louis and Abilene,
I've traveled to many a town.
But I've got me a gal down in Lubbock, boys,
That's where I'm settling down.

Beneath two spotlights at the Municipal Coliseum in Lubbock, Tex., television cowboy Dan Blocker holds a hand microphone to his lips while his trembling voice struggles through this popular folk tune. Three hillbilly musicians adroitly cover the flat notes sung by the barrel-chested man, who is dressed in the high-crowned felt hat, cowhide vest, thick black belt and rumpled trousers familiar to the more than 350 million TV viewers who watch him as Hoss Cartwright on *Bonanza* each week in 59 countries.

During the same weekend, Blocker's two associates on the nation's top-rated TV show—Lorne Greene and Michael Landon—were making personal appearances and breaking attendance records in settings as far apart as Beaumont, Tex., and Sparks, Nev. Blocker's Lubbock visit, at the Texas Tech Collegiate Rodeo, had more material inspiration than the girl in his lyrics. For 15 minutes a day of songs and corn, a rough total of one hour over four days, he pocketed $17,500.

The three actors are among the biggest draws in road-show history. They are perpetuating a custom established by William S. Hart and Tom Mix, embellished by Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, and modernized by stars of such current TV hits as *Gunsmoke*, and *The Virginian*, and even including *Lassie* and *The Beverly Hillbillies*.

Their simple formula is to sell in person the same format that attracts fans to their hour-long Sunday-night Western. On NBC's *Bonanza*, Greene plays sagacious Ben Cartwright, a widower who has raised three sons on a ranch called the Ponderosa. Little Joe Cartwright (Landon) is the youngest son and most impulsive. The middle brother Hoss (Blocker) is a kind-hearted bumpkin whose clumsiness constantly gets him in trouble. Erudite Adam Cartwright (Pernell Roberts), the other brother, was written out of the series at his own request.

By year's end, the three remaining Cartwrights will have amassed roughly $1.5 million by making jet trips to the boondocks on weekends, holidays and the average six-week vacation between television seasons. Added to the $20,000 apiece they earn on each of the 34 new *Bonanza* episodes in the 1965–1966 schedule, Blocker, Landon and Greene are bound to become the most prosperous cow-country enterprisers since Will Rogers. "All that I have to sell is myself," Blocker admits. "You try me and I'm yours, buddy."

His 285-pound body reposing in a plastic-covered armchair, Blocker sprawled in his suite at the Polynesian-styled Ko Ko Inn motel, sipping on a glass of sour mash and water. He had arrived in Lubbock the day before, carrying an oversized hatbox which contained his performing gear, a toothbrush and three changes of underwear. He checked into three separate motel suites, two of them stocked with cases of whiskey and Lone Star non-pasteurized draft beer. For three days he trudged from one suite to another, glass in hand, visiting with distant kinfolk, Korean-war buddies, promoters, college classmates and local dignitaries. Never once did he change out of his Hoss Cartwright outfit and rarely did he vary his façade of jovial good humor.

"This is the first water I've drunk since I got to town," he was telling a man in shirt-sleeves as he mixed another drink. "I got so damn thirsty once, I *had* to drink a glass of water. I hated to do it in front of friends." Blocker's bull-necked head rolled back in laughter, revealing the gap-toothed grin of a Halloween pumpkin. He was standing barefoot while a Western outfitter traced his size 14 footprint on a piece of yellow paper, measuring him for a $100 pair of boots fashioned from the neck of a sea turtle.

"Dan's not concerned with any formalities," observed Lev Davis, his college roommate and traveling companion, as Blocker unloosed a resonant belch. "If the governor's waiting downstairs and a dude comes to his door whom he hasn't seen in ten years, he'll see the dude first."

One of the dudes tried to convince Blocker to invest in a chemical formula that would remove stains from concrete driveways. "Right now I don't know what my financial status is," Blocker said. "I stay broke most of the time." Actually, Blocker is a partner in a thriving manure business and heads Vinagaroon, Inc., which custom-manufactures racing cars. He will pay $185,000 in taxes this year on these and other ventures including apartment houses, and a barbecue fuel called "Ole Dan's Mesquite Wood Chips."

"Y'oughta lose some weight, Mutt," Blocker brayed, greeting an old friend who weighed about 130 pounds. "I brushed my teeth yesterday and lost twelve pounds." Then he talked on the phone to someone who wanted him to use his influence to get a mutual friend out of prison. Finally, Blocker broke away to rehearse his act. Half an hour before show time, he donned his vest and hat, strapped a gun to his 48-inch waist, and was chauffeured to the Coliseum.

As wild broncs were being led from their pens, he stood nearby carefully examining the eight-year-old mare he would ride. At a horse show two years earlier, his mount had bolted when blinded by a spotlight. The horse's head twisted back sharply and hit Blocker, opening a six-inch gash over his eyebrow and throwing him to the ground.

There were no such troubles this time. When Blocker heard the Ponderosa Trio play the theme from *Bonanza*, he kicked the horse's flanks and dashed past some of the 170 cowboy and cowgirl contestants, triumphantly waving his hat as the crowd cheered. He dismounted, found his footing in ankle-deep turf and began his down-home routine. "It's a rare occasion in our business when we get an opportunity to come out and see the folks that watch us on Sunday nights," he deadpanned, hat in hand. "You are at a distinct disadvantage. You've got a set at home and look at me, but I don't have to set there and look at you." The crowd of 7,500 laughed, whistled and applauded.

He threw in an anecdote about his own family and another about the Cartwrights. Barely 15 minutes after his turn had begun, Blocker doffed his hat, jogged once around the arena and raced out an exit. He dismounted quickly and sprinted away from a waiting gathering of fans, barely eluding them. "We've gotta control these crowds," he panted. "This is dangerous as hell."

Later, the drinking and storytelling resumed at the motel. Blocker recapitulated his undefeated career as a boxer in the Golden Gloves, enumerating his victories over Cotton Fowler and San Angelo Red, as well as the punches which had loosened some of his own front teeth. Then he told about his stint as a bouncer at a local saloon and the time he drove a butane truck in a race against a herd of antelopes. The nostalgic evening ended at two A.M.

"Are we out of beer?" he groaned. "How am I gonna have breakfast?"

More than the lack of brew, Blocker dreaded exposing himself to an impending mob scene the next day. Since he was unable to accept 150 written offers, each one inviting him to spend the night, he had declared an open house at his motel. A radio broadcast issued invitations to all of his long-remembered cronies from his hometown of

The New Mexico State Fair welcomed Dan Blocker, "Hoss," for three nights. Sitting in his motel suite, Blocker greeted old friends arriving from his native Texas.

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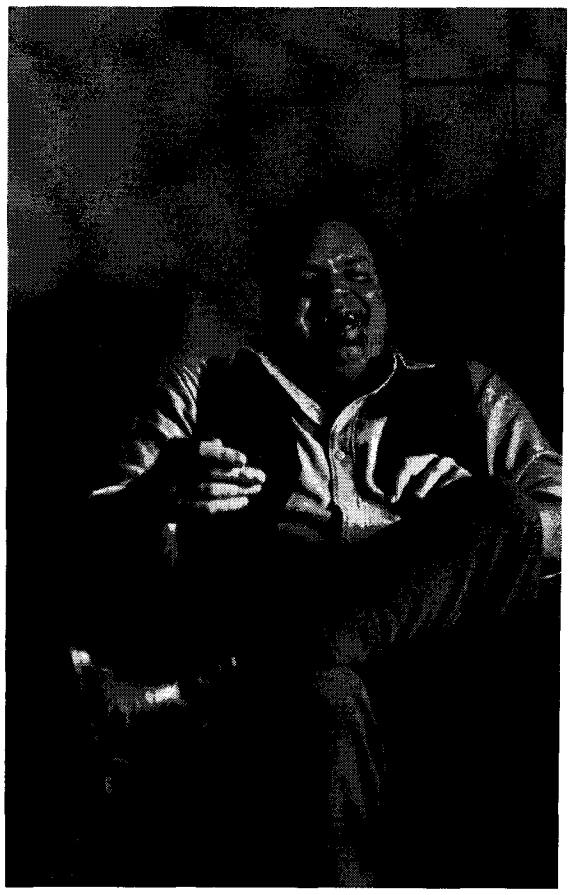

The grind can be greasy, the show short, the green long.

C'Donnell (population: 1,490), a cotton-farming community situated 38 miles from Lubbock.

Dressed in his sweat-stained garments from the night before, Dan ate a brunch of steak, eggs, a diet pill and a mixture of bourbon and coffee. At three o'clock he stood at the head of a receiving line near a kidney-shaped pool while his musicians played country tunes in the background.

"You have to lean over backwards, particularly for the folks back home," Blocker explained. "Oddly enough, they *want* to feel that you are above them. Kids you were raised with, good buddies, give you a meek: 'Hi, Dan, will you give me your autograph for my little girl?' Not: 'Hi, ya fat bum, how the hell is it goin'?' They become part of the adulation and that's heartbreaking."

Little girls in patent-leather shoes, clean white socks and navy-blue middy blouses and skirts giggled as Blocker dandled them on either knee. Young boys in cowboy boots, silver buckles, Levis and plaid shirts took turns playing with his pistol and wearing his high hat. His first-grade schoolteacher, a Mrs. Westmoreland, produced a yellowing group portrait showing Dan beaming in the second row. "You had such a pink complexion, you used to remind me of Porky Pig," she said.

Cigar-smoking amateur photographers popped flashbulbs in his face, causing him to wince. Then they displayed the out-of-focus prints which they eagerly handed to him and insisted he sign.

When a girl grabbed Blocker's head and jerked it around so her mother could get a better camera angle, Blocker became infuriated. "We've got to split this," he growled as he bolted from the gathering. "People are coming through the line that I never even knew."

Back in his motel room he found a typical group of local hangers-on and soon began arguing politics. "You're stupid, buddy, you better wake up," he snapped at a segregation-minded citizen. "You got left behind two hundred years ago." He reminded listeners of the abilities of Gov. John Connally and Sen. Ralph Yarborough, for whom he campaigned in the 1964 elections. Blocker, who holds a master's degree from Sul Ross State College, was such an effective political speaker that various Texas newspapers have proposed him for governor. "I would not dare run for office on the popularity of Hoss Cartwright," he observes. "Maybe I could come back first and teach for a while, and then run under my own name."

Blocker has steeped himself in the lore of John F. Kennedy and Sam Rayburn—both of whom he quotes often. He is a personal friend of Vice President Hubert Humphrey and Presidential Aide Jack Valenti. Last year he attended a White House dinner for British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, where Dean Rusk asked him to sign his autograph for Wilson's family. Blocker's potential as a candidate lies in his jest-folks manner and in a remarkable memory for names and faces. "Everywhere I go, I know people," he says.

But often, contact with certain sections of the public has bothered him. "The character of Hoss *invites* people with problems," he explains. "People grab me and say: 'You old slob, damn you, we love you.' They gotta put their hands on me. I hate to be pulled at and grasped and tugged."

Driving away from the Lubbock arena after his last appearance, the local promoter congratulated him on setting a new box-office record. "That, I presume, was supposed to have thrilled me," Blocker said afterward. "It depressed me that these people came and paid their money to see me, when I ask myself if somebody of value, if Dr. Jonas Salk, came to town and played the same rodeo, what kind of crowd would he have drawn? If I had it all to do over, I'd still be teaching sixth grade in Carlsbad, New Mexico. But I've saddled a bronc and I've gotta ride it."

Blocker returned to the motel and scraped the cow cakes from the soles of his imported Italian calf boots. "Occasionally I'm stimulated by my business," he sighed, standing in boxer shorts and sipping on a bourbon. "But it becomes less and less so each day." A few minutes later Blocker grabbed his hatbox and headed for home. "We came out smellin' like a rose," said one of the rodeo officials. "God bless you, Dan." Blocker looked him straight in the eye. "Don't God bless me," he said. "Just send me the check." He slammed the door on his way out.

Earlier that same week, the door of a DC-3 swung open in the withering heat of Beaumont, Tex. Out stepped heavily tanned Michael Landon, the vice president of a seat-belt manufacturing firm, one-third owner of a potato-packing plant and a principal shareholder of a modernistic condominium apartment building overlooking the Pacific Ocean. An unlikely-looking business executive, the 28-year-old actor carried a plastic clothes bag over one shoulder of an open-collared shirt bearing his initials in block letters.

His welcoming committee of 350 was somewhat subdued. In earlier stops on a seven-week trip he had been greeted by high-school bands, baton-twirling majorettes, and cowboys on horseback firing blank pistols. Still, the teen-aged girls with signs reading, WELCOME, LITTLE JOE, indicated that he was no ordinary visitor. Shaggy-haired Michael Landon was out beating the bushes for dollars. This time his benefactor was the Beaumont Junior League, sponsor of the 17th Annual Spindletop Charity Horse Show.

Business had been unexpectedly dismal the

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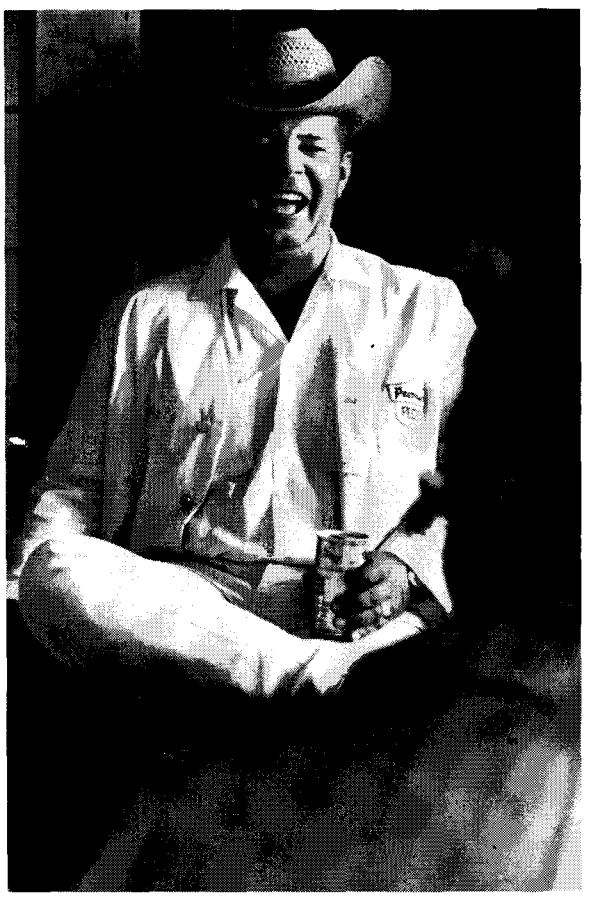
Photographs by Bill Bridges



Ousted from their rehearsal hall by banquet caterers, Greene (left) and his combo meet at four P.M. *in the motel for more weary practice of songs, cues and gags.*

Between acts in Albuquerque (middle), Blocker and his buddies relax. The beer drinker, a college friend, now attends state fairs as representative of a feed-company.

Landon (above, right) helps his wife Lynn unwind after a fair show in Kentucky. At Los Angeles airport (below), Greene and Blocker return for BONANZA *duties.*

previous weekend in Shreveport, La., and Landon, accompanied by his second wife, made no secret of his wish to return to his five children and his home in Encino, Calif. (It boasts a swimming pool, 65-foot-high waterfall and an automatically controlled sprinkler system.) But the Spindletop Horse Show loomed as a big strike for him. And he needed the money.

"I have a fat alimony payment that I have to make," the former ribbon-factory foreman admitted. "And I wanna make sure that when the show goes off the air, I'm not hard-pressed."

In the past year Landon has logged over 250,000 air miles away from the Paramount Studios in Hollywood, trying everything from opening automobile dealers' showrooms (average rate: $7,500) to headlining telethons, for which he is paid up to $3,000, plus expenses.

Perhaps because of his size, boyish good looks and a hint of cologne, he has experienced more than his share of embarrassments in the process. Legitimate rodeo cowboys have taunted him with cracks like: "Go out and show 'em what a good rider you are, hero." He has collected bad checks from unscrupulous impresarios, lost his boots in the mud at a rain-drenched rodeo in Phoenix and suffered the ignominy of twice falling from a horse parading on the ice-slicked streets of Anchorage, Alaska.

Sometimes these minor mishaps have seemed almost welcome interludes compared to the boredom of the dreary hours between road shows. At a private party in Beaumont, the night before the horse show opened, he sipped on a vodka and tonic, and offered perfunctory answers to the same sort of questions he hears everywhere—"How big is Hoss?", "How old are the Cartwrights?" and "Are you married?" Midway through the party the hostess dragged the actor off on a tour of her garden. Immediately the tongues began wagging. "Look at him," whispered a committee member, "he's getting pretty familiar with the vodka."

In his journeys to remote places like Fort Madison, Iowa, and Camdenton, Mo., Landon has heard similar criticism before. "People are disappointed if you don't get drunk or make a play for some woman," he said. "They expect the Hollywood image."

He was not going to accommodate them. Earlier, on a room-by-room tour of the children's ward at the St. Elizabeth Hospital, he signed photographs of himself with the words: "Get well soon." He presented a young boy named Rusty Holiday, whose burned eyes were covered by bandages, with a bullet from his Colt revolver. Nuns snapped Landon's picture and hummed the *Bonanza* theme in the hallways.

At two o'clock the next afternoon Landon reclined on a bed in his suite, making frantic phone calls to his agent in Beverly Hills. His three musicians had not appeared, and he was concerned that he might have to perform, as he did once, accompanied by a pickup group of two clarinets and an organ. Between calls, he idly tidied his unruly hair with a nail scissors, swabbed his pistol with lubricating oil, and checked a box of 50 flash-powder blanks. That night's version of Ponderosa Trio, striped-shirted, string-tied, eventually appeared four hours before showtime, having driven all night from Nashville.

The stable area at the South Texas State Fair grounds had been specially covered with pink cedar shavings. White, red, blue, yellow, green and orange pennants rippled in the breeze, illuminated by dim arc lights. Elegantly groomed five-gaited mares, Shetland ponies and walking geldings milled around as Landon mounted a four-year-old mare named Ruby Mae Bee. He wore the same twill trousers, rough-side-out boots and green corduroy jacket he does on the TV show.

An organ played the *Bonanza* theme, and Landon galloped toward the grandstands. Inside, he dismounted and fired four blank shots into the ground. With the last shot he grabbed his right foot, limped to a wooden platform and whined: "Who put that extra bullet in there?"

The remainder of his meager 15-minute turn consisted chiefly of limp humor about Blocker, who was best man at Landon's wedding. "My brother Hoss loves to dance," he said. "You should see that boy do the twist. He looks like a runaway truck and trailer." Obviously enjoying the performance, the audience clapped along while he made a game attempt at singing *Jambalaya* over highly amplified guitars.

The finale of Landon's act was calculated to

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'You've gotta do it,' says Greene. 'It's part of your responsibility as a citizen.'

satisfy his Bible-belt audience. "I hope you take a moment to say a prayer for a lot of little boys and girls who are not here tonight," he said, his voice breaking. "Say a little prayer that they'll be here next year." Then he rode slowly once around the arena before cantering out the gate to a floodlit autograph booth.

In his stops along the hustings, Landon has accumulated the keys to at least two dozen cities. His trophies also include honorary deputy-sheriff's badges from places like Jasper, Tex., a matched set of derringers, Indian blankets, boots, knives, land grants, scrolls, ballpoint pens and a horse's harness.

When he and his wife arrived home, however, Lynn Landon had brought back a case of walking pneumonia. She was bedridden for four days. Landon himself returned with an $8,000 check and the plaudits of the Junior League ladies. He had drawn a larger crowd than either Barry Goldwater or Lady Bird Johnson. "Everybody says you're much better than Hoss and Ben," publicity chairwoman Elizabeth Hearn told him before his final performance. "But do you think, just as a favor, you could sing *Deep in the Heart of Texas*"? Landon was happy to oblige.

Two thousand miles away, in a dressing room backstage at the Nugget Hotel in Sparks, Nev., actor Lorne Greene—Ben Cartwright of *Bonanza*—sipped hot chicken soup from a paper cup. It was the last weekend of an 18-day night-club engagement, and he was losing his voice.

Over the previous 24 hours he had visited three doctors and consumed yellow multiple-vitamin capsules, clover honey, pastilles, a cough mixture and hot tea. Tentatively, he was humming *Misty*.

"Five minutes," snapped a voice over the backstage intercom. "Five minutes to curtain." A dresser appeared to help Greene pull on his highly polished, $300 ostrich boots. The star also wore a red neckerchief and blue chambray shirt with pearl buttons and silver collar points. Over his brown-suede jacket he slapped a gun belt containing a nickel-plated, .44-caliber pistol. Looking into a mirror, Greene checked the deep bags under his eyes and the Pan Stik makeup which caked his wrinkled forehead. He applied a dark substance on his wide nostrils to reduce their size. Then he brushed back his silver pompadour, combed out his long, white sideburns and arched his black, bushy eyebrows.

Greene hastily glanced at a script of his act, then waited in the wings while two female elephants, their toenails painted white, did footstands, held each other's tails and paraded to *The Colonel Bogey March.*

When it was time for Greene to go on, he leaped through a paper screen on which a color slide of the Ponderosa had been projected. While a big band blared in the background, he broke into a familiar parody of *I'm An Old Cowhand:*

I'm an old cowpoke, I never drink or smoke.
I don't mess around with all them women folk.
I'm rough and tough, but I'm never coarse,
And I represent such a moral course
That my sponsor would faint if I kissed my horse. . . .

This was not the only familiar material Greene used. "It's a rare occasion," he continued, coughing as his raw throat cracked, "when we get to see the folks that watch us Sunday nights. . . ."

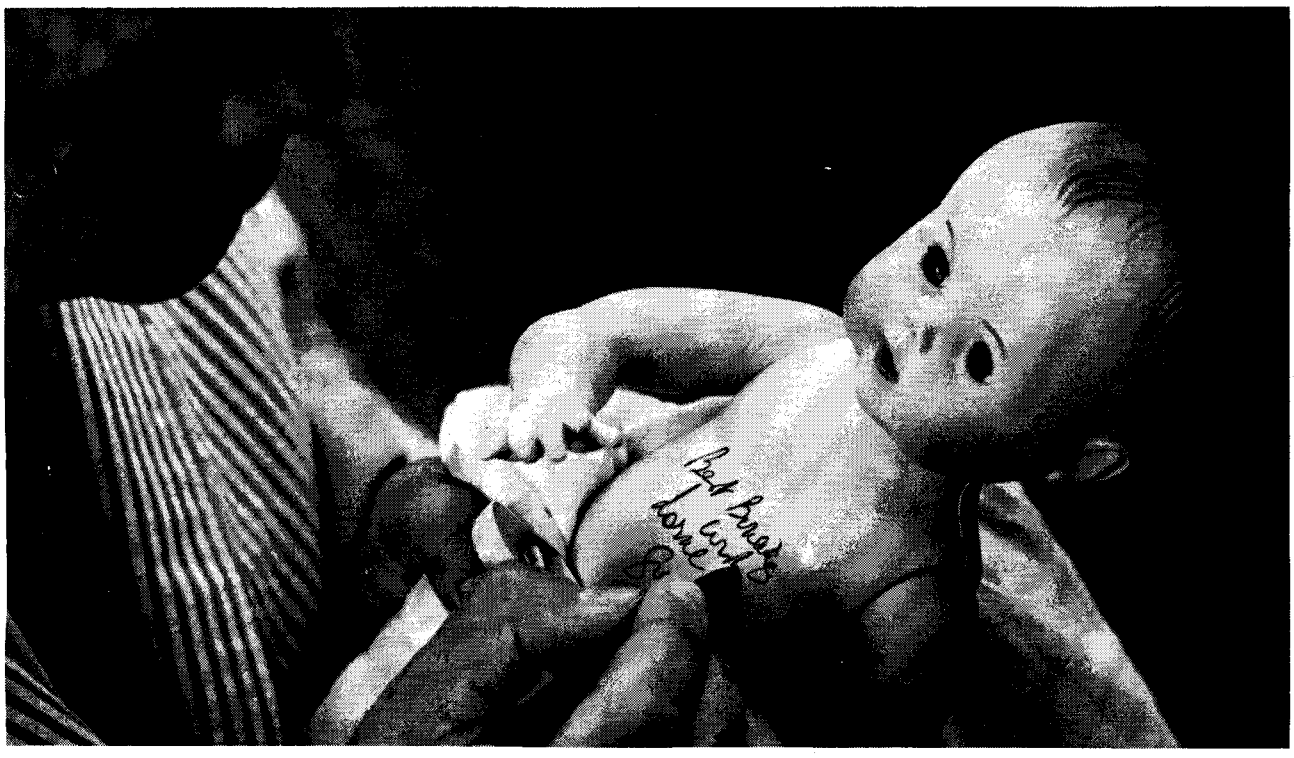
"Bonanza is now the second most popular export sent out by the United States," Greene then declared. "We're just behind foreign aid." For good measure, he tried dancing the Jerk and then the Watusi, ending this display by holding his backside. "My wah just couldn't keep up with my tusi," he explained.

Although all three *Bonanza* actors usually sidestep risqué humor and gear their acts for the family trade, Greene managed to throw in a lengthy anecdote about Hoss pushing him into a creek while he sat in an outhouse. While the laughs cascaded, he dashed into his dressing room. On his return to the stage, he wore a black, Western-style one-button tuxedo adorned with four miniature silver buckles. A high black cummerbund concealed his paunch.

He sang *End of the Track* in a rich, uneven baritone, then shifted into *Ringo.* Between numbers Greene sipped warm water in an attempt to loosen his vocal cords, aggravated by the heavy cigarette smoke in the room.

While his one-hour-and-fifteen-minute production ran longer and encompassed more showmanship than the rudimentary efforts of his two colleagues, in truth it could be described as just another artless cabaret turn. "The material is not meant to be sophisticated," he observed. "It's only a presentation of one's self."

It took a great amount of Greene's courage to pass up the gaming tables in Sparks. Once a



The hand signing the doll's midriff is Greene's, who has learned, like the others, to honor the eccentric requests their fans are able to cook up for all occasions.

At a party attended by the governor of New Mexico, a member of Albuquerque's upper crust scrutinizes Blocker, who spent five long minutes at the affair.

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Mike Landon winds up his act in Indianapolis by riding around the arena and touching hands with his youthful admirers. He wears the same jacket and trousers on TV.

chronic horse player, he lately has abandoned heavy gambling for limited dabbles in the stock market. More than ever, he has come to resemble the cautious, paternal figure he plays on *Bonanza*.

Long before Greene was named "Television Father of the Year" last spring, he was offering parental counsel to Landon and Blocker. He persuaded Landon, for example, to accept the position of honorary mayor of Encino. "You've gotta do it," Greene said emphatically. "It's part of your responsibility as a citizen."

A shrewd businessman, Greene has schooled both men in the lore of depreciation and capital gains. Recently the three actors jointly purchased 15 acres of land for $400,000, a deal that took months of careful screening and negotiation. "Everybody knows we have some money, and they keep trying to get ahold of it," Greene explains. "I've had so many deals handed me on silver platters. I don't look at the deal, I look at the platter. If it ain't true silver, I forget the deal."

This wariness springs from 25 years as an accomplished showman. The experience has also—understandably—enabled him to feel the pulse of an audience. "When I do a rodeo performance," Greene explains, "I usually do a song called *Place Where I Worship*. It's done in complete darkness with a little pink or blue spot. There's a change that takes place, a hush. Unless the audience is hushed, they haven't gone through an experience. You want them close to you."

Intimacy can become irritating when it occurs on Greene's own time. Recently he was eating chowder at a seafood house in Houston. "I picked up a spoon," he recalls, "and a hand was there on mine. A woman was saying, 'Before you start, will you sign your autograph?' There were twenty people watching. If I signed hers, they all would have come over. I said, 'Can you wait until we finish?' The woman finally threatened, 'Well, I guess I won't watch *Bonanza* anymore.' I said, 'Fine, that will make 42,385,402 who will continue to watch. But stop pushing me.'"

Despite such temperamental moments, Greene frequently receives gifts from female fans. He has been given huge hams, bottles of homemade pickles and spicy jams and preserves, with instructions to take them home and serve them to the boys on the ranch. "After all," he says, "we don't have a mother on the Ponderosa."

Greene's popularity is nowhere greater than in his native Canada. Earlier this year he was named the 1965 Canadian Man of the Year, an honor ordinarily bestowed upon prime ministers and war heroes. For his appearance at the Canadian Western Exposition in Edmonton, Alta., last March, the 7,000-seat indoor arena was packed at every performance, despite snow, sleet and a temperature that never rose above zero outside. Over nine performances, the show grossed $100,000.

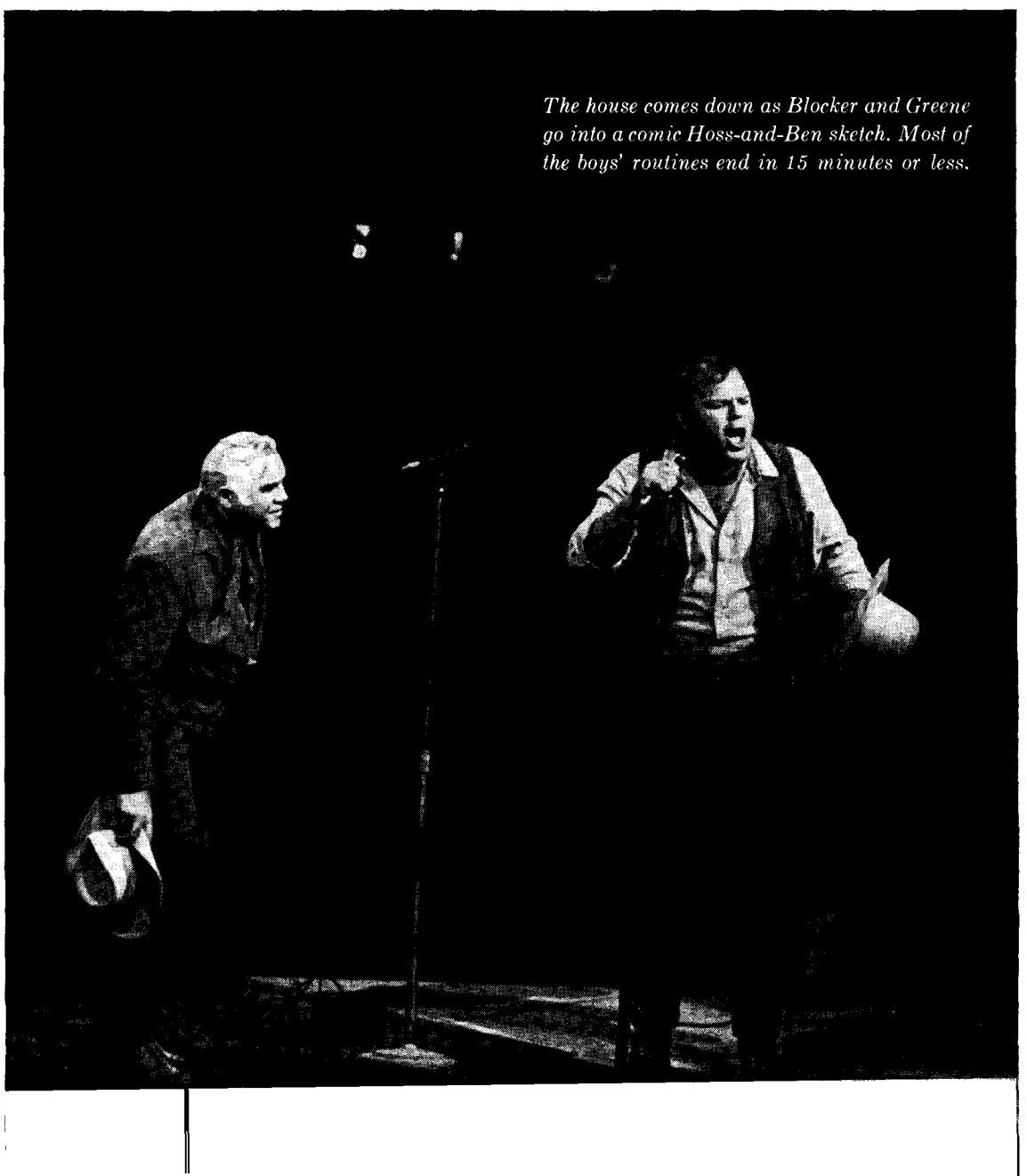
But for Greene, money is not always paramount. An admitted extrovert, he makes many free appearances at ladies'-club luncheons, Salvation Army fund-raising dinners and events like the Boy Scout Jamboree. There was no fee involved when he emceed the First Canadian Royal Variety Performance for the Queen of England at Prince Edward Island in October of 1964. "It's the first time I've seen you so dressed up," the Queen told Greene, who was wearing a tuxedo. "The children and I watch you every Sunday."

Michael North, an agent who arranges road dates for all three *Bonanza* stars, currently rejects as many as 50 offers a week for Greene's services. "He could retire on the amount of money he doesn't make from them," Greene says. "I could be busy with his bookings fifty-two weeks a year."

Business manager Jay Eller would welcome such a prospect. He has apportioned Greene's income so carefully that his 32-year-old Brooklyn-born second wife is allowed only $100 a week for household expenses. Late last year Eller balked at Greene's contemplated purchase of an expensive home in Brentwood, Calif.

Greene bought the house anyway. But he has not rested there, idly sniffing his six colorful rosebeds. Recently he secured the rights for a *Bonanza* comic strip and hired an artist to produce the first episodes, which are expected to be launched early next year. He is working on drafts of a syndicated column similar to one he wrote for four years in Toronto. He is also mulling over an offer to become editor of the *Territorial Enterprise and Virginia City News*, the 107-year-old weekly in Virginia City, Nev., that became famous through the reporting of Mark Twain. The Ponderosa, although a fictitious ranch, is supposedly located near Virginia City, a fact which has spurred a tourist boom in that silver-mining town.

"The best artists have been the greatest businessmen," Greene observed shortly after signing contracts for his seventh year on *Bonanza*. "It's well enough for us to create a world of make-believe, but to live in it and begin to believe that we're great is going too far. No actor knows what he's gonna do next week, no matter how big a hit he's in. He must capitalize on his current success." □



The house comes down as Blocker and Greene go into a comic Hoss-and-Ben sketch. Most of the boys' routines end in 15 minutes or less.

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Editorials

General Nasution

Surprising news from Asia

Sukarno

"The central point in this country," a Western diplomat once said about Indonesia, "is that there is no central point." Similarly, the world's fifth most populous nation is scarcely a nation at all; its 3,000 different islands lie scattered over an area as wide as the distance from New York to Peru, and its 100 million people range from jet-aircraft technicians on Java to headhunters on Borneo. Almost the only unifying force has been the reckless and demagogic leadership of President Sukarno, who has spent 20 years playing off Communists and Nationalists against each other in a coalition that often bordered on chaos.

Last month something went spectacularly wrong. An obscure lieutenant colonel named Untung, apparently acting on instructions from the Chinese Communists, attempted a *coup d'état*, seized the main radio station, and had six senior army officers butchered. Indonesia's chief general, Abdul Haris Nasution, was injured in the fighting, and his five-year-old daughter was murdered, but Nasution escaped the trap and rallied the armed forces for a violent countercoup. Untung was arrested, many of his pro-Communist followers killed, and many Communist-front organizations outlawed. Jakarta, long the scene of leftist and anti-American demonstrations, became an arena for nationalist mobs, who burned Communist Party headquarters and sacked the home of hiding Communist leader D. N. Aidit.

Though nothing about Indonesia is ever completely certain, we may well draw some tentative conclusions, all quite favorable to the United States. First, the very real danger of giant Indonesia going Communist seems to have ended for the present. Aidit's 3.5-million-member party, the strongest political force in the country, appears to have suffered a disastrous reverse. Second, the threat of a Peking-Jakarta axis, which would have stabbed through the heart of embattled Southeast Asia, seems equally diminished. Whether the Chinese Communists actually ordered the abortive coup or not, Nasution's angry forces are blaming them for it. None of this means, of course, that Indonesia will become democratic or pro-Western, but it does hold out the hope that one of the world's major neutrals will become more genuinely neutral.

The Indonesian upheaval may offer us another lesson, too, in the continuing debate about American foreign policy. For years it was primarily the liberals who argued for an activist policy, while conservatives grumbled about Korea, the U.N., and "entangling alliances." More recently, the conservatives have often been the militants, while liberals expressed new doubts about the limits of American power. For the most part, these arguments centered on whether the U.S. could afford to act as policeman in every outbreak of violence all over the world. The evidence of Indonesia indicates that some outbreaks may work to our advantage, and that some countries may attack their own problems without our intervening at all.

On the other hand . . .

Castelo Branco

Latin America remains Latin America. When President Kennedy hopefully inaugurated the Alliance for Progress five years ago, it was supposed to bring both economic growth and social democracy to the turbulent nations of Latin America. The key nation, by general agreement, was Brazil, which represents almost half of South America's territory and population. Unfortunately, a series of "democratic" governments got Brazil into such a mess of inflation, corruption and economic anarchy that the army stepped in two years ago, "temporarily," to restore order. Last month Brazilians got their first chance since the coup to vote in local elections, and the two most important states voted overwhelmingly against the military government. Brazil's President, Gen. Humberto Castelo Branco, soon provided the military's answer: A decree dissolved all political parties, abolished direct popular voting in the next presidential elections, and gave the president the right to declare a state of siege, adjourn congress, dismiss any legislator, and suspend any citizen's political rights. The general's explanation was simple. "We need tranquillity," he said. But his action—tranquilizing as it may be—took Brazil a long step backward and away from whatever ideals the Alliance for Progress still has.

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